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"THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE"

WRITTEN FOR

"THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE"

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IL RINASCIMENTO IN ITALIA

PER PASQUALE VILLARI

IL Rinascimento è nella storia della letteratura italiana quel periodo che incominciò con le opere latine del Petrarca, e s'avvicinava alla sua fine, quando vennero alla luce le prime opere del Machiavelli e del Guicciardini. Esso abbraccia una gran parte del secolo XIV, tutto il secolo XV, ed ha una grandissima importanza, perchè allora il pensiero, la cultura italiana subirono una profonda trasformazione, esercitarono una grandissima influenza su tutta l' Europa.

A prima vista si vedono però in esso delle strane contradizioni. Gl' Italiani che con la *Divina Commedia*, con la lirica di Dante e del Petrarca, col *Decamerone* avevano dato prova di grande originalità, raggiungendo un' altezza gloriosa davvero, sembrano a un tratto, come pentiti, mutare strada; sembrano disprezzare quella lingua che avevano con tanto onore adoperata Vogliono scrivere in latino anche le lettere familiari; mutano perfino i loro nomi per prenderli dai Greci o dai Romani. Non fanno altro che leggere, imitare, tradurre Livio, Tacito, Cicerone, Platone, Aristotele. Leggendo la storia letteraria del Tiraboschi, noi vediamo sfilarci dinanzi una serie sterminata di scrittori eruditi, che sono tutti chiamati e si credono grandi; sono lodati e si lodano fra loro, quando non hanno dispute letterarie, perchè allora invece si lacerano sanguinosamente. Essi pare che facciano tutti più o meno la stessa cosa: traduzioni dal greco in latino, lunghe dissertazioni ed orazioni, sopra tutto orazioni funebri, nelle quali è un continuo citare, imitare autori greci o romani Sembrano florilegi formati

ponendo insieme le schede su cui avevano preso appunti nel leggere i classici. Si credeva fare un grande elogio, quando d' uno di essi si diceva: Vera scimmia di Cicerone! Quando il loro biografo e libraio Vespasiano da Bisticci voleva esaltare al più alto grado uno di essi, e lodarne l' orazione che aveva sentita con suo grande compiacimento, soleva dire: aveva una memoria divina! Non c' è autore greco o romano che egli non abbia in quel giorno ricordato! Anche le loro epistole, scritte generalmente per essere stampate, erano compilate allo stesso modo. Pure si diceva che una lettera latina del segretario Coluccio Salutati giovava alla Repubblica fiorentina più d' uno squadrone di cavalleria. Intanto un solo vero, grande poeta e prosatore italiano di quel tempo noi non possiamo citarlo. Perfino la *Divina Commedia* era tenuta in poco conto, perchè non era scritta in latino. Sicchè noi finiamo col persuaderci che si tratti d' un periodo di pedanteria e di decadenza, quasi d' una strana aberrazione dello spirito italiano.

Ma allora perchè mai da ogni parte d' Europa si viene fra noi ad ammirare, ad imparare? Da Oxford, da Parigi, da Vienna vengono a Firenze, a Roma, a Padova a studiare presso i nostri eruditi, per portare a casa i germi fecondi della nostra erudizione, che vengono per tutto accolti con entusiasmo. E come mai, quando, verso la fine del secolo XV, cessa l' erudizione e si torna a scrivere in italiano, comincia a un tratto un altro periodo della letteratura nazionale, fecondo ed originale davvero? Lo spirito italiano apparisce allora come animato di nuova vita, ringiovanito e rinvigorito. Esso si è affatto emancipato dalle pastoie del Medio Evo, crea la prosa scientifica e la scienza politica. La storia moderna acquista la sua forma definitiva, abbandonando la forma materiale e mecanica della cronaca. Il metodo sperimentale è iniziato dal genio veramente portentoso di Leonardo da Vinci. Nasce la filosofia moderna. Si scrive l' *Orlando furioso* dell' Ariosto. È una schiera numerosa, crescente di prosatori e poeti, che destano l'ammirazione del mondo civile. Non parliamo qui delle arti belle, le quali, seguendo lo stesso cammino, progrediscono insieme colla letteratura, come manifestazione dello stesso spirito nazionale, e riempiono il mondo di un entusiasmo che continua anche oggi. Allora

si deve conchiudere che questo non fu un periodo di pedanteria e di decadenza, ma piuttosto di profonda trasformazione e di rinnovamento. Il vero è che l' erudizione italiana non cominciò punto in opposizione ai tre grandi scrittori del Trecento, Dante, Petrarca e Boccaccio, nè per abbandonare la strada da loro battuta. Furono anzi essi che la iniziarano Dante è già pieno d' ammirazione per l' antichità, Virgilio è la sua fida scorta nell' Inferno. In questo, è ben vero, sono, come Pagani, condannati i grandi scrittori e pensatori dell' antichità; ma le pene crudeli che ivi tormentano i dannati sono per essi sospese, e l' Inferno si muta in un luogo d' onore. Nel *De Monarchia* Dante ci dice che non v' ha nella storia del mondo nulla che sia più grande della Repubblica e dell' Impero romano. La storia di Roma antica è per lui un miracolo continuo, direttamente operato dalla Divina Providenza Il Petrarca poi è addirittura l' iniziatore, il fondatore della erudizione. Essa sembra in vero scaturire, come per spontanea e necessaria evoluzione, dal seno stesso della nostra letteratura nazionale. È come una nuova educazione, un mezzo adoperato per trasformare lo spirito italiano, e con esso quello di tutta l' Europa, emancipandoli dal Medio Evo. Per farcene un' idea chiara, noi non dobbiamo contentarci d' esaminare in massa tutti gli eruditi; ma dobbiamo scegliere fra di loro quelli che hanno veramente uno spirito originale, e non ripetono mecanicamente il lavoro comune; ma danno ad esso una propria impronta, ottenendo resultati inaspettati e nuovi.

La poesia italiana aveva, per una specie d' ispirazione divina, emancipato lo spirito umano dal misticismo medioevale, conducendolo all' osservazione della realtà; allo studio della natura, della società, dell' uomo, alla fedele riproduzione delle sue passioni. Ma la prosa non era anche interamente formata Non si sapeva scrivere la storia propriamente detta. La filosofia e la scienza politica non si erano ancora potute emancipare dalla forma scolastica Un vero linguaggio scientifico italiano non esisteva. Perfino le lettere familiari non avevano trovato la loro propria forma. Chi legge il Canto della Francesca da Rimini o del Conte Ugolino crede di leggere una poesia moderna, chi legge la *Monarchia*

o il *Convito*, si sente continuamente ricondotto nel Medio Evo. Era quindi necessario compiere, generalizzare l' opera iniziata dalla poesia. Ma allora appunto si vide che ciò era stato già fatto dagli antichi Una pagina di Cicerone accanto ad una di S. Tommaso pare in fatti moderna. L' Apollo di Belvedere accanto ad un Cristo di Margaritone o di Cimabue sembra la rivelazione della natura, illuminata dal sole, accanto a convenzioni e a combinazioni artificiali. Bastava dunque imitare gli antichi. Ed a questo perciò tutti gli spiriti culti si gettarono a un tratto, con un' avidità, con un impeto irresistibile. Così cominciò il periodo dell' erudizione o dell' Umanesimo, che fu chiamato anche del Rinascimento, perchè si cercò allora di far rinascere l' antichità.

La prima e più immediata conseguenza di questa imitazione degli antichi fu l' osservazione continua, lo studio generale della natura, della realtà, della società, dell' uomo. Lo sguardo si rivolse dal cielo alla terra. I Greci ed i Romani non disprezzavano le città di questo mondo per le città di Dio, la patria terrena per la celeste. La bellezza del corpo, della natura l' ammiravano, la divinizzavano. Non disprezzavano i piaceri dei sensi. Nelle opere latine del Petrarca apparisce in un modo veramente ammirabile come lo studio dell' antico conducesse allo studio della natura. Egli visita, osserva, descrive i dintorni di Napoli con Virgilio in mano, che li descriva anch' esso. È il primo che si dimostrò veramente rapito dalla bellezza del paesaggio. Rimane lungamente a contemplare il mare in tempestà; sale sui monti ed è rapito dalla bellezza di quella vista. Ovunque si ferma, osserva i costumi, i personaggi più singolari, che si presentano al suo sguardo, e li descrive con passione e precisione. Egli è non solo il primo erudito; ma in lui si trovano in germe tutte le qualità proprie dei migliori eruditi; tutte le varie, moltiplici tendenze che, dopo di lui, avrà l' erudizione. Egli combatte il Medio Evo sotto tutte le sue forme. Combatte l' autorità assoluta di Aristotele, il metodo artificiale seguito dai medici e dai giuristi del suo tempo. Ma tutto questo non è ancora la conseguenza di un nuovo indirizzo, di un nuovo metodo scientifico. Ciò che egli biasima veramente è

la forma scolastica, perchè essa è barbaia, ed egli vuole la forma classica, la sola bella, la sola vera.

Dopo di lui l' erudizione italiana, dallo studio della forma doveva passare all' emancipazione dello spirito umano, avviarsi alla ricerca di un metodo, di una scienza nuova. E prima di tutto, cominciò a formarsi, ad educarsi fra di noi lo spirito critico, che divenne spirito del secolo. La ricerca degli antichi codici, e la necessità di paragonarli tra loro, per decidere quale era la lezione da adottarsi nella pubblicazione dei testi, fu il primo avviamento alla critica. E questa critica diveniva anche più acuta quando si trattava di un' opera di Platone o di Aristotele, perchè era necessario a decidersi aver chiara conoscenza del sistema filosofico dell' autore. Gli eruditi poi studiavano, ammiravano tutti quanti gli antichi filosofi: Platone, Aristotele, Plotino, Porfirio, Confucio, Zoroastre. Questo portava alla necessità di paragonare i vari sistemi, per determinarne il relativo valore, e scegliere la soluzione preferibile dei grandi problemi che si presentavano alla mente umana. E portava la necessità di affidarsi alla propria ragione, che così acquistava finalmente la sua indipendenza. Fu questa allora la grande conquista intellettuale dell' Italia. Pel Medio Evo i problemi filosofici erano già risoluti dalla rivelazione, formulata dalla teologia. La filosofia, ancella della teologia, non doveva fare altro che esporli, accettando la soluzione già data, spiegarli, dimostrarli col ragionamento o sia con la logica di Aristotele, il quale divenne perciò l' autorità incontestata. Il Rinascimento cominciò ad affrontarli la prima volta con la pura, libera ragione, che aveva acquistato la piena coscienza di se. Questo fu il principale fondamento della nuova cultura Ed il processo col quale l' Italia lo trovò, col sussidio cioè e lo studio dell' antichità, fu imitato da tutta l' Europa. Solo per mezzo del passato l' umanità arrivò alla conquista del suo avvenire

Il primo che dimostrò una vera indipendenza ed originalità filosofica, senza essere addirittura il fondatore di un nuovo sistema, fu Lorenzo Valla (1405-57) Ad una grande conoscenza del greco, da lui tradotto mirabilmente nel latino, che egli scriveva con una grande eleganza, univa un acume critico singolare Le questioni

filosofiche, grammaticali e retoriche, di cui molto si occupò, sotto la sua penna si mutavano in questioni logiche, filosofiche. Le leggi del parlare e del comporre, egli diceva, non si possono trovare, nè comprendere, se non si riducono prima a leggi del pensiero E così nelle sue opere noi assistiamo al processo con cui la filologia condusse allora alla filosofia Il Valla era uno spirito acuto, originale e mordace, spesso anche paradossale. Per combattere il misticismo e l' ascetismo medioevale, per riconoscere il valore che hanno le leggi e la voce della natura, egli, nel suo libro *De Voluptate et vero bono*, esalta i piaceri dei sensi, arrivando fino all' oscenità. Nel combattere aspramente i giuristi del suo tempo, sollevando una vera tempestà, anch' egli, come il Petrarca, condanna la loro barbara forma. Per comprendere le leggi romane, egli diceva, bisogna innanzi tutto conoscere e sapere scrivere bene la lingua di Cicerone. È assurdo pretendere di esporle, comentarle, intenderle col vostro linguaggio. Ma egli non si fermava a ciò, ed aggiungeva ancora: è necessario saperle connettere e spiegare con la storia di Roma, di cui le leggi fanno parte, da cui esse scaturiscono E così accennava già al metodo storico Il suo acume critico si manifestò del pari nello scritto contro la pretesa donazione di Costantino. Egli la combattè non solo storicamente e giuridicamente, non riconoscendo nell' Imperatore il diritto d' alienare le terre dell' Impero; ma anche filologicamente, dimostrando che il latino del preteso documento non poteva essere del tempo in cui si voleva fare credere che esso fosse stato scritto.

Un altro dei filosofi che ebbero gran fama nel secolo XV fu Marsilio Ficino (1433 99), il fondatore dell' Accademia Platonica, il traduttore di tutte le opere di Platone, che esso, canonico di S Lorenzo, ammirava a segno tale da tenere accesi i lumi innanzi al suo busto. Fu autore di molte opere filosofiche, la principale delle quali voleva prima intitolare *Theologia christiana*, ma poi intitolò invece *Theologia platonica* Essa doveva contenere tutto il sistema del Ficino Chi la legge, e pensa alla reputazione universale che l' autore allora godeva, al gran numero di dotti stranieri, che da ogni parte d' Europa accorrevano a sentire le sue lezioni nello Studio fiorentino, resta profondamente disilluso.

Non c' è in quest' opera nessuna vera originalità filosofica. L' autore in sostanza non fa altro che raffazzonare la filosofia neoplatonica di Plotino e di Porfirio. Il mondo gli appare popolato di "terze essenze," o sia "anime razionali," diverse però dall' anima immortale dell' uomo, che è in lui infusa direttamente da Dio. Queste anime sono fra di loro in mutua relazione; agiscono le une sulle altre, e su quella anche dell' uomo, il che rende, secondo il Ficino, ragione dell' astrologia, alla quale egli prestava gran fede Tutte queste anime dell' acqua, dell' aria, della terra, degli astri si riuniscono poi in una sola, che è come l' anima ragionale dell' universo. È una specie di panteismo, di cui il Ficino non si rendeva pienamente conto, giacchè egli restò sempre credente e cattolico Con questo panteismo il concetto del Dio personale e creatore comincia lentamente a mutarsi nel concetto dell' Assoluto, che ben presto si trova diffuso nella letteratura italiana del tempo

Ma un carattere assai singolare e proprio di questa filosofia e che in certo modo vale a spiegarne la grande popolarità, era la continua allegoria di cui essa faceva uso. Per mezzo dell' allegoria il Ficino pretendeva sostenere che fra le "terze essenze" degli astri, gli Dei pagani e gli Angeli v' era una grande somiglianza, tanto che potevano fra loro confondersi. Anzi tra i concetti fondamentali del Cristianesimo e del Paganesimo (per mezzo della filosofia bene intesa e spiegata) non v' era poi sostanziale differenza. In Platone, nell' Eneide di Virgilio, mediante l' allegoria, egli trovava chiaramente adombrati i dommi principali del Cristianesimo, che le Sibille avevano profetati. E nel ciò fare arrivava ad una esagerazione che qualche volte confina col ridicolo. Eppure questo appunto è ciò che allora destava grande ammirazione, e gli dette una vera importanza storica. Secondo il concetto teologico medioevale, il Paganesimo, con tutta la storia e la cultura greco-romana, restava come messo fuori di quel mondo che è veramente reale, cioè il mondo cristiano Era qualche cosa di profano, quasi diabolico, niente altro che errore ed inganno. Tutto ciò riusciva supremamente desolante e tormentoso per coloro che nel secolo XV ammiravano sopra ogni cosa l' antichità Ora il Ficino, per mezzo della sua allegoria neoplatonica, che egli riteneva parte integrante del suo sistema

filosofico, veniva a redimere l' antichità pagana, dandole un proprio posto nella storia dello spirito umano, riconoscendola parte sostanziale del nostro essere intellettuale e morale. E questo pareva allora una vera, una grande rivelazione, che veniva come a restituire la pace, a ristabilire nell' uomo l' armonia spirituale. Ciò spiega il grande successo che ebbe il sistema del Ficino, non ostante la sua povertà filosofica. Pico della Mirandola se ne fece uno dei più caldi propagatori e sostenitori, ottenendo anch' egli un grandissimo favore. Ed in vero se, como sistema filosofico, l' opera del Ficino è scomparso, senza lasciare di se alcuna traccia profonda, il suo concetto della relazione storica che c' è fra l' antichità e la società moderna, sopravvisse, perchè risponde alla realtà. Ed anche questo fu uno dei grandi servigi che l' erudizione italiana rese alla civiltà.

Tra gli scrittori che ebbero allora grande importanza, vanno ricordati Poggio Bracciolini (1380-1459) e Leonardo Aretino (1369-1444), ambedue segretari della Repubblica fiorentina Così l' uno come l' altro sono i due storici più celebri fra gli eruditi. Il Bracciolini fu sopra tutto un letterato, un latinista elegante; percorse l' Europa intera cercando codici antichi, e ne scoprì molti. In questi suoi viaggi descrisse i costumi, i paesi che andò visitando. Da Costanza narrò minutamente il supplizio, di cui fu spettatore, di Girolomo da Praga, da Baden descrisse quei bagni anche allora assai celebrati, ed i costumi tedeschi. Altrove, in Germania, descriveva la vita dei signori feudali, osservando come assai spesso la loro armeria e la loro cantina tenevano il luogo di ciò che era la biblioteca pei signori italiani. In Inghilterra ci parla dei lunghi, eterni desinari, finiti i quali si restava ancora a tavola continuando più ore a bere Per non addormentarsi egli doveva di continuo lavarsi gli occhi con acqua fresca. Ma non si fermava solo a ciò, che qualche volte osservò acutamente anche le istituzioni. Il Bracciolini è forse il primo che abbia notato la grande differenza che passa fra l' aristocrazia inglese e quella del continente, sopra tutto la francese. L' aristocrazia inglese, egli osservò con sua gran meraviglia, non è una casta separata affatto dalla borghesia. Se un banchiere o un industriale, dopo aver fatto fortuna, si ritira dagli affari, compra una villa con un parco, e vive delle sue entrate

in campagna, esso è accolto fra i nobili inglesi come uno dei loro, e può facilmente imparentarsi con essi. Ciò pareva singolare a lui, che pur veniva da una repubblica democratica come Firenze, la quale aveva distrutto interamente il feudalismo. È l' osservazione stessa fatta ai nostri giorni dal Tocqueville nel suo *Ancien Régime et la Révolution*, dove con sì profondo acume, paragonando l' aristocrazia inglese alla francese, getta una così gran luce sulle origini vere della Rivoluzione. Questa facoltà descrittiva, questa avidità osservatrice eran proprie degli eruditi. Enea Silvio Piccolomini, colui che fu papa Pio II, non solo descrisse mirabilmente i paesaggi italiani; ma la sue descrizioni dei costumi di Vienna sono così vive e fedeli che anche oggi le Guide della città le ristampano come ritratti fedeli del carattere della popolazione.

L' Aretino invece, il cui nome era Leonardo Bruni, fu un gran traduttore dal greco, che rese popolari le opere di Platone e di Aristotele Egli scrisse anche una storia di Firenze dalle origini sino al 1401, la quale fu continuata poi dal Bracciolini. L' uno e l' altro sono i primi che, imitando Tito Livio, passano dalla cronaca alla storia. L' opera dell' Aretino ha assai maggiore importanza, perchè egli comincia dalle origini della città, ed è il primo che mette da parte tutte le leggende favolose, che su quelle origini dettero il Villani, il Malespini e gli altri cronisti Egli cerca invece nei classici tutte le notizie che può trovare sugli Etruschi, e su Firenze colonia romana. Tanto egli come il Bracciolini cercano la connessione dei fatti, per dare unità e dignità storica allo loro narrazione; ma quella che essi vedono e ci danno è più una connessione letteraria che logica di cause ed effetti. Oltre di ciò vestivano i loro personaggi sempre alla romana, ponendo loro in bocca discorsi magniloquenti, imitati da Livio e da Sallustio. Dettero agli avvenimenti proporzioni sempre grandiose La guerra di Firenze e Pisa doveva somigliare alle guerre puniche, altrimenti la narrazione non avrebbe avuto quella dignità storica che essi sempre cercavano.

Colui che, fra gli eruditi, unì davvero a molta erudizione storica un reale acume critico, fu Flavio Biondo Nella storia sulla caduta dell' Impero romano, ed in altre di tempi più recenti,

egli esamina le fonti, le paragona e ne giudica la credibilità. Ma egli non conosceva il greco, non era uno scrittore elegante in latino. Questi erano allora peccati imperdonabili in un erudito italiano del secolo XV, e lo fecero perciò restare comparativamente oscuro.

Ma perchè la storia moderna potesse formarsi dovvero era necessaria un' osservazione più diretta dei fatti, ed una più fedele riproduzione di essi, una ricerca della loro logica connessione, ed era necessario che si ritornasse a scrivere in italiano A questo contribuirono grandemente gli ambasciatori, che ogni Stato della Penisola aveva allora in gran numero, che la percorrevano in ogni direzione, che percorrevano tutta l' Europa, osservando con acume indicibile gli uomini, le istituzioni, gli avvenimenti, le loro cause ed effetti. Le lettere, i dispacci che essi scrissero allora, sopra tutto gli ambasciatori veneziani e fiorentini, formano un monumento letterario, storico e politico di primissimo ordine Essi, specialmente i Fiorentini, scrivevano con una eleganza ammirabile. La loro lingua conserva tutta la vivace spontaneità, l' atticità del linguaggio parlato in riva dell' Arno, linguaggio reso più corretto e grammaticale dal continuo studio che si faceva allora del latino, dal quale si era appreso un periodare più armonico, più elaborato. Queste qualità, unite alle altre che erano state in tutta Italia promosse, educate dalla erudizione, furon quelle che produssero la letteratura del secolo XVI, cui dettero un così grande splendore

Il secolo XV ebbe anche i suoi poeti, che più di tutti affrettarono il ritorno allo scrivere italiano. Fra di essi il primo posto spetta ad Angelo Poliziano (1454-94), inarrivabile per la grande eleganza della forma. Nelle sue elegie latine il linguaggio parlato a Firenze sembra essersi fuso col latino in modo da far tornare anche questo a lingua vivente, riconducendolo alla primitiva spontaneità greca. E le medesime qualità si ritrovano nelle sue immortali "Stanze" italiane, che celebrano la Giostra di Giuliano dei Medici. Non sono che un frammento, e non si può in esse pretendere di trovare una grande creazione poetica Il loro pregio sta nella descrizione ammirabile della natura, nella forma limpida, cristallina, d' una freschezza impareggiabile. L' ottava

ha con lui acquistato finalmente armonia, colore, varietà, quel carattere che non aveva mai pienamente raggiunto, e che serbò poi sempre nella letteratura posteriore, sopra tutto nell' Ariosto.

Ma non bisogna qui dimenticare Lorenzo dei Medici che fu il gran protettore del Poliziano, e che ebbe da natura le più svariate attitudini intellettuali. Egli in fatti non fu solo un grande uomo di Stato ed un gran Mecenate; ma esercitò nella letteratura un' azione personale coi suoi propri scritti. E ciò sopra tutto colle sue poesie italiane, nelle quali diè prova d' una gran forza descrittiva, specialmente quando parla della vita campestre, dimostrando sempre una singolare spontaneità ed eleganza. A lui si deve in parte il ritorno allo scrivere italiano, che col suo esempio egli rimise in onore fra i nostri poeti di quel secolo.

Ve n' è però un altro che visse anch' egli nella corte di Lorenzo di Medici, e col suo poema eroicomico, il *Morgante Maggiore*, fu l' iniziatore d' un genere nuovo di lavori poetici, il solo genere che possa dirsi un prodotto proprio del secolo XV, e che pur sembra in diretta contradizione con esso. Il poema eroicomico in fatti si occupa delle guerre religiose contro gl' infedeli, che avevano occupato i luoghi santi; e l' Italia del secolo XV, fra tanto fervore di studi classici, in mezzo a tanta ammirazione di scrittori pagani, era divenuta profondamente scettica in fatto di religione. La società che esso ci descrive è la società cavalleresca; e la cavalleria non fiorì mai in Italia, che aveva preso poca parte alle Crociate, e nel secolo XV aveva già interamente distrutto il feudalismo: non si pensava che ai Greci ed ai Romani. Come mai in mezzo a questa società potè sorgere un poema, i cui elementi costitutivi sono affato estranei ad essa? Il fatto è che la materia di questo poema non è creazione italiana, ma francese. L' Italia lo accolse d' oltr' Alpe, e lo fece suo, dandogli una forma nuova, senza punto alterarne la sostanza Ciò che v' aggiunse di suo fu un certo sorriso ironico, che sorgeva spontaneo nell' anima dello scrittore, in presenza d' un mondo poetico a lui affatto estraneo, troppo fantastico pel suo spirito scettico e positivo. Ma più di tutto v' aggiunsè, e fu il suo merito, uno studio del vero, una descrizione della natura, delle passioni umane. E ciò risplendeva tanto più vivacemente in

mezzo a quel mondo fantastico, assai spesso incerto, nebuloso e mutabile. Quegli uomini così veri, quelle fisonomie così nettamente disegnate, quei combattimenti con tanta vita messi sotto i nostri occhi, quelle riproduzioni così mirabili della natura esteriore, che sembrano la prima volta sprigionarsi da un caos artificiale e confuso, si presentano a noi come una nuova rivelazione del vero e del bello. Questo fu nel poema eroicomico l' opera propria dell' Italia, e si trova in perfetta armonia con la cultura e la società di quel tempo.

Al *Morgante Maggiore* del Pulci tenne dietro l' *Orlando innamorato* di Matteo Maria Boiardo, nel quale è assai maggiore l' originalità poetica, la forza della fantasia, la fecondità della immaginazione. È minore però il gusto letterario, e quindi l' eleganza della forma, che nelle opere d' arte è sempre un elemento vitale. Il suo poema fu continuato dall' *Orlando furioso*, che rese immortale l' Ariosto, il quale è già entrato in un periodo nuovo della letteratura italiana, che alcuni continuano a chiamare Rinascimento, ma che è assai diverso dal periodo precedente.

Se noi raccogliamo insieme tutto ciò che abbiamo detto finora, troviamo che gli elementi i quali si possono dire un resultato proprio della erudizione italiana sono: l' indipendenza della ragione; uno studio sincero, spregiudicato della natura, della società, dell' uomo e delle sue passioni, uno spirito critico d' indagine, una febbre di sapere; una gran fede nella forza della ragione, una lingua chiara, spontanea e corretta, resa meglio connessa e più armonica dal lungo studio del latino Questi sono gli elementi che l' Italia trovò, e che costituirono lo spirito della letteratura, della cultura moderna.

P. Villari

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

By Prof. Pasquale Villari

The history of Italian literature shows us that the Renaissance began with Petrarch's Latin writings, and was drawing to its end when the earliest works of Machiavelli and Guicciardini appeared. Altogether it covers the greater part of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is a vastly important period, for it was then that Italian thought and culture underwent a radical transformation, and exercised an enormous influence throughout the whole of Europe.

At first sight, however, it reveals a strange state of things. In the *Divine Comedy*, in the lyrics of Dante and Petrarch, in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Italians had given proof of genuine originality, and risen to a really glorious height. But now, with a sudden change of mood, and as though repenting these achievements, they pursue a different course. They seem to despise the tongue they had used to such excellent purpose. All compositions, including familiar letters, must now be written in Latin. They even discard their own names, adopting those of Greeks or Romans instead. Their whole time is spent in studying, imitating, and translating the works of Livy, Tacitus, Cicero, Plato, and Aristotle. If we open Tiraboschi's *History of Literature*, we behold an endless procession of learned writers, all praised to the skies, all convinced of their own greatness, and all exalting one another, save when engaged in literary disputes. Then, however, they tear one another to pieces in the most sanguinary fashion. All these scholars are more or less of the same stamp. Their works consist of Latin

translations from the Greek, of lengthy dissertations and orations, particularly funeral orations, crammed with citations and paraphrases from Grecian or Roman orators. All these productions have the air of elegant extracts compiled from collections of hasty notes taken while reading the classics These scholars considered it a proud title of merit when one of their number was said to be "Cicero's true ape." When their biographer and bookseller, Vespasiano da Bisticci, wished to give the highest praise to the author of an oration which he had heard with vast pleasure, he said, "He has a divine memory. No Greek or Latin writer was left unmentioned that day." Even private letters were compiled in the same fashion, and generally with a view to publication. It was asserted that a letter penned by the Secretary of State, Coluccio Salutati, was worth more than a squadron of horse to the Florentine Republic. No Italian poem nor prose of real value appeared at that time; for the *Divine Comedy* itself was then held in slight esteem, merely because it was not written in Latin. So we are led to suppose that the period was one of pedantry and decadence, nay, almost of some strange aberration of the Italian mind. Only, if such was the case, why did admirers flock from all parts of Europe to learn from us? From Oxford, Paris, Vienna, men came to Florence, Rome and Padua to study under our scholars, and to depart enriched with the fertile seeds of our learning, which were everywhere enthusiastically welcomed. And how was it that when, towards the close of the fifteenth century this outflow of erudition ceased, and we again wrote in the vulgar tongue, our national literature suddenly entered on another phase of truly original fecundity? Rejuvenated and strengthened, the Italian intellect thereupon developed new life.

It now throws off all mediæval fetters. It creates scientific prose and the science of politics. Modern history assumes its definite shape, discarding the mechanical and arbitrary arrangements of chronicles Soon the experimental method was initiated by the truly marvellous genius of Leonardo da Vinci. Modern philosophy sprang to life. Ariosto produced his *Orlando Furioso.* A numerous and ever-increasing band of poets and prose-writers

roused the admiration of the civilised world. Here, it were needless to speak of the Fine Arts which, following the same path, flourished side by side with literature, manifestations of the same national mind, and filled the world with a rapture that endures to this day. Therefore our final conclusion must be that this period, seemingly so pedantic and decadent, was really one of radical transformation and renewal.

The truth is, that the beginning of Italian erudition was nowise antagonistic to the three great fourteenth-century authors, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, nor intended to leave the road they had traced. For, in fact, those were the true pioneers of learning. Dante was a warm admirer of antiquity, and Virgil was his faithful guide through the mazes of Hell. It is true that, being Pagans, the great writers and thinkers of old are obliged to dwell in Inferno, but for them it is changed into an abode of honour, and they are exempt from every cruel torment allotted to the condemned.

In his treatise *De Monarchia*, Dante tells us that the Roman Republic and the Roman Empire are the grandest facts in the world's history. In his opinion, the story of Ancient Rome is a continuous miracle, the direct work of Divine Providence We find in Petrarch the positive initiator and founder of learning. This indeed seems to gush from the fountain head of our national literature, as a spontaneous and necessary evolution of the same. It serves as a new instrument, a new means of education, in order to transform the mind of Italy and simultaneously that of all Europe, by emancipating it from the Middle Ages. To obtain a clear idea of this state of things, we must not confine ourselves to taking the learned men *en masse;* we must choose from their number those gifted with originality, who, instead of mechanically repeating ideas common to all, give their work an individual stamp and thus achieve altogether unexpected results

Already, by divine inspiration, as it were, Italian poetry had freed the human mind from mediæval mysticism by training it to the observation of reality, the study of nature, society, and man, to the faithful delineation of human passions Prose, however, still lacked definite form. Real historical writing was, as yet, undis-

covered. Philosophy and politics were still bound in the fetters of scholasticism and a scientific Italian style had still to be evolved. Even familiar letters bore no characteristic stamp. While the *Canto* of Francesca da Rimini, or of Count Ugolino, has the freshness of modern poetry, in reading the *Monarchia* or the *Convito* we are continually thrust back in the Middle Ages. Accordingly, it was necessary to complete and generalise the work begun by the masters of poetry. And then it was perceived that this task had been already accomplished by the ancients. For instance, a page of Cicero appears modern compared with one from St Thomas Aquinas. Place the Apollo Belvedere next to a Christ of Margharitone or Cimabue, and it will appear as a revelation of sunlit nature beside artificial conventionalities and combinations. Therefore, since imitation of the antique was all that was needed, men of culture applied their talents to copying the classics with irresistible zeal and activity. This was the beginning of the period of learning and humanism that was entitled the Renaissance, precisely because it aimed at the revival of antiquity.

The first and most immediate consequence of this imitation of the antique was a persistent observation and study of nature in general, of reality, society, and mankind. Eyes were turned from Heaven back to earth. Greeks and Romans, in fact, had never despised the cities of this world in favour of the City of God, nor their earthly country for the land of Heaven. They equally admired and worshipped as divine, fleshly perfection and the beauty of nature. Neither did they reject sensual pleasures. Petrarch's Latin works furnish truly admirable proofs that study of the antique conduced to study of nature. He visits the environs of Naples, scrutinising, describing everything with his Virgil in hand, for the Latin poet had also described the same things. Petrarch was the first Italian showing real delight in beautiful landscapes. He is enchanted by the spectacle of a stormy sea; he climbs mountain summits and is ravished by the beauty of the view. At every halt in his travels he notes every strange custom or interesting person that comes in his way, and writes careful and enthusiastic descriptions. He was not only the first of the learned

men, but possessed the germs of all the special qualities of the best scholars, all the varied and manifold tendencies which were afterwards the attributes of scholarship. He denounces every aspect of the Middle Ages. He combats the Aristotelian principle of absolute authority, the artificial methods followed by the physicians and jurists of his time. But this attitude of his is not, so far, the result of new tendencies or of a new scientific method. What he assails is invariably the scholastic form, because he deems it barbarous, and wishes to see it replaced by the classical style, which alone is beautiful and true.

After Petrarch, Italian learning was bound to pass from the study of form to the liberation of the human mind, and proceed to the research of a new method and a new science. First of all there began in our midst the moulding and training of the critical spirit that was to become the spirit of the age. The study of ancient manuscripts, the necessity of collating them, in order to decide which reading of the text to select for publication, constituted our primary critical education. And our critical power was sharpened when a work of Plato or Aristotle was in question, since no decision could be arrived at without an accurate knowledge of the author's system of philosophy. Then, too, the learned men studied and admired all the philosophers of olden times; not only Plato and Aristotle, but Plotinus, Porphyrius, Confucius, and Zoroaster as well. Hence the necessity of comparing the various systems in order to determine their relative value and select the best solution of the weighty problems presented to the human mind. And the consequent necessity of trusting to their own acumen finally established the independence of reason. This was Italy's greatest intellectual triumph. For the men of the Middle Ages, revelation as formulated by theology supplied the solution of all philosophical questions. The *Ancilla* of theology had only to expound them and accept the answer given beforehand, explaining or demonstrating them by reason, or rather by Aristotelian logic, which was therefore held to be incontrovertable. The Renaissance began to study these questions for the first time by the light of free and pure reason, which had now attained to full knowledge of its power. This was

the chief basis of the new learning. And the process by which Italy discovered it, namely by the aid and study of antiquity, was adopted by all Europe. Only by means of the past could humanity rise to the conquest of the future.

The first scholar of true independence and originality in philosophy—although no founder of a new system—was Lorenzo Valla (1405-57). In addition to a sound knowledge of Greek, which he translated with marvellous ease into most elegant Latin, he had a critical penetration of singular subtlety. The philological, grammatical, and rhetorical questions to which he gave much attention were converted by his pen into problems of philosophy and logic. He maintained that it was impossible to understand the laws of speech and composition until they were reduced to laws of thought. Accordingly, his works exhibit the process by which philology was transmuted into philosophy. Valla's acutely original and pungent wit often indulged in paradox. In order to combat the mystic and ascetic notions of the Middle Ages, and demonstrate the value of the laws and the voice of nature, he wrote a book entitled *De Voluptate et vero bono*, in which praise of sensual delights was pushed to obscenity. In his harsh censures on the jurists of the period, which raised a storm about his ears, he followed Petrarch's example in condemning their barbarous style. To arrive at a comprehension of Roman law, we must first, he said, read and write Cicero's tongue with facility. With the language used by you (jurists) it is absurd to pretend to expound, comment, or understand it. And going still farther, he added, "It is necessary to be able to connect the language with the history of Rome—of which the laws are a part, and from which they are derived." This showed that he had a perception of the historic method. Equal critical acuteness was displayed in his essay denouncing the Donation of Constantine. Besides combating it on historical and juridical grounds, denying that an emperor had the right to alienate imperial territory, he also urged philological objections, showing that the Latin text of the pretended document could not have been written at the alleged date.

Another philosopher who enjoyed great renown in the fifteenth

century was Marsilio Ficino (1433-99), the founder of the Platonic Academy, and translator of all Plato's works. Although in holy orders, and Canon of St. Lorenzo, he admired Plato so intensely as to place burning tapers before his bust. The author of many philosophical writings, his principal work was originally intended to have the title of *Theologia Christiana*, but this was afterwards changed into *Theologia Platonica*. This book claimed to be a full exposition of the author's philosophy. But on reading it, and remembering the universal reputation enjoyed by Ficino in his own day, and the crowds of learned strangers from all parts of the earth who flocked to his lectures in the Florentine Studio, one receives a shock of disappointment. There is not a spark of genuine, original philosophic thought in the whole work. Nothing but a medley of the pro-Platonic philosophy of Plotinus and Porphyrius Ficino believed the world to be peopled with "third essences," or rather "rational souls," which are different, however, from the immortal souls infused into men by direct emanation from God These "rational souls" are intimately related, exercising a reciprocal action, one on the other, and likewise on the immortal souls of men This fact, says Ficino, is the cause of the planetary influences expounded by astrology, a science in which he firmly believed All these souls, or spirits, of water and air, the earth and the stars, are then united in a single soul constituting, so to say, the collective rational soul of the universe This creed was a species of Pantheism, although evidently Ficino did not thoroughly realise its nature, since he always remained a faithful Catholic But thanks to this pantheistic theory, the idea of a personal and creative God was gradually merged in that of the "Absolute" by which the literature of the time was soon to be permeated. This system of philosophy, however, had one curious characteristic explaining to some extent its enormous popularity, and this was its constant symbolism. Through the medium of allegory, Ficino sought to maintain that the "third essences" of planets, Pagan divinities, and angels, were all so much alike that is was hard to distinguish between them, and he added, that when philosophy was well understood and explained, no essential difference would be found between

the fundamental conceptions of Christianity and Paganism By means of allegorical interpretation, Ficino discerned in Plato's *Discourses* and in Virgil's *Æneid,* clear foreshadowings of the leading Christian dogmas, which he held to have been prophesied by the Sybilline oracles And he exaggerated this theory to a degree that was almost absurd. Yet it was precisely this notion that evoked most admiration in his own day, and endowed him with historical importance According to the mediæval conception of theology, Paganism, together with all Greco-Roman history and culture, had no place, as it were, in the real, *i e.* Christian world. They were profane, diabolical, solely composed of error and fraud. This doctrine was highly painful and afflicting to those fifteenth-century scholars who admired antiquity more than all else. Ficino, therefore, with the neo-Platonic allegories, which he held to be integral parts of his system of philosophy, figured as a redeemer of antiquity, by giving it a proper place in the history of the human intelligence, and recognising it as an inherent and substantial part of our moral and mental existence. So, to our fifteenth-century scholars this seemed a great and genuine revelation, bringing back peace to the world, and restoring the spiritual harmony of mankind Hence the huge success of Ficino's system, in spite of its weak philosophy.

Pico della Mirandola, as one of the more zealous of its propagators and champions, likewise obtained great success It must be confessed that although Ficino's system of philosophy has vanished, leaving scarcely any trace, his theory of the historical connection between the ancient world and modern society has survived, thanks to its correspondence with reality. This, too, was another eminent service rendered to civilisation by Italian learning

Among other writers of great contemporary importance, Poggio Bracciolini (1380-1459) and Leonardo Aretino (1369-1444) are worthy of mention Both were Secretaries to the Florentine Republic, and were the most celebrated historians among the learned men Bracciolini was chiefly a man of letters and an accomplished Latinist. He travelled all over Europe in search of ancient manuscripts, and brought many to light. During his

wanderings he described the countries he visited, their manners and customs. At Constance he witnessed the execution of Jerome of Prague, and gives a detailed account of it; at Baden, in Argau, he describes the already famous mineral springs, and enlarges on Teutonic customs. Elsewhere, in Germany, he depicts the life of feudal lords, remarking that with them the armoury and wine-cellar frequently hold the place accorded to the library by Italian nobles. In England, he descants on the endless length of the dinners, and how, when the meal is over, one has to remain drinking at table for many hours In order to avoid falling asleep, he was obliged, he adds, to bathe his eyes continually with cold water. But besides observations of this nature, he sometimes makes shrewd remarks on national institutions He seems to have been the first to notice the dissimilarity of the English aristocracy from that of the continent in general, and more especially of the French. He notes with much surprise that the English nobles do not form a caste entirely apart from that of the burghers. If a banker or merchant makes his fortune, retires from business, and, buying a house and land, settles in the country to live on his property, he is received by the nobles as one of themselves, and even allowed to become their relation by marriage. This seemed exceedingly strange to Bracciolini, although he belonged to the Democratic Republic of Florence where feudalism was extinct. In our own time we have seen De' Tocqueville make the same remark in his *Ancien Régime et la Révolution*, where with profound acumen he draws a comparison between the English aristocracy and that of his own land, throwing much light on the origin of the French Revolution.

The descriptive faculty and power of keen observation were attributes of our learned men. Enea, Silvio Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., not only produced marvellous descriptions of Italian scenery, but wrote such exactly faithful accounts of Viennese customs that, to this day, they are reprinted in guide-books to the city, as giving the truest idea of the character of the people.

On the other hand, Aretino, whose real name was Leonardo Bruni, was an industrious translator from the Greek, and

popularised the works of Plato and Aristotle. He also wrote a history of Florence from its origin to 1401, and the work was afterwards continued by Bracciolini. These two authors, by their adoption of Livy's style, were the first to write history instead of chronicles. Aretino's work is far more important, inasmuch as he starts from the foundation of the city and is the first to discard all the fabulous legends regarding the origin of Florence given by Villani, Malaspini, and other chroniclers. Instead, he gleans from classic authorities all the information to be found concerning the Etruscans and the Roman colony of Florence. Both he and Bracciolini trace the connection of events in order to give historic unity to their narrative, but they chiefly succeed in supplying a literary rather than a logical connection of causes and effects. In addition to this, their personages always appear in Roman guise, and always speak in magniloquent language copied from Livy and Sallust. Every event was swelled by them to grandiose proportions The wars of Florence and Pisa must perforce resemble the Punic Wars, for otherwise the narrative would have lacked the historic dignity that was always their aim.

A learned man, of really sound historical equipment and genuine critical acuteness, was Flavio Biondo. In his work on the Fall of the Roman Empire, and other histories on less remote times, he verifies authorities, compares them one with another, and judges their credibility But he knew no Greek, and could only write unpolished Latin. These were considered unpardonable sins in a learned man of his day, and condemned him to comparative obscurity.

Before the science of modern history could be completely formed, a closer observation of facts, their more faithful reproduction and assiduous inquiry into their logical connection were required; and it was also indispensable to resume the employment of the spoken tongue. Valuable help towards the literary re-adoption of Italian was furnished by the numerous ambassadors in the service of different potentates who visited all parts of Italy and all the capitals of Europe, and wrote marvellously shrewd reports on political institutions, personages, and events with careful recognition of causes and effects

Their epistles, or despatches, during this period, and more especially those of the Venetian and Florentine envoys, are literary, historical, and political documents of the very first rank. All these men wrote with admirable ease, and best of all the Florentines. Their style retains all the vivid spontaneity and movement of the language spoken on the banks of the Arno, which had not only acquired correctness and grammatical purity from the prevalence of Latin studies, but, also from the same source, had developed a more harmonious and elaborate construction. These and other qualities promoted throughout Italy, by the current state of learning, led to the production of the sixteenth-century literature, and contributed to its splendour.

But the restoration of Italian as a written tongue was mainly due to the poets of the fifteenth century. Among these, the foremost place must be assigned to Angelo Poliziano (1454-94), a writer of incomparable grace. Even in his Latin elegies, the speech of Florence is fused with that of Rome in suchwise that the latter seems again a living language and endued with the primitive freshness of ancient Greek. Similar qualities are to be found in the imperishable Italian "Stanze," celebrating a tournament held by Giuliano de' Medici. These "Stanze" are no more than a fragment, and cannot claim to be regarded as poetic creations Their chief merits consist in their admirable description of nature, and incomparable freshness and lucidity of style. For in Poliziano's verse, the *ottava rima* acquires harmony, colour, and variety, characteristics which it had never before possessed, but which it continued to preserve in subsequent literature, and above all in the poems of Ariosto.

We must not forget to mention here the name of Politian's great protector, Lorenzo de' Medici, whom nature had endowed with the most versatile literary gifts. Besides being a great statesman and a magnificent patron of art and letters, he also exercised a direct influence on literature by his own writings—above all, by his Italian poems, which are full of descriptive power and—more particularly in themes of rustic life—of remarkable spontaneity and charm By giving the example of writing poetry in

Italian he brought the language into new esteem, and the revival of the vulgar tongue is mainly owed to his co-operation.

Another Italian poet of the period, Luigi Pulci, also flourished at the Court of Lorenzo de' Medici, and invented a new species of poetry with the heroi-comic epic of "Il Morgante Maggiore." This may be said to be the only work of the kind that was a special product of the fifteenth century, and, nevertheless, in apparently direct contradiction with the age. In fact, the heroi-comic poem treats of crusades against the heathen; whereas fifteenth-century Italy, immersed in classical studies, and plunged in the deepest admiration of Pagan writers, had become thoroughly sceptical as regarded religion. The world Pulci depicts is the world of chivalry, yet chivalry had never really thriven in Italy, which had sent forth few crusaders, by the fifteenth century had already destroyed feudalism, and now cared only for Greeks and Romans. How was it, that, in the midst of a society devoted to classic lore, a poem of so heterogenous a nature should have suddenly appeared? This is easily explained by the fact that the material of the poems was not of Italian birth, but derived from the French. Italy had imported it from over the Alps, adopted it as her own, and given it a new dress, without altering its substance. Italy's contribution was the rather sarcastic amusement aroused in the author's mind by the spectacle of a poetic world so thoroughly alien to his own ideas, and so much too fantastic for his sceptical and positive soul. His best addition to this romance of chivalry, and his chief merit, consisted of studies from life, descriptions of human nature and human passion. The effect of these is all the more brilliant in the midst of an impossible world and against an uncertain, shadowy, ever-changing background. Pulci's *dramatis personæ* are so real, their characteristics so clearly defined, their encounters depicted with such living force, exterior accessories so marvellously reproduced, that all seem revelations of truth and beauty suddenly bursting forth from a chaos of artificial confusion. It was this part of the heroi-comic poem that was of Italian birth and in perfect accord with the society and culture of the time.

The "Morgante Maggiore" was followed by the "Orlando

Inamorato" of Matteo Maria Boiardo, a work of far greater originality, wealth of fancy, and fertility of imagination. But it shows less literary taste, and is accordingly deficient in the grace of form that is a vital element of art. As a continuation to Boiardo's poem, Ariosto wrote the "Orlando Furioso" and gained enduring fame. But the latter poet belonged to a later period of Italian literature, which, although still included by some authorities in that of the Renaissance, was very different in character from the preceding time.

To sum up, we may say that the following are the positive results owed to Italian learning:—the emancipation of reason, sincere and unprejudiced study of nature, society, mankind, and human passion; a critical spirit of inquiry, ardour for knowledge, warm faith in the power of reason, clear, spontaneous, correct and lively language, together with a construction improved and made harmonious by long study of Latin. These were the elements that Italy gave to the world, and that constitute the spirit of modern literature and modern culture.

P. Villari

20th February 1899.

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WARWICK THE KINGMAKER.[1]

By CHARLES W OMAN.

THE SOIL FROM WHICH THE WARS OF THE ROSES GREW.

OF all the great men of action who since the Conquest have guided the course of English policy, it is probable that none is less known to the reader of history than Richard Neville Earl of Warwick and Salisbury. The only man of anything approaching his eminence who has been treated with an equal neglect is Thomas Cromwell, and of late years the great minister of Henry the Eighth is beginning to receive some of the attention that is his due. But for the Kingmaker, the man who for ten years was the first subject of the English Crown, and whose figure looms out with a vague grandeur even through the misty annals of the Wars of the Roses, no writer has spared a monograph. Every one, it is true, knows his name, but his personal identity is quite ungrasped. Nine persons out of ten if asked to sketch his character would find, to their own surprise, that they were falling back for their information to Lord Lytton's "Last of the Barons" or Shakespeare's "Henry the Sixth."

An attempt therefore, even an inadequate attempt, to trace out with accuracy his career and his habits of mind from the original authorities cannot fail to be of some use to the general reader as well as to the student of history. The result will perhaps appear meager to those who are accustomed to the biographies of the men of later centuries. We are curiously ignorant of many of the facts that should aid us to build up a picture of the man. No trustworthy representation of his bodily form exists. The day of portraits was not yet come; his monument

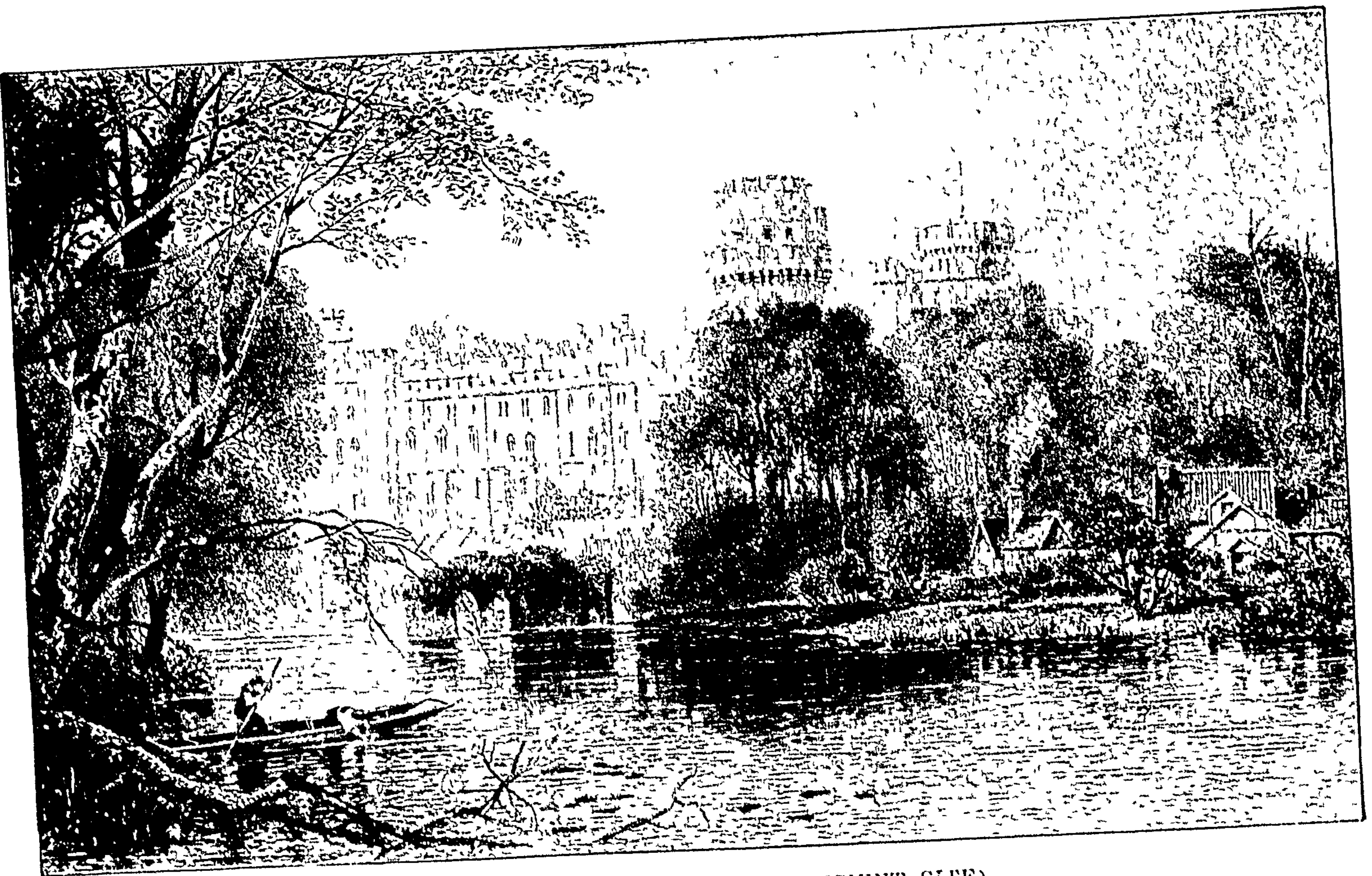
[1] By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co, Ltd.

in Bisham Abbey has long been swept away; no writer has even deigned to describe his personal appearance — we know not if he was dark or fair, stout or slim. At most we may gather from the vague phrases of the chroniclers, and from his quaint armed figure in the Rous Roll, that he was of great stature and breadth of limb. But perhaps the good Rous was thinking of his fame rather than his body, when he sketched the Earl in that quaint pictorial pedigree overtopping all his race save his cousin and king and enemy, Edward the Fourth.

But Warwick has only shared the fate of all his contemporaries. The men of the fifteenth century are far less well known to us than are their grandfathers or their grandsons. In the fourteenth century the chroniclers were still working on their old scale; in the sixteenth the literary spirit had descended on the whole nation, and great men and small were writing hard at history as at every other branch of knowledge. But in the days of Lancaster and York the old fountains had run dry, and the new flood of the Renaissance had not risen. The materials for reconstructing history are both scanty and hard to handle. . . .

The whole picture of the times is very depressing on the moral if not on the material side. There are few more pitiful episodes in history than the whole tale of the reign of Henry the Sixth, the most unselfish and well-intentioned king that ever sat upon the English throne — a man of whom not even his enemies and oppressors could find an evil word to say; the troubles came, as they confessed, "all because of his false lords, and never of him." We feel that there must have been something wrong with the heart of a nation that could see unmoved the meek and holy King torn from wife and child, sent to wander in disguise up and down the kingdom for which he had done his poor best, and finally doomed to pine for five years a prisoner in the fortress where he had so long held his royal Court. Nor is our first impression concerning the demoralization of England wrong. Every line that we read bears home to us more and more the fact that the nation had fallen on evil times.

First and foremost among the causes of its moral deterioration was the wretched French War, a war begun in the pure spirit of greed and ambition, — there was not even the poor excuse that had existed in the time of Edward the Third — carried on by the aid of hordes of debauched foreign mercenaries (after Henry the Fifth's death the native English seldom



WARWICK CASTLE (ON THE ANCIENT SITE)

formed more than a third of any host that took the field in France), and persisted in long after it had become hopeless, partly from misplaced national pride, partly because of the personal interests of the ruling classes. Thirty-five years of a war that was as unjust as it was unfortunate had both soured and demoralized the nation. England was full of disbanded soldiers of fortune; of knights who had lost the ill-gotten lands across the Channel, where they had maintained a precarious lordship in the days of better fortune; of castellans and governors whose occupation was gone; of hangers-on of all sorts who had once maintained themselves on the spoils of Normandy and Guienne. Year after year men and money had been lavished on the war to no effect; and when the final catastrophe came, and the fights of Formigny and Chatillon ended the chapter of our disasters, the nation began to cast about for a scapegoat on whom to lay the burden of its failures.

The real blame lay on the nation itself, not on any individual; and the real fault that had been committed was not the mismanagement of an enterprise which presented any hopes of success, but a wrong-headed persistence in an attempt to conquer a country which was too strong to be held down. However, the majority of the English people chose to assume firstly that the war with France might have been conducted to a prosperous issue, and secondly that certain particular persons were responsible for its having come to the opposite conclusion. At first the unfortunate Suffolk and Somerset had the responsibility laid upon them. A little later the outcry became more bold and fixed upon the Lancastrian dynasty itself as being to blame not only for disaster abroad, but for the "want of governance" at home. If King Henry had understood the charge, and possessed the wit to answer it, he might fairly have replied that his subjects must fit the burden upon their own backs, not upon his. The war had been weakly conducted, it was true; but weakly because the men and money for it were grudged. The England that could put one hundred thousand men into the field in a civil broil at Towton sent four thousand to fight the decisive battle at Formigny that settled our fate in Normandy.

At home the bulwarks of social order seemed crumbling away. Private wars, riot, open highway robbery, murder, abduction, armed resistance to the law, prevailed on a scale that had been unknown since the troublous times of Edward the

Second — we might almost say since the evil days of Stephen. But it was not the Crown alone that should have been blamed for the state of the realm. The nation had chosen to impose overstringent constitutional checks on the kingly power before it was ripe for self-government, and the Lancastrian house sat on the throne because it had agreed to submit to those checks. If the result of the experiment was disastrous, both parties to the contract had to bear their share of the responsibility. But a nation seldom allows that it has been wrong; and Henry of Windsor had to serve as scapegoat for all the misfortunes of the realm, because Henry of Bolingbroke had committed his descendants to the unhappy compact.

Want of a strong central government was undoubtedly the complaint under which England was laboring in the middle of the fifteenth century, and all the grievances against which outcry was made were but symptoms of one latent disease.

Ever since the death of Henry the Fifth the internal government of the country had been steadily going from bad to worse. The mischief had begun in the young King's earliest years. The Council of Regency that ruled in his name had from the first proved unable to make its authority felt as a single individual ruler might have done. With the burden of the interminable French War weighing upon their backs, and the divisions caused by the quarrels of Beaufort and Gloucester dividing them into factions, the councilors had not enough attention to spare for home government. As early as 1428 we find them, when confronted by the outbreak of a private war in the north, endeavoring to patch up the quarrel by arbitration instead of punishing the offenders on each side. Accounts of riotous assemblages in all parts of the country, of armed violence at parliamentary elections, of party fights in London at Parliament time — like that which won for the meeting of 1426 the name of the Parliament of Bats (bludgeons) — grow more and more common. We even find treasonable insurrection appearing in the strange obscure rising of the political Lollards under Jack Sharp in 1431, an incident which shows how England was on the verge of bloodshed twenty years before the final outbreak of civil war was to take place.

But all these public troubles would have been of comparatively small importance if the heart of the nation had been sound. The phenomenon which makes the time so depressing is the terrible decay in private morals since the previous century.

A steady deterioration is going on through the whole period, till at its end we find hardly a single individual in whom it is possible to interest ourselves, save an occasional Colet or Caxton, who belongs in spirit, if not date, to the oncoming renascence of the next century. There is no class or caste in England which comes well out of the scrutiny. The church, which had served as the conscience of the nation in better times, had become dead to spiritual things; it no longer produced either men of saintly life or learned theologians or patriotic statesmen. In its corporate capacity it had grown inertly orthodox. Destitute of any pretense of spiritual energy, yet showing a spirit of persecution such as it had never displayed in earlier centuries, its sole activity consisted in hunting to the stake the few men who displayed any symptoms of thinking for themselves in matters of religion. So great was the deadness of the Church that it was possible to fall into trouble, like Bishop Pecock, not for defending Lollardry, but for showing too much originality in attacking it. Individually the leading churchmen of the day were politicians and nothing more, nor were they as a rule politicians of the better sort; for one like Beaufort, who was at any rate consistent and steadfast, there are many Bourchiers and George Nevilles and Beauchamps, who merely sailed with the wind and intrigued for their own fortunes or those of their families.

Of the English baronage of the fifteenth century we shall have so much to say in future chapters that we need not here enlarge on its characteristics. Grown too few and too powerful, divided into a few rival groups, whose political attitude was settled by a consideration of family grudges and interests rather than by any grounds of principle, or patriotism, or loyalty, they were as unlike their ancestors of the days of John or Edward the First as their ecclesiastical contemporaries were unlike Langton or even Winchelsey. The baronage of England had often been unruly, but it had never before developed the two vices which distinguished it in the times of the Two Roses — a taste for indiscriminate bloodshed and a turn for rapid political apostasy. To put prisoners to death by torture as did Tiptoft Earl of Worcester, to desert to the enemy in the midst of battle like Lord Grey de Ruthyn at Northampton, or Stanley at Bosworth, had never before been the custom of England. It is impossible not to recognize in such traits the results of the French War. Twenty years spent in contact with French

factions, and in command of the godless mercenaries who formed the bulk of the English armies, had taught our nobles lessons of cruelty and faithlessness such as they had not before imbibed. Their demoralization had been displayed in France long ere the outbreak of civil war caused it to manifest itself at home.

But if the Church was effete and the baronage demoralized, it might have been thought that England should have found salvation in the sound-heartedness of her gentry and her burgesses. Unfortunately such was not to be the case. Both of these classes were growing in strength and importance during the century, but when the times of trouble came they gave no signs of aspiring to direct the destinies of the nation. The House of Commons which should, as representing those classes, have gone on developing its privileges, was, on the contrary, thrice as important in the reign of Henry the Fourth as in that of Edward the Fourth. The knights and squires showed on a smaller scale all of the vices of the nobility. Instead of holding together and maintaining a united loyalty to the Crown, they bound themselves by solemn sealed bonds and the reception of "liveries" each to the baron whom he preferred. This fatal system, by which the smaller landholder agreed on behalf of himself and his tenants to follow his greater neighbor in peace and war, had ruined the military system of England, and was quite as dangerous as the ancient feudalism. The salutary old usage, by which all freemen who were not tenants of a lord served under the sheriff in war, and not under the banner of any of the baronage, had long been forgotten. Now, if all the gentry of a county were bound by these voluntary indentures to serve some great lord, there was no national force in that county on which the Crown could count, for the yeoman followed the knight as the knight followed the baron.

If the gentry constituted themselves the voluntary followers of the baronage, and aided their employers to keep England unhappy, the class of citizens and burgesses took a very different line of conduct. If not actively mischievous, they were sordidly inert. They refused to entangle themselves in politics at all. They submitted impassively to each ruler in turn, when they had ascertained that their own persons and property were not endangered by so doing. A town, it has been remarked, seldom or never stood a siege during the Wars of the Roses, for no town ever refused to open its gates to any commander with an adequate force who asked for entrance.

If we find a few exceptions to the rule, we almost always learn that entrance was denied not by the citizens, but by some garrison of the opposite side which was already within the walls. Loyalty seems to have been as wanting among the citizens as among the barons of England. If they generally showed some slight preference for York rather than for Lancaster, it was not on any moral or sentimental ground, but because the house of Lancaster was known by experience to be weak in enforcing "good governance," and the house of York was pledged to restore the strength of the Crown and to secure better times for trade than its rival.

Warwick was a strong man, born at the commencement of Henry the Sixth's unhappy minority, whose coming of age coincided with the outburst of national rage caused by the end of the disastrous French War, whose birth placed him at the head of one of the great factions in the nobility, whose strength of body and mind enabled him to turn that headship to full account. How he dealt with the problems which inevitable necessity laid before him we shall endeavor to relate.

The Battle of Barnet and Warwick's Death.

The Easter morning dawned dim and gray; a dense fog had rolled up from the valley, and the two hosts could see no more of each other than on the previous night. Only the dull sound of unseen multitudes told each that the other was still before them in position.

Of the two armies each, so far as we can judge, must have numbered some twenty-five thousand men. It is impossible in the conflict of evidence to say which was the stronger, but there cannot have been any great difference in force. Each had drawn itself up in the normal order of a mediæval army, with a central main battle, the van and rear ranged to its right and left, and a small reserve held back behind the center. Both sides, too, had dismounted nearly every man, according to the universal practice of the English in the fifteenth century. Even Warwick himself, — whose wont it had been to lead his first line to the charge, and then to mount and place himself at the head of the reserve, ready to deliver the final blow, — on this one occasion sent his horse to the rear and fought on foot all day. He wished to show his men that this was no common battle, but that

he was risking life as well as lands and name and power in their company.

In the Earl's army Montagu and Oxford, with their men from the North and East, held the right wing; Somerset with his West-Country archery and billmen formed the center; Warwick himself with his own Midland retainers had the left wing; with him was his old enemy Exeter,—his unwilling partner in the famous procession of 1457, his adversary at sea in the spring of 1460. Here and all down the line the old Lancastrians and the partisans of Warwick were intermixed; the Cresset of the Hollands stood hard by the Ragged Staff; the Dun Bull of Montagu and the Radiant Star of the De Veres were side by side. We cannot doubt that many a look was cast askance at new friends who had so long been old foes, and that the suspicion of possible treachery must have been present in every breast.

Edward's army was drawn up in a similar order. Richard of Gloucester commanded the right wing; he was but eighteen, but his brother had already learnt to trust much to his zeal and energy. The King himself headed Clarence's men in the center; he was determined to keep his shifty brother at his side, lest he might repent at the eleventh hour of his treachery to his father-in-law. Hastings led the rear battle on the left.

The armies were too close to each other to allow of maneuvering; the men rose from the muddy ground on which they had lain all night, and dressed their line where they stood. But the night had led King Edward astray; he had drawn up his host so as to overlap the Earl's extreme left, while he opposed nothing to his extreme right. Gloucester in the one army and Montagu and Oxford in the other had each the power of outflanking and turning the wing opposed to them. The first glimpse of sunlight would have revealed these facts to both armies had the day been fair; but in the dense fog neither party had perceived as yet its advantage or its danger. It was not till the lines met that they made out each other's strength and position.

Between four and five o clock, in the first gray of the dawning, the two hosts felt their way towards each other; each side could at last descry the long line of bills and bows opposed to it, stretching right and left till it was lost in the mist. For a time the archers and the bombards of the two parties played their part; then the two lines rolled closer, and met from end

to end all along Gladsmore Heath. The first shock was more favorable to Warwick than to the King. At the east end of the line, indeed, the Earl himself was outflanked by Gloucester, forced to throw back his wing, and compelled to yield ground towards his center. But at the other end of the line the Yorkists suffered a far worse disaster; Montagu and Oxford not only turned Hastings' flank, but rolled up his line, broke it, and chased it right over the heath, and down toward Barnet town. Many of the routed troops fled as far as London ere they stopped, spreading everywhere the news that the King was slain and the cause of York undone. But the defeat of Edward's left wing had not all the effect that might have been expected. Owing to the fog it was unnoticed by the victorious right, and even by the center, where the King and Clarence were now hard at work with Somerset, and gaining rather than losing ground. No panic spread down the line, "for no man was in anything discouraged, because, saving a few that stood nearest to them, no man wist of the rout: also the other party by the same flight and chase were never the greatlier encouraged." Moreover, the victorious troops threw away their chance; instead of turning to aid his hard-pressed comrades, Oxford pursued recklessly, cutting down the flying enemy for a mile, even into the streets of Barnet. Consequently he and his men lost themselves in the fog; many were scattered; the rest collected themselves slowly, and felt their way back towards the field, guiding themselves by the din that sounded down from the hillside. Montagu appears not to have gone so far in pursuit; he must have retained part of his wing with him, and would seem to have used it to strengthen his brother's hard-pressed troops on the left.

But meanwhile King Edward himself was gaining ground in the center; his own column, as the Yorkist chronicler delights to record, "beat and bare down all that stood in his way, and then turned to range, first on that hand and then on the other hand, and in length so beat and bare them down that nothing might stand in the sight of him and of the well-assured fellowship that attended truly upon him." Somerset, in short, was giving way; in a short time the Lancastrian center would be broken.

At this moment, an hour after the fight had begun, Oxford and his victorious followers came once more upon the scene. Lost in the fog, they appeared, not where they might have been

expected, on Edward's rear, but upon the left rear of their own center. They must have made a vast detour in the darkness.

Now came the fatal moment of the day. Oxford's men, whose banners and armor bore the Radiant Star of the De Veres, were mistaken by their comrades for a flanking column of Yorkists. In the mist their badge had been taken for the Sun with Rays, which was King Edward's cognizance. When they came close to their friends they received a sharp volley of arrows, and were attacked by Warwick's last reserves. This mistake had the most cruel results. The old and the new Lancastrians had not been without suspicions of each other. Assailed by his own friends, Oxford thought that some one — like Grey de Ruthyn at Northampton — had betrayed the cause. Raising the cry of treason, he and all his men fled northward from the field.

The fatal cry ran down the laboring lines of Warwick's army and wrecked the whole array. The old Lancastrians made up their minds that Warwick — or at least his brother the Marquis, King Edward's ancient favorite — must have followed the example of the perjured Clarence. Many turned their arms against the Nevilles, and the unfortunate Montagu was slain by his own allies in the midst of the battle. Many more fled without striking another blow; among these was Somerset, who had up to this moment fought manfully against King Edward in the center.

Warwick's wing still held its ground, but at last the Earl saw that all was lost. His brother was slain; Exeter had been struck down at his side; Somerset and Oxford were in flight. He began to draw back toward the line of thickets and hedges which had lain behind his army. But there the fate met him that had befallen so many of his enemies, at St. Albans and Northampton, at Towton and Hexham. His heavy armor made rapid flight impossible; and in the edge of Wrotham Wood he was surrounded by the pursuing enemy, wounded, beaten down, and slain.

The plunderers stripped the fallen; but King Edward's first desire was to know if the Earl was dead. The field was carefully searched, and the corpses of Warwick and Montagu were soon found. Both were carried to London, where they were laid on the pavement of St. Paul's, stripped to the breast, and exposed three days to the public gaze, "to the intent that the

people should not be abused by feigned tales, else the rumor should have been sowed about that the Earl was yet alive."

After lying three days on the stones, the bodies were given over to George Neville the Archbishop, who had them both borne to Bisham, and buried in the abbey, hard by the tombs of their father Salisbury and their ancestors the Earls of the house of Montacute. All alike were swept away, together with the roof that covered them, by the Vandalism of the Edwardian reformers, and not a trace remains of the sepulcher of the two unquiet brothers.

Thus ended Richard Neville in the forty-fourth year of his age, slain by the sword in the sixteenth year since he had first taken it up at the Battle of St. Albans. Fortune, who had so often been his friend, had at last deserted him; for no reasonable prevision could have foreseen the series of chances which ended in the disaster of Barnet. Montagu's irresolution and Clarence's treachery were not the only things that had worked against him. If the winds had not been adverse, Queen Margaret, who had been lying on the Norman coast since the first week in March, would have been in London long before Edward arrived, and could have secured the city with the three thousand men under Wenlock, Langstrother, and John Beaufort whom her fleet carried. But for five weeks the wind blew from the north and made the voyage impossible; on Good Friday only did it turn and allow the Queen to sail. It chanced that the first ship, which came to land in Portsmouth harbor the very morning of Barnet, carried among others the Countess of Warwick; at the same moment that she was setting her foot on shore her husband was striking his last blows on Gladsmore Heath. Nor was it only from France that aid was coming; there were reinforcements gathering in the North, and the Kentishmen were only waiting for a leader. Within a few days after Warwick's death the Bastard of Fauconbridge had mustered seventeen thousand men at Canterbury in King Henry's name. If Warwick could have avoided fighting, he might have doubled his army in a week, and offered the Yorkists battle under far more favorable conditions. The wrecks of the party were strong enough to face the enemy on almost equal terms at Tewkesbury, even when their head was gone. The stroke of military genius which made King Edward compel the Earl to fight, by placing his army so close that no retreat was possible from the position of Barnet, was the proximate cause of War-

wick's ruin; but in all the rest of the campaign it was fortune rather than skill which fought against the Earl. He [illegible] played his dangerous game with courage and energy, and if only ordinary luck had ruled, Edward must have failed; the odds against him were too many.

But fortune interposed and Warwick fell. For England's sake perhaps it was well that it should be so. If he had succeeded, and Edward had been driven once more from the land, we may be sure that the Wars of the Roses would have dragged on for many another year; the house of York had too many heirs and too many followers to allow of its disappearance without a long time of further trouble. The cause of Lancaster, on the other hand, was bound up in a single life; when Prince Edward fell in the Bloody Meadow, as he fled from the field of Tewkesbury, the struggle was ended perforce, for no one remained to claim his rights. Henry of Richmond, whom an unexpected chance ultimately placed on the throne, was neither in law nor in fact the real heir of the house of Lancaster. On the other hand, Warwick's success would have led, so far as we can judge, first to a continuance of civil war, then, if he had ultimately been successful in rooting out the Yorkists, to a protracted political struggle between the house of Neville and the old Lancastrian party headed by the Beauforts and probably aided by the Queen; for it is doubtful how far the marriage of Prince Edward and Anne Neville would ever have served to reconcile two such enemies as the Earl and Margaret of Anjou. If Warwick had held his own, and his abilities and his popularity combined to make it likely, his victory would have meant the domination of a family group—a form of government which no nation has endured for long. At the best, the history of the last thirty years of the fifteenth century in England would have been a tale resembling that of the days when the house of Douglas struggled with the crown of Scotland, or the Guises with the rulers of France.

Yet for Warwick as a ruler there would have been much to be said. To a king of the type of Henry the Sixth the Earl would have made a perfect minister and vicegerent, if only he could have been placed in the position without a preliminary course of bloodshed and civil war. The misfortune for England was that his lot was cast not with Henry the Sixth, but with strong-willed, hot-headed, selfish Edward the Fourth.

The two prominent features in Warwick's character which

made him a leader of men were not those which might have been expected in a man born and reared in his position. The first was an inordinate love of the activity of business; the second was a courtesy and affability which made him the friend of all men save the one class he could not brook—the "made lords," the parvenu nobility which Edward the Fourth delighted to foster.

Of these characteristics it is impossible to exaggerate the strength of the first. Warwick's ambition took the shape of a devouring love of work of all kinds. Prominent though he was as a soldier, his activity in war was only one side of his passionate desire to manage well and thoroughly everything that came to his hand. He never could cease for a moment to be busy; from the first moment when he entered into official harness in 1455 down to the day of his death, he seems hardly to have rested for a moment. The energy of his soul took him into every employment—general, admiral, governor, judge, councilor, ambassador, as the exigencies of the moment demanded; he was always moving, always busy, and never at leisure. When the details of his life are studied, the most striking point is to find how seldom he was at home, how constantly away at public service. His castles and manors saw comparatively little of him. It was not at Warwick or Amesbury, at Caerphilly or Middleham, that he was habitually to be found, but in London, or Calais, or York, or on the Scotch Border. It was not that he neglected his vassals and retainers,—the loyalty with which they rallied to him on every occasion is sufficient evidence to the contrary,—but he preferred to be a great minister and official, not merely a great baron and feudal chief.

In this sense, then, it is most deceptive to call Warwick the Last of the Barons. Vast though his strength might be as the greatest landholder in England, it was as a statesman and administrator that he left his mark on the age. He should be thought of as the forerunner of Wolsey rather than as the successor of Robert of Belesme, or the Bohuns and Bigods. That the world remembers him as a turbulent noble is a misfortune. Such a view is only drawn from a hasty survey of the last three or four years of his life, when under desperate provocation he was driven to use for personal ends the vast feudal power that lay ready to his hand. If he had died in 1468, he would be remembered in history as an able soldier and statesman, who with

singular perseverance and consistency devoted his life to consolidating England under the house of York.

After his restless activity, Warwick's most prominent characteristic was his geniality. No statesman was ever so consistently popular with the mass of the nation, through all the alternations of good and evil fortune. This popularity the Earl owed to his unswerving courtesy and affability; "he ever had the good voice of the people, because he gave them fair words, showing himself easy and familiar," says the chronicler. Wherever he was well known he was well liked. His own Yorkshire and Midland vassals, who knew him as their feudal lord, the seamen who had served under him as admiral, the Kentishmen who saw so much of him while he was captain of Calais, were all his unswerving followers down to the day of his death. The Earl's boundless generosity, the open house which he kept for all who had any claim on him, the zeal with which he pushed the fortunes of his dependents, will only partially explain his popularity. As much must be ascribed to his genial personality as to the trouble which he took to court the people. His whole career was possible because the majority of the nation not only trusted and respected but honestly liked him. This it was which explains the "kingmaking" of his later years. Men grew so accustomed to follow his lead that they would even acquiesce when he transferred his allegiance from King Edward to King Henry. It was not because he was the greatest landholder of England that he was able to dispose of the crown at his good will; but because, after fifteen years of public life, he had so commended himself to the majority of the nation that they were ready to follow his guidance even when he broke with all his earlier associations.

But Warwick was something more than active, genial, and popular; nothing less than first-rate abilities would have sufficed to carry him through his career. On the whole, it was as a statesman that he was most fitted to shine. His power of managing men was extraordinary; even King Louis of France, the hardest and most unemotional of men, seems to have been amenable to his influence. He was as successful with men in the mass as with individuals; he could sway a parliament or an army with equal ease to his will. How far he surpassed the majority of his contemporaries in political prescience is shown by the fact that, in spite of Yorkist traditions, he saw clearly that England must give up her ancient claims on

France, and continually worked to reconcile the two countries.

In war Warwick was a commander of ability; good for all ordinary emergencies where courage and a cool head would carry him through, but not attaining the heights of military genius displayed by his pupil Edward. His battles were fought in the old English style of Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth, by lines of archery flanked by clumps of billmen and dismounted knights. He is found employing both cannon and hand-gun men, but made no decisive or novel use of either, except in the case of his siege artillery in the campaign of 1464. Nor did he employ cavalry to any great extent; his men dismounted to fight like their grandfathers at Agincourt, although the power of horsemen had again revindicated itself on the Continent. The Earl was a cool and capable commander; he was not one of the hot-headed feudal chiefs who strove to lead every charge. It was his wont to conduct his first line to the attack and then to retire and take command of the reserve, with which he delivered his final attack in person. This caution led some contemporary critics, especially Burgundians who contrasted his conduct with the headlong valor of Charles the Rash, to throw doubts on his personal courage. The sneer was ridiculous. The man who was first into the High Street at St. Albans, who fought through the ten hours of Towton, and won a name by his victories at sea in an age when sea fights were carried on by desperate hand-to-hand attempts to board, might afford to laugh at any such criticism. If he fell at Barnet "somewhat flying," as the Yorkist chronicler declares, he was surely right in endeavoring to save himself for another field; he knew that one lost battle would not wreck his cause, while his own life was the sole pledge of the union between the Lancastrian party and the majority of the nation.

Brave, courteous, liberal, active, and able, a generous lord to his followers, an untiring servant to the commonweal, Warwick had all that was needed to attract the homage of his contemporaries: they called him, as the Kentish ballad monger sang, "a very noble knight, the flower of manhood." But it is only fair to record that he bore in his character the fatal marks of the two sins which distinguished the English nobles of his time. Occasionally he was reckless in bloodshedding. Once in his life he descended to the use of a long and deliberate course of treason and treachery.

In the first-named sin Warwick had less to reproach himself with than most of his contemporaries. He never authorized a massacre, or broke open a sanctuary, or entrapped men by false pretenses in order to put them to death. In battle, too, he always bid his men to spare the Commons. Moreover, some of his crimes of bloodshed are easily to be palliated: Mundeford and the other captains whom he beheaded at Calais had broken their oath of loyalty to him; the Bastard of Exeter, whom he executed at York, had been the prime agent in the murder of his father. The only wholly unpardonable act of the Earl was his slaying of the Woodvilles and Herberts in 1469. They had been his bitter enemies, it is true; but to avenge political rivalries with the ax, without any legal form of trial, was unworthy of the high reputation which Warwick had up to that moment enjoyed. It increases rather than lessens the sum of his guilt to say that he did not publicly order their death, but allowed them to be executed by rebels whom he had roused and might as easily have quieted.

But far worse, in a moral aspect, than the slaying of the Woodvilles and Herberts, was the course of treachery and deceit that had preceded it. That the Earl had been wantonly insulted by his thankless master in a way that would have driven even one of milder mood to desperation, we have stated elsewhere. An ideally loyal man might have borne the King's ingratitude in silent dignity, and forsworn the Court forever: a hot-headed man might have burst out at once into open rebellion; but Warwick did neither. When his first gust of wrath had passed, he set himself to seek revenge by secret treachery. He returned to the Court, was superficially reconciled to his enemies, and bore himself as if he had forgotten his wrongs. Yet all the while he was organizing an armed rising to sweep the Woodvilles and Herberts away, and to coerce the King into subjection to his will. The plan was as unwise as it was unworthy. Although Warwick's treason was for the moment entirely successful, it made any confidence between himself and his master impossible for the future. At the earliest opportunity Edward revenged himself on Warwick with the same weapons that had been used against himself, and drove the Earl into exile.

There is nothing in Warwick's subsequent reconciliation with the Lancastrians which need call up our moral indignation. It was the line of conduct which forced him into that

connection that was evil, not the connection itself. There is no need to reproach him for changing his allegiance; no other course was possible to him in the circumstances. The King had cast him off, not he the King. When he transferred his loyalty to the house of Lancaster, he never swerved again. All the offers which Edward made to him after his return in 1471 were treated with contempt. Warwick was not the man to sell himself to the highest bidder.

If then Warwick was once in his life driven into treachery and bloodthirsty revenge, we must set against his crime his fifteen long years of honest and consistent service to the cause he had made his own, and remember how dire was the provocation which drove him to betray it. Counting his evil deeds of 1469–1470 at their worst, he will still compare not unfavorably with any other of the leading Englishmen of his time. Even in that demoralized age his sturdy figure stands out in not unattractive colors. Born in a happier generation, his industry and perseverance, his courage and courtesy, his liberal hand and generous heart, might have made him not only the idol of his followers, but the bulwark of the commonwealth. Cast into the godless times of the Wars of the Roses, he was doomed to spend in the cause of a faction the abilities that were meant to benefit a whole nation; the selfishness, the cruelty, the political immorality of the age, left their mark on his character; his long and honorable career was at last stained by treason, and his roll of successes terminated by a crushing defeat. Even after his death his misfortune has not ended. Popular history has given him a scanty record merely as the Kingmaker or the Last of the Barons, as a selfish intriguer or a turbulent feudal chief; and for four hundred and ten years he has lacked even the doubtful honor of a biography.



THE BATTLE OF BARNET.

By BULWER-LYTTON.

(From "The Last of the Barons")

[Edward George Earle Lytton-Bulwer, later Lord Lytton, English novelist, playwright, and poet, was born in Norfolk in 1803. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; became a member of Parliament for many years,

colonial secretary 1858–1859; was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* 1831–1833; elected lord rector of Glasgow University 1858; died January 18, 1873. His novels include (among many others): "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice, or the Mysteries" "Zanoni," "The Caxtons," "My Novel." "Kenelm Chillingly." and "The Coming Race"; his plays, the permanent favorites "Richelieu," "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons"; his poems, the satirical "New Timon," and translations of Schiller's ballads.]

RAW, cold, and dismal dawned the morning of the 14th of April. The heavy mist still covered both armies, but their hum and stir was already heard through the gloaming,—the neighing of steeds, and the clangor of mail. Occasionally a movement of either force made dim forms, seeming gigantic through the vapor, indistinctly visible to the antagonist army; and there was something ghastly and unearthlike in these ominous shapes, suddenly seen, and suddenly vanishing, amidst the sullen atmosphere. By this time Warwick had discovered the mistake of his gunners; for, to the right of the Earl, the silence of the Yorkists was still unbroken, while abruptly from the thick gloom to the left broke the hoarse mutter and low growl of the awakening war. Not a moment was lost by the Earl in repairing the error of the night: his artillery wheeled rapidly from the right wing, and, sudden as a storm of lightning, the fire from the cannon flashed through the dun and heavy vapor; and, not far from the very spot where Hastings was marshaling the wing intrusted to his command, made a deep chasm in the serried ranks. Death had begun his feast!

At that moment, however, from the center of the Yorkist army arose, scarcely drowned by the explosion, that deep-toned shout of enthusiasm, which he who has once heard it, coming, as it were, from the one heart of an armed multitude, will ever recall as the most kindling and glorious sound which ever quickened the pulse and thrilled the blood—for along that part of the army now rode King Edward. His mail was polished as a mirror, but otherwise unadorned, resembling that which now invests his effigies at the Tower, and the housings of his steed were spangled with silver suns, for the silver sun was the cognizance on all his banners. His head was bare, and through the hazy atmosphere the gold of his rich locks seemed literally to shine. Followed by his body squire, with his helm and lance, and the lords in his immediate staff, his truncheon in his hand, he passed slowly along the steady line, till, halting where he deemed his voice could be farthest heard, he reined

in, and lifting his hand, the shout of the soldiery was hushed, though still while he spoke from Warwick's archers came the arrowy shower, and still the gloom was pierced and the hush interrupted by the flash and the roar of the bombards.

"Englishmen and friends," said the martial chief, "to bold deeds go but few words. Before you is the foe! From Ravenspur to London I have marched — treason flying from my sword, loyalty gathering to my standard. With but two thousand men, on the 14th of March I entered England — on the 14th of April, fifty thousand is my muster roll. Who shall say, then, that I am not King, when one month mans a monarch's army from his subjects' love? And well know ye, now, that my cause is yours and England's! Those against us are men who would rule in despite of law — barons whom I gorged with favors, and who would reduce this fair realm of Kings, Lords, and Commons, to be the appanage and property of one man's measureless ambition — the park, forsooth, the homestead to Lord Warwick's private house! Ye gentlemen and knights of England, let them and their rabble prosper, and your properties will be despoiled, your lives insecure, all law struck dead. What differs Richard of Warwick from Jack Cade, save that if his name is nobler, so is his treason greater? Commoners and soldiers of England — freemen, however humble — what do these rebel lords (who would rule in the name of Lancaster) desire? To reduce you to villeins and to bondsmen, as your forefathers were to them. Ye owe freedom from the barons to the just laws of my sires your kings. Gentlemen and knights, commoners and soldiers, Edward IV. upon his throne will not profit by a victory more than you. This is no war of dainty chivalry, it is a war of true men against false. No quarter! Spare not either knight or hilding! Warwick, forsooth, will not smite the Commons. Truly not — the rabble are his friends. I say to you ——" and Edward, pausing in the excitement and sanguinary fury of his tiger nature — the soldiers, heated like himself to the thirst of blood, saw his eyes sparkle, and his teeth gnash, as he added in a deeper and lower, but not less audible voice: "I say to you, SLAY ALL! What heel spares the viper's brood?"

"We will — we will!" was the horrid answer, which came hissing and muttered forth from morion and cap of steel.

"Hark! to their bombards!" resumed Edward. "The enemy would fight from afar, for they excel us in their archers

and gunners. Upon them, then—hand to hand, and man to man! Advance banners—sound trumpets! Sir Oliver, my bassinet! Soldiers, if my standard falls, look for the plume upon your King's helmet! Charge!"

Then, with a shout wilder and louder than before, on through the hail of the arrows—on through the glare of the bombards—rather with a rush than in a march, advanced Edward's center against the array of Somerset. But from a part of the encampment where the circumvallation seemed strongest, a small body of men moved not with the general body.

To the left of the churchyard of Hadley, at this day, the visitor may notice a low wall; on the other side of that wall is a garden, then but a rude eminence on Gladsmoor Heath. On that spot a troop in complete armor, upon destrers pawing impatiently, surrounded a man upon a sorry palfrey, and in a gown of blue—the color of royalty and of servitude—that man was Henry the Sixth. In the same space stood Friar Bungey, his foot on the Eureka, muttering incantations, that the mists he had foretold, and which had protected the Yorkists from the midnight guns, might yet last, to the confusion of the foe. And near him, under a gaunt, leafless tree, a rope round his neck, was Adam Warner, Sibyll, still faithful to his side, nor shuddering at the arrows and the guns; her whole fear concentrated upon the sole life for which her own was prized. Upon this eminence, then, these lookers-on stood aloof. And the meek ears of Henry heard through the fog the inexplicable, sullen, jarring clash—steel had met steel.

"Holy Father!" exclaimed the kingly saint, "and this is the Easter Sabbath, thy most solemn day of peace!"

"Be silent," thundered the friar, "thou disturbest my spells. *Barabbarara—Santhinoa—Foggibus increscebo—confusio inimicis—Garabbora, vapor et mistes!*"

We must now rapidly survey the dispositions of the army under Warwick. In the right wing, the command was intrusted to the Earl of Oxford and the Marquis of Montagu. The former, who led the cavalry of that division, was stationed in the van; the latter, according to his usual habit—surrounded by a strong bodyguard of knights, and a prodigious number of squires as aids-de-camp—remained at the rear, and directed thence, by his orders, the general movement. In this wing the greater number were Lancastrian, jealous of Warwick, and only consenting to the generalship of Montagu, because shared by

their favorite hero, Oxford. In the mid space lay the chief strength of the bowmen, with a goodly number of pikes and bills, under the Duke of Somerset; and this division also was principally Lancastrian, and shared the jealousy of Oxford's soldiery. The left wing, composed for the most of Warwick's yeomanry and retainers, was commanded by the Duke of Exeter, conjointly with the Earl himself. Both armies kept a considerable body in reserve, and Warwick, besides this resource, had selected from his own retainers a band of picked archers, whom he had skillfully placed in the outskirts of a wood that then stretched from Wrotham Park to the column that now commemorates the battle of Barnet, on the high northern road. He had guarded these last-mentioned archers (where exposed in front to Edward's horsemen) by strong, tall barricades, leaving only such an opening as would allow one horseman at a time to pass, and defending by a formidable line of pikes this narrow opening left for communication, and to admit to a place of refuge in case of need. These dispositions made, and ere yet Edward had advanced on Somerset, the Earl rode to the front of the wing under his special command, and, agreeably to the custom of the time observed by his royal foe, harangued the troops. Here were placed those who loved him as a father, and venerated him as something superior to mortal man — here the retainers, who had grown up with him from his childhood, who had followed him to his first fields of war, who had lived under the shelter of his many castles, and fed in that rude equality of a more primeval age, which he loved still to maintain, at his lavish board. And now Lord Warwick's coal-black steed halted, motionless in the van. His squire bore his helmet, overshadowed by the eagle of Montheimer, the outstretched wings of which spread wide into sable plumes; and as the Earl's noble face turned full and calm upon the bristling lines, there arose not the vulgar uproar that greeted the aspect of the young King Edward. By one of those strange sympathies which pass through multitudes, and seize them with a common feeling, the whole body of those adoring vassals became suddenly aware of the change which a year had made in the face of their chief and father. They saw the gray flakes in his Jove-like curls, the furrows in that lofty brow, the hollows in that bronzed and manly visage, which had seemed to their rude admiration to wear the stamp of the twofold Divinity — Beneficence and Valor. A thrill of tenderness and awe shot

through the veins of every one—tears of devotion rushed into many a hardy eye. No—*there*, was not the ruthless captain addressing his hireling butchers; it *was* the chief and father rallying gratitude, and love, and reverence, to the crisis of his stormy fate.

"My friends, my followers, and my children," said the Earl, "the field we have entered is one from which there is no retreat; here must your leader conquer, or here die. It is not a parchment pedigree; it is not a name, derived from the ashes of dead men, that make the only charter of a king. We Englishmen were but slaves, if in giving crown and scepter to a mortal like ourselves, we asked not in return the kingly virtues. Beset, of old, by evil counselors, the reign of Henry VI. was obscured, and the weal of the realm endangered. Mine own wrongs seemed to me great, but the disasters of my country not less. I deemed that in the race of York England would know a wiser and happier rule. What was, in this, mine error ye partly know. A prince dissolved in luxurious vices—a nobility degraded by minions and bloodsuckers—a people plundered by purveyors, and a land disturbed by brawl and riot. But ye know not all: God makes man's hearth man's altar—our hearths were polluted; our wives and daughters were viewed as harlots; and lechery ruled the realm. A king's word should be fast as the pillars of the world. What man ever trusted Edward and was not deceived? Even now the unknightly liar stands in arms with the weight of perjury on his soul. In his father's town of York, ye know that he took, three short weeks since, solemn oath of fealty to King Henry. And now King Henry is his captive, and King Henry's holy crown upon his traitor's head—'traitors' calls he *us?* What name, then, rank enough for him? Edward gave the promise of a brave man, and I served him. He proved a base, a false, a licentious, and a cruel king, and I forsook him; may all free hearts in all free lands so serve kings when they become tyrants! Ye fight against a cruel and atrocious usurper, whose bold hand cannot sanctify a black heart—ye fight not only for King Henry, the meek and the godly—ye fight not for him alone, but for his young and princely son, the grandchild of Henry of Agincourt, who, old men tell me, has that hero's face, and who, I know, has that hero's frank and royal and noble soul—ye fight for the freedom of your land, for the honor of your women, for what is better than any king's cause—for justice and mercy—



EDWARD IV.

for truth and manhood's virtues against corruption in the laws, slaughter by the scaffold, falsehood in a ruler's lips, and shameless harlotry in the councils of ruthless power. The order I have ever given in war, I give now; we war against the leaders of evil, not against the hapless tools; we war against our oppressors, not against our misguided brethren. Strike down every plumed crest, but when the strife is over, spare every common man! Hark! while I speak, I hear the march of your foe! Up standards!—blow trumpets! And now, as I brace my bassinet, may God grant us all a glorious victory, or a glorious grave. On, my merry men! show these London loons the stout hearts of Warwickshire and Yorkshire. On, my merry men! A Warwick! A Warwick!"

As he ended, he swung lightly over his head the terrible battle-ax which had smitten down, as the grass before the reaper, the chivalry of many a field; and ere the last blast of the trumpets died, the troops of Warwick and of Gloucester met, and mingled hand to hand.

Although the Earl had, on discovering the position of the enemy, moved some of his artillery from his right wing, yet there still lay the great number and strength of his force. And there, therefore, Montagu, rolling troop on troop to the aid of Oxford, pressed so overpoweringly upon the soldiers under Hastings, that the battle very soon wore a most unfavorable aspect for the Yorkists. It seemed, indeed, that the success which had always hitherto attended the military movements of Montagu was destined for a crowning triumph. Stationed, as we have said, in the rear, with his light-armed squires, upon fleet steeds, around him, he moved the springs of the battle with the calm sagacity which at that moment no chief in either army possessed. Hastings was thoroughly outflanked, and though his men fought with great valor, they could not resist the weight of superior numbers.

In the midst of the carnage in the center, Edward reined in his steed, as he heard the cry of victory in the gale:

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "our men at the left are cravens—they fly! they fly! Ride to Lord Hastings, Sir Humphrey Bourchier, bid him defile hither what men are left him; and now, ere our fellows are well aware what hath chanced yonder, charge we, knights and gentlemen, on, on!—break Somerset's line; on, on, to the heart of the rebel Earl!"

"Then, visor closed, lance in rest, Edward and his cavalry

dashed through the archers and billmen of Somerset; clad in complete mail, impervious to the weapons of the infantry, they slaughtered as they rode, and their way was marked by corpses and streams of blood. Fiercest and fellest of all, was Edward himself; when his lance shivered, and he drew his knotty mace from its sling by his saddlebow, woe to all who attempted to stop his path. Vain alike steel helmet or leathern cap, jerkin or coat of mail. In vain Somerset threw himself into the *mêlée*. The instant Edward and his cavalry had made a path through the lines for his foot soldiery, the fortunes of the day were half retrieved. It was no rapid passage, pierced and reclosed, that he desired to effect, it was the wedge in the oak of war. There, rooted in the very midst of Somerset's troops, doubling on each side, passing on but to return again, where helm could be crashed and man overthrown, the mighty strength of Edward widened the breach more and more, till faster and faster poured in his bands, and the center of Warwick's army seemed to reel and whirl round the broadening gap through its ranks, as the waves round some chasm in a maelstrom.

But in the interval, the hard-pressed troops commanded by Hastings were scattered and dispersed; driven from the field, they fled in numbers through the town of Barnet; many halted not till they reached London, where they spread the news of the Earl's victory and Edward's ruin.

Through the mist, Friar Bungey discerned the fugitive Yorkists under Hastings, and heard their cries of despair: through the mist, Sibyll saw, close beneath the intrenchments which protected the space on which they stood, an armed horseman with the well-known crest of Hastings on his helmet, and, with lifted visor, calling his men to the return, in the loud voice of rage and scorn. And then, she herself sprang forwards, and forgetting his past cruelty in his present danger, cried his name — weak cry, lost in the roar of war! But the friar, now fearing he had taken the wrong side, began to turn from his spells, to address the most abject apologies to Adam, to assure him that he would have been slaughtered at the Tower, but for the friar's interruption; and that the rope round his neck was but an insignificant ceremony due to the prejudices of the soldiers. "Alas, Great Man," he concluded; "I see still that thou art mightier than I am; thy charms, though silent, are more potent than mine, though my lungs crack beneath them! *Confusio Inimicis Taralorolu*, — I mean no harm to the Earl

— *Garrabora, mistes et nubes* — Lord, what will become of me!"

Meanwhile, Hastings, with a small body of horse who, being composed of knights and squires, specially singled out for the sword, fought with the pride of disdainful gentlemen and the fury of desperate soldiers, finding it impossible to lure back the fugitives, hewed their own way through Oxford's ranks to the center, where they brought fresh aid to the terrible arm of Edward.

The mist still continued so thick that Montagu was unable to discern the general prospects of the field. But, calm and resolute in his post, amidst the arrows which whirled round him, and often struck, blunted, against his Milan mail, the Marquis received the reports of his aids-de-camp (may that modern word be pardoned?) as, one after one, they emerged through the fog to his side.

"Well," he said, as one of these messengers now spurred to the spot, "we have beaten off Hastings and his hirelings; but I see not 'the Silver Star' of Lord Oxford's banner."

"Lord Oxford, my lord, has followed the enemy he routed to the farthest verge of the heath."

"Saints help us! Is Oxford thus headstrong? He will ruin all if he be decoyed from the field! Ride back, sir! Yet — hold!" as another of the aids-de-camp appeared. "What news from Lord Warwick's wing?"

"Sore beset, bold Marquis. Gloucester's line seems countless; it already outflanks the Earl. The Duke himself seems inspired by hell! Twice has his slight arm braved even the Earl's battle-ax, which spared the boy but smote to the dust his comrades!"

"Well, and what of the center, sir?" as a third form now arrived.

"There, rages Edward in person. He hath pierced into the midst. But Somerset still holds on gallantly!"

Montagu turned to the first aid-de-camp.

"Ride, sir! Quick! This to Oxford — no pursuit! Bid him haste, with all his men, to the left wing, and smite Gloucester in the rear. Ride, ride — for life and victory! If he come but in time, the day is ours!"

The aid-de-camp darted off, and the mist swallowed up horse and horseman.

"Sound trumpets to the return!" said the Marquis; then,

after a moment's musing: "Though Oxford hath drawn off our main force of cavalry, we have still some stout lances left; and Warwick must be strengthened. On to the Earl! *Laissez aller!* A Montagu! a Montagu!" And lance in rest, the Marquis, and the knights immediately around him, and hitherto not personally engaged, descended the hillock at a hand gallop, and were met by a troop outnumbering their own, and commanded by the Lords D'Eyncourt and Say.

At this time, Warwick was indeed in the same danger that had routed the troops of Hastings; for, by a similar position, the strength of the hostile numbers being arrayed with Gloucester, the Duke's troops had almost entirely surrounded him. And Gloucester himself wondrously approved the trust that had consigned to his stripling arm the flower of the Yorkist army. Through the mists, the blood-red manteline he wore over his mail, the grinning teeth of the boar's head which crested his helmet, flashed and gleamed wherever his presence was most needed to encourage the flagging or spur on the fierce. And there seemed to both armies something ghastly and preternatural in the savage strength of this small, slight figure thus startlingly caparisoned, and which was heard evermore uttering its sharp war cry: "Gloucester, to the onslaught! Down with the rebels, down!"

Nor did this daring personage disdain, in the midst of his fury, to increase the effect of valor by the art of a brain that never ceased to scheme on the follies of mankind. "See! see!" he cried, as he shot meteorlike from rank to rank. "See — these are no natural vapors! Yonder the mighty friar, who delayed the sails of Margaret, chants his spells to the Powers that ride the gale. Fear not the bombards — their enchanted balls swerve from the brave! The dark legions of Air fight for us! For the hour is come when the fiend shall rend his prey!" And fiendlike seemed the form thus screeching forth his predictions from under the grim headgear; and then darting and disappearing amidst the sea of pikes, cleaving its path of blood!

But still the untiring might of Warwick defied the press of numbers that swept round him, tide upon tide. Through the mists, his black armor, black plume, black steed, gloomed forth like one thundercloud in the midst of a dismal heaven. The noble charger bore along that mighty rider, animating, guiding all, with as much ease and lightness as the racer bears its puny

weight; the steed itself was scarce less terrible to encounter than the sweep of the rider's ax. Protected from arrow and lance by a coat of steel, the long chaffron or pike which projected from its barbed frontal dropped with gore as it scoured along. No line of men, however serried, could resist the charge of that horse and horseman. And vain even Gloucester's dauntless presence and thrilling battle cry, when the stout Earl was seen looming through the vapor, and his cheerful shout was heard: "My merry men, fight on!"

For a third time, Gloucester, spurring forth from his recoiling and shrinking followers, bending low over his saddlebow, covered by his shield, and with the tenth lance (his favorite weapon, because the one in which skill best supplied strength) he had borne that day, launched himself upon the vast bulk of his tremendous foe. With that dogged energy, that rapid calculation which made the basis of his character, and which ever clove through all obstacles at the one that if destroyed, destroyed the rest, — in that his first great battle, as in his last at Bosworth, he singled out the leader, and rushed upon the giant as the mastiff on the horns and dewlap of the bull. Warwick, in the broad space which his arm had made around him in the carnage, reined in as he saw the foe, and recognized the grisly cognizance and scarlet mantle of his godson. And even in that moment, with all his heated blood, and his remembered wrong, and his imminent peril, his generous and lion heart felt a glow of admiration at the valor of the boy he had trained to arms — of the son of the beloved York. "His father little thought," muttered the Earl, "that that arm should win glory against his old friend's life!" And as the half-uttered word died on his lips, the well-poised lance of Gloucester struck full upon his bassinet, and, despite the Earl's horsemanship and his strength, made him reel in his saddle, while the Prince shot by, and suddenly wheeling round, cast away the shivered lance, and assailed him sword in hand.

"Back, Richard — boy, back!" said the Earl, in a voice that sounded hollow through his helmet: "It is not against thee that my wrongs call for blood — pass on!"

"Not so, Lord Warwick," answered Richard, in a sobered and almost solemn voice, dropping for the moment the point of his sword, and raising his visor, that he might be the better heard: "On the field of battle all memories, sweet in peace, must die! St. Paul be my judge, that even in this hour I love

you well; but I love renown and glory more. On the edge of my sword sit power and royalty, and what high souls prize most—ambition: these would nerve me against mine own brother's breast, were that breast my barrier to an illustrious future. Thou hast given thy daughter to another! I smite the father, to regain my bride. Lay on, and spare not!—for he who hates thee most would prove not so fell a foe as the man who sees his fortunes made or marred—his love crushed or yet crowned, as this day's battle closes in triumph or defeat. REBEL, DEFEND THYSELF!"

No time was left for further speech; for as Richard's sword descended, two of Gloucester's followers, Parr and Milwater by name, dashed from the halting lines at the distance, and bore down to their young Prince's aid. At the same moment, Sir Marmaduke Nevile and the Lord Fitzhugh spurred from the opposite line; and thus encouraged, the band on either side came boldly forward, and the *mêlée* grew fierce and general. But still Richard's sword singled out the Earl, and still the Earl, parrying his blows, dealt his own upon meaner heads. Crushed by one swoop of the ax fell Milwater to the earth; down as again it swung on high, fell Sir Humphrey Bourchier, who had just arrived to Gloucester with messages from Edward, never uttered in the world below. Before Marmaduke's lance fell Sir Thomas Parr; and these three corpses making a barrier between Gloucester and the Earl, the Duke turned fiercely upon Marmaduke, while the Earl, wheeling round, charged into the midst of the hostile line, which scattered to the right and left.

"On! my merry men, on!" rang once more through the heavy air. "They give way—the London tailors,—on!" and on dashed, with their joyous cry, the merry men of Yorkshire and Warwick, the warrior yeomen! Separated thus from his great foe, Gloucester, after unhorsing Marmaduke, galloped off to sustain that part of his following which began to waver and retreat before the rush of Warwick and his chivalry.

This, in truth, was the regiment recruited from the loyalty of London, and little accustomed, we trow, were the worthy heroes of Cockaigne to the discipline of arms, nor trained to that stubborn resistance which makes, under skillful leaders, the English *peasants* the most enduring soldiery that the world has known since the day when the Roman sentinel perished amidst the falling columns and lava floods, rather than, though society

itself dissolved, forsake his post unbidden. "St. Thomas defend us!" muttered a worthy tailor, who in the flush of his valor, when safe in the Chepe, had consented to bear the rank of lieutenant, "it is not reasonable to expect men of pith and substance to be crushed into jellies, and carved into subtleties by horse hoofs and poleaxes. Right about face! Fly!"—and throwing down his sword and shield, the lieutenant fairly took to his heels as he saw the charging column, headed by the raven steed of Warwick, come giant-like through the fog. The terror of one man is contagious, and the Londoners actually turned their backs, when Nicholas Alwyn cried, in his shrill voice and northern accent: "Out on you! What will the girls say of us in East-gate and the Chepe? Hurrah for the bold hearts of London! Round me, stout 'prentices! let the boys shame the men! This shaft for Cockaigne!" And as the troop turned irresolute, and Alwyn's arrow left his bow, they saw a horseman by the side of Warwick reel in his saddle and fall at once to the earth, and so great evidently was the rank of the fallen man, that even Warwick reined in, and the charge halted midway in its career. It was no less a person than the Duke of Exeter whom Alwyn's shaft had disabled for the field. This incident, coupled with the hearty address of the stout goldsmith, served to reanimate the flaggers, and Gloucester, by a circuitous route, reaching their line a moment after, they dressed their ranks, and a flight of arrows followed their loud "Hurrah for London Town!"

But the charge of Warwick had only halted, and (while the wounded Exeter was borne back by his squires to the rear) it dashed into the midst of the Londoners, threw their whole line into confusion, and drove them, despite all the efforts of Gloucester, far back along the plain. This well-timed exploit served to extricate the Earl from the main danger of his position; and hastening to improve his advantage, he sent forthwith to command the reserved forces under Lord St. John, the Knight of Lytton, Sir John Coniers, Dymoke, and Robert Hilyard, to bear down to his aid.

At this time Edward had succeeded, after a most stubborn fight, in effecting a terrible breach through Somerset's wing; and the fogs continued still so dense and mirk, that his foe itself, for Somerset had prudently drawn back to re-form his disordered squadron, seemed vanished from the field. Halting now, as through the dim atmosphere came from different

quarters the many battle cries of that feudal day, by which alone he could well estimate the strength or weakness of those in the distance, his calmer genius as a general cooled, for a time, his individual ferocity of knight and soldier. He took his helmet from his brow, to listen with greater certainty; and the lords and riders round him were well content to take breath and pause from the weary slaughter.

The cry of "Gloucester to the *onslaught!*" was heard no more. Feebler and feebler, scatteringly as it were, and here and there, the note had changed into "Gloucester to the *rescue!*"

Farther off, rose mingled and blent together the opposing shouts "A Montagu!—a Montagu!"—"Strike for D'Eyncourt and King Edward!"—"A Say—a Say!"

"Ha!" said Edward, thoughtfully, "bold Gloucester fails—Montagu is bearing on to Warwick's aid—Say and D'Eyncourt stop his path. Our doom looks dark! Ride, Hastings—ride! retrieve thy laurels, and bring up the reserve under Clarence. But hark ye, leave not his side—he may desert again! Ho! ho! Again, 'Gloucester to the rescue!' Ah! how lustily sounds the cry of 'Warwick'! By the flaming sword of St. Michael we will slacken that haughty shout, or be evermore dumb ourself, ere the day be an hour nearer to the eternal judgment!"

Deliberately Edward rebraced his helm, and settled himself in his saddle, and with his knights riding close each to each, that they might not lose themselves in the darkness, regained his infantry and led them on to the quarter where the war now raged fiercest, round the black steed of Warwick and the blood-red manteline of the fiery Richard.

It was now scarcely eight in the morning, though the battle had endured three hours; and as yet victory so inclined to the Earl, that naught but some dire mischance could turn the scale. Montagu had cut his way to Warwick, Somerset had reëstablished his array. The fresh vigor brought by the Earl's reserve had well-nigh completed his advantage over Gloucester's wing. The new infantry under Hilyard, the unexhausted riders under Sir John Coniers and his knightly compeers, were dealing fearful havoc, as they cleared the plain; and Gloucester, fighting inch by inch, no longer outnumbering but outnumbered, was driven nearer and nearer towards the town, when suddenly a pale, sickly, and ghost-like ray of sunshine, rather resembling the watery gleam of a waning moon than the radi-

ance of the Lord of Light, broke through the mists, and showed to the Earl's eager troops the banner and badges of a new array hurrying to the spot. "Behold," cried the young Lord Fitzhugh, "the standard and the badge of the Usurper — a silver sun! Edward himself is delivered into our hands! Upon them — bill and pike, lance and brand, shaft and bolt! Upon them, and crown the day!"

The same fatal error was shared by Hilyard, as he caught sight of the advancing troop, with their silver cognizance. He gave the word, and every arrow left its string. At the same moment, as both horse and foot assailed the fancied foe, the momentary beam vanished from the heaven, the two forces mingled in the sullen mists, when, after a brief conflict, a sudden and horrible cry of "*Treason! Treason!*" resounded from either band. The shining star of Oxford, returning from the pursuit, had been mistaken for Edward's cognizance of the sun. Friend was slaughtering friend, and when the error was detected, each believed the other had deserted to the foe. In vain, here Montagu and Warwick, and there Oxford and his captains sought to dispel the confusion, and unite those whose blood had been fired against each other. While yet in doubt, confusion, and dismay, rushed full into the center Edward of York himself, with his knights and riders; and his tossing banners, scarcely even yet distinguished from Oxford's starry ensigns, added to the general incertitude and panic. Loud in the midst rose Edward's trumpet voice, while *through* the midst, like one crest of foam upon a roaring sea, danced his plume of snow. Hark! again, again — near and nearer — the tramp of steeds, the clash of steel, the whiz and hiss of arrows, the shout of "Hastings to the onslaught!" Fresh, and panting for glory and for blood, came on King Edward's large reserve: from all the scattered parts of the field spurred the Yorkist knights, where the uproar, so much mightier than before, told them that the crisis of the war was come. Thither, as vultures to the carcass, they flocked and wheeled; thither D'Eyncourt, and Lovell, and Cromwell's bloody sword, and Say's knotted mace; and thither, again rallying his late half-beaten myrmidons, the grim Gloucester, his helmet bruised and dinted, but the boar's teeth still gnashing wrath and horror from the grisly crest. But direst and most hateful of all in the eyes of the yet undaunted Earl, thither, plainly visible, riding scarcely a yard before him, with the cognizance of Clare

wrought on his gay mantle, and in all the pomp and bravery of a holiday suit, came the perjured Clarence. Conflict now it could scarce be called: as well might the Dane have rolled back the sea from his footstool, as Warwick and his disordered troop (often and aye, dazzled here by Oxford's star, there by Edward's sun, dealing random blows against each other) have resisted the general whirl and torrent of the surrounding foe. To add to the rout, Somerset and the onguard of his wing had been marching towards the Earl at the very time that the cry of "treason" had struck their ears, and Edward's charge was made; these men, nearly all Lancastrians, and ever doubting Montagu, if not Warwick, with the example of Clarence and the Archbishop of York fresh before them, lost heart at once—Somerset himself headed the flight of his force.

"All is lost!" said Montagu, as side by side with Warwick the brothers fronted the foe, and for one moment stayed the rush.

"Not yet," returned the Earl; "a band of my northern archers still guard yon wood—I know them—they will fight to the last gasp! Thither then, with what men we may. You so marshal our soldiers, and I will make good the retreat. Where is Sir Marmaduke Nevile?"

"Here!"

"Horsed again, young cousin! I give thee a perilous commission. Take the path down the hill; the mists thicken in the hollows, and may hide thee. Overtake Somerset—he hath fled westward, and tell him, from me, if he can yet rally but one troop of horse—but one—and charge Edward suddenly in the rear, he will yet redeem all. If he refuse, the ruin of his King, and the slaughter of the brave men he deserts, be on his head! Swift—*à tout bride*, Marmaduke. Yet one word," added the Earl, in a whisper—"if you fail with Somerset come not back, make to the Sanctuary. *You* are too young to die, cousin! Away!—keep to the hollows of the chase."

As the knight vanished Warwick turned to his comrades: "Bold nephew Fitzhugh, and ye brave riders, round me—so, we are fifty knights! Haste thou, Montagu, to the wood!—the wood!"

So noble in that hero age was the Individual, MAN, even amidst the multitudes massed by war, that history vies with romance in showing how far a single sword could redress the scale of war. While Montagu, with rapid dexterity, and

a voice yet promising victory, drew back the remnant of the lines, and in serried order retreated to the outskirts of the wood, Warwick and his band of knights protected the movement from the countless horsemen who darted forth from Edward's swarming and momently thickening ranks. Now dividing and charging singly—now rejoining—and breast to breast, they served to divert and perplex and harass the eager enemy. And never in all his wars, in all the former might of his indomitable arm, had Warwick so excelled the martial chivalry of his age, as in that eventful and crowning hour. Thrice almost alone, he penetrated into the very center of Edward's body-guard, literally felling to the earth all before him. Then perished by his battle-ax Lord Cromwell, and the redoubted Lord of Say—then, no longer sparing even the old affection, Gloucester was hurled to the ground. The last time he penetrated even to Edward himself, smiting down the King's standard bearer, unhorsing Hastings, who threw himself on his path; and Edward, setting his teeth in stern joy as he saw him, rose in his stirrups, and for a moment the mace of the King, the ax of the Earl, met as thunder encounters thunder; but then a hundred knights rushed into the rescue, and robbed the baffled avenger of his prey. Thus charging and retreating, driving back, with each charge, far and farther the mighty multitude hounding on to the lion's death, this great chief and his devoted knights, though terribly reduced in number, succeeded at last in covering Montagu's skillful retreat; and when they gained the outskirts of the wood, and dashed through the narrow opening between the barricades, the Yorkshire archers approved their Lord's trust, and, shouting as to a marriage feast, hailed his coming.

But few, alas! of his fellow-horsemen had survived that marvelous enterprise of valor and despair. Of the fifty knights who had shared its perils, eleven only gained the wood; and, though in this number the most eminent (save Sir John Coniers, either slain or fled), might be found—their horses, more exposed than themselves, were for the most part wounded and unfit for further service. At this time the sun again, and suddenly as before, broke forth—not now with a feeble glimmer, but a broad and almost a cheerful beam, which sufficed to give a fuller view than the day had yet afforded of the state and prospects of the field.

To the right and to the left, what remained of the cavalry

of Warwick were seen flying fast — gone the lances of Oxford, the bills of Somerset. Exeter, pierced by the shaft of Alwyn, was lying cold and insensible, remote from the contest, and deserted even by his squires.

In front of the archers, and such men as Montagu had saved from the sword, halted the immense and murmuring multitude of Edward, their thousand banners glittering in the sudden sun; for, as Edward beheld the last wrecks of his foe, stationed near the covert, his desire of consummating victory and revenge made him cautious, and, fearing an ambush, he had abruptly halted.

When the scanty followers of the Earl thus beheld the immense force arrayed for their destruction, and saw the extent of their danger and their loss, — here the handful, there the multitude, — a simultaneous exclamation of terror and dismay broke from their ranks.

"Children!" cried Warwick, "droop not! Henry, at Agincourt, had worse odds than we!"

But the murmur among the archers, the lealest part of the Earl's retainers, continued, till there stepped forth their captain, a gray old man, but still sinewy and unbent, the iron relic of a hundred battles.

"Back to your men, Mark Forester!" said the Earl, sternly.

The old man obeyed not. He came on to Warwick, and fell on his knees beside his stirrup.

"Fly, my lord, escape is possible for you and your riders. Fly through the wood, we will screen your path with our bodies. Your children, father of your followers, your children of Middleham, ask no better fate than to die for you! Is it not so?" and the old man, rising, turned to those in hearing. They answered by a general acclamation.

"Mark Forester speaks well," said Montagu. "On you depends the last hope of Lancaster. We may yet join Oxford and Somerset! This way, through the wood — come!" and he laid his hand on the Earl's rein.

"Knights and sirs," said the Earl, dismounting, and partially raising his visor as he turned to the horsemen, "let those who will, fly with Lord Montagu! Let those who, in a just cause, never despair of victory, nor, even at the worst, fear to face their Maker, fresh from the glorious death of heroes, dismount with me!" Every knight sprang from his steed, Montagu the first. "Comrades!" continued the Earl, then

addressing the retainers, "when the children fight for a father's honor, the father flies not from the peril into which he has drawn the children. What to me were life, stained by the blood of mine own beloved retainers, basely deserted by their chief? Edward has proclaimed that he will spare *none*. Fool! he gives us, then, the superhuman mightiness of despair! To your bows! — one shaft — if it pierce the joints of the tyrant's mail — one shaft may scatter yon army to the winds! Sir Marmaduke has gone to rally noble Somerset and his riders — if we make good our defense one little hour — the foe may be yet smitten in the rear, and the day retrieved! Courage and heart, then!" Here the Earl lifted his visor to the farthest bar, and showed his cheerful face — "Is this the face of a man who thinks all hope is gone?"

In this interval, the sudden sunshine revealed to King Henry, where he stood, the dispersion of his friends. To the rear of the palisades, which protected the spot where he was placed, already grouped "the lookers-on, and no fighters," as the chronicler words it, who, as the guns slackened, ventured forth to learn the news, and who now, filling the church-yard of Hadley, strove hard to catch a peep of Henry the saint, or of Bungey the sorcerer. Mingled with these gleamed the robes of the tymbesteres, pressing nearer and nearer to the barriers, as wolves, in the instinct of blood, come nearer and nearer round the circling watch fire of some northern travelers. At this time the friar, turning to one of the guards who stood near him, said, "The mists are needed no more now — King Edward hath got the day — eh?"

"Certes, great master," quoth the guard, "nothing now lacks to the King's triumph, except the death of the Earl."

"Infamous necromancer, hear that!" cried Bungey to Adam. "What now avail thy bombards and thy talisman! Hark ye! — tell me the secret of the last — of the damnable engine under my feet, and I may spare thy life."

Adam shrugged his shoulders in impatient disdain: "Unless I gave thee my science, my secret were profitless to thee. Villain and numskull, do thy worst."

The friar made a sign to a soldier who stood behind Adam, and the soldier silently drew the end of the rope which girded the scholar's neck round a bough of the leafless tree. "Hold!" whispered the friar, "not till I give the word. The Earl may recover himself yet," he added to himself. And therewith he

began once more to vociferate his incantations. Meanwhile, the eyes of Sibyll had turned for a moment from her father; for the burst of sunshine, lighting up the valley below, had suddenly given to her eyes, in the distance, the gable ends of the old farmhouse, with the wintry orchard — no longer, alas! smiling with starry blossoms. Far remote from the battlefield was that abode of peace, that once happy home, where she had watched the coming of the false one!

Loftier and holier were the thoughts of the fated King. He had turned his face from the field, and his eyes were fixed upon the tower of the church behind. And while he so gazed, the knell from the belfry began solemnly to chime. It was now near the hour of the Sabbath prayers, and amidst horror and carnage, still the holy custom was not suspended.

"Hark!" said the King, mournfully. "That chime summons many a soul to God!"

While thus the scene on the eminence of Hadley, Edward, surrounded by Hastings, Gloucester, and his principal captains, took advantage of the unexpected sunshine, to scan the foe and its position, with the eye of his intuitive genius for all that can slaughter man. "This day," he said, "brings no victory, assures no crown, if Warwick escape alive. To you, Lovell and Ratcliffe, I intrust two hundred knights — your sole care, the head of the rebel Earl!"

"And Montagu?" said Ratcliffe.

"Montagu? Nay — poor Montagu, I loved him as well once, as my own mother's son; and Montagu," he muttered to himself, "I never wronged, and therefore him I can forgive! Spare the Marquis. I mislike that wood; they must have more force within than that handful on the skirts betrays. Come hither, D'Eyncourt."

And a few minutes afterwards Warwick and his men saw two parties of horse leave the main body — one for the right hand, one the left — followed by long detachments of pikes, which they protected; and then the central array marched slowly and steadily on towards the scanty foe. The design was obvious — to surround on all sides the enemy, driven to its last desperate bay. But Montagu and his brother had not been idle in the breathing pause; they had planted the greater portion of the archers skillfully among the trees. They had placed their pikemen on the verges of the barricades, made by sharp stakes and fallen timber; and where their rampart was

unguarded by the pass which had been left free for the horsemen, Hilyard and his stoutest fellows took their post, filling the gap with breasts of iron.

And now, as with horns and clarions — with a sea of plumes, and spears, and pennons, the multitudinous deathsmen came on, Warwick, towering in the front, not one feather on his eagle crest despoiled or shorn, stood, dismounted, his visor still raised, by his renowned steed. Some of the men had by Warwick's order removed the mail from the destrier's breast; and the noble animal, relieved from the weight, seemed as unexhausted as its rider; save where the champed foam had bespecked its glossy hide, not a hair was turned; and the onguard of the Yorkists heard its fiery snort, as they moved slowly on. This figure of horse and horseman stood prominently forth amidst the little band. And Lovell, riding by Ratcliffe's side, whispered: "Beshrew me, I would rather King Edward had asked for mine own head, than that gallant Earl's!"

"Tush, youth," said the inexorable Ratcliffe, "I care not of what steps the ladder of mine ambition may be made!"

While they were thus speaking, Warwick, turning to Montagu and his knights, said: —

"Our sole hope is in the courage of our men. And, as at Touton, when I gave the throne to yon false man, I slew, with my own hand, my noble Malech, to show that on that spot I would win or die, and by that sacrifice so fired the soldiers that we turned the day — so now — oh, gentlemen, in another hour ye would jeer me, for my hand fails; this hand that the poor beast hath so often fed from! Saladin, last of thy race, serve me now in death as in life. Not for my sake, O noblest steed that ever bore a knight — not for mine this offering!"

He kissed the destrier on his frontal, and Saladin, as if conscious of the coming blow, bent his proud crest humbly, and licked his lord's steel-clad hand. So associated together had been horse and horseman, that had it been a human sacrifice, the bystanders could not have been more moved. And when, covering the charger's eyes with one hand, the Earl's dagger descended, bright and rapid — a groan went through the ranks. But the effect was unspeakable! The men knew at once that to them, and them alone, their lord intrusted his fortunes and his life — they were nerved to more than mortal daring. No escape for Warwick — why, then, in Warwick's person they

lived and died! Upon foe as upon friend, the sacrifice produced all that could tend to strengthen the last refuge of despair. Even Edward, where he rode in the van, beheld and knew the meaning of the deed. Victorious Touton rushed back upon his memory with a thrill of strange terror and remorse.

"He will die as he has lived," said Gloucester, with admiration. "If I live for such a field, God grant me such a death!"

As the words left the Duke's lips, and Warwick, one foot on his dumb friend's corpse, gave the mandate, a murderous discharge from the archers in the covert rattled against the line of the Yorkists, and the foe, still advancing, stepped over a hundred corpses to the conflict. Despite the vast preponderance of numbers, the skill of Warwick's archers, the strength of his position, the obstacle to the cavalry made by the barricades, rendered the attack perilous in the extreme. But the orders of Edward were prompt and vigorous. He cared not for the waste of life, and as one rank fell, another rushed on. High before the barricades stood Montagu, Warwick, and the rest of that indomitable chivalry, the flower of the ancient Norman heroism. As idly beat the waves upon a rock as the ranks of Edward upon that serried front of steel. The sun still shone in heaven, and still Edward's conquest was unassured. Nay, if Marmaduke could yet bring back the troops of Somerset upon the rear of the foe, Montagu and the Earl felt that the victory might be for them. And often the Earl paused, to hearken for the cry of "Somerset" on the gale, and often Montagu raised his visor to look for the banners and the spears of the Lancastrian Duke. And ever, as the Earl listened and Montagu scanned the field, larger and larger seemed to spread the armament of Edward. The regiment which boasted the stubborn energy of Alwyn was now in movement, and, encouraged by the young Saxon's hardihood, the Londoners marched on, unawed by the massacre of their predecessors. But Alwyn, avoiding the quarter defended by the knights, defiled a little towards the left, where his quick eye, inured to the northern fogs, had detected the weakness of the barricade in the spot where Hilyard was stationed; and this pass Alwyn (discarding the bow) resolved to attempt at the point of the pike—the weapon answering to our modern bayonet. The first rush which he headed was so impetuous as to effect an entry. The weight of the numbers behind urged on the foremost, and Hilyard had not sufficient space for the

sweep of the two-handed sword which had done good work that day. While here the conflict became fierce and doubtful, the right wing led by D'Eyncourt had pierced the wood, and. surprised to discover no ambush, fell upon the archers in the rear. The scene was now inexpressibly terrific; cries and groans, and the ineffable roar and yell of human passion, resounded demonlike through the shade of the leafless trees. And at this moment, the provident and rapid generalship of Edward had moved up one of his heavy bombards. Warwick and Montagu, and most of the knights, were called from the barricades to aid the archers thus assailed behind, but an instant before that defense was shattered into air by the explosion of the bombard. In another minute horse and foot rushed through the opening. And amidst all the din was heard the voice of Edward: "Strike! and spare not; we win the day!" "We win the day! — victory! — victory!" repeated the troops behind; rank caught the sound from rank — and file from file — it reached the captive Henry, and he paused in prayer; it reached the ruthless friar, and he gave the sign to the hireling at his shoulder; it reached the priest as he entered, unmoved, the church of Hadley. And the bell, changing its note into a quicker and sweeter chime, invited the living to prepare for death, and the soul to rise above the cruelty, and the falsehood, and the pleasure and the pomp, and the wisdom and the glory of the world! And suddenly, as the chime ceased, there was heard, from the eminence hard by, a shriek of agony — a female shriek — drowned by the roar of a bombard in the field below.

On pressed the Yorkists through the pass forced by Alwyn. "Yield, thee, stout fellow," said the bold trader to Hilyard, whose dogged energy, resembling his own, moved his admiration, and in whom, by the accent in which Robin called his men, he recognized a north countryman: "Yield, and I will see that thou goest safe in life and limb — look round — ye are beaten."

"Fool!" answered Hilyard, setting his teeth, "the People are never beaten!" And as the words left his lips, the shot from the recharged bombard shattered him piecemeal.

"On for London, and the crown!" cried Alwyn — "the citizens *are* the people!"

At this time, through the general crowd of the Yorkists, Ratcliffe and Lovell, at the head of their appointed knights, galloped forward to accomplish their crowning mission.

Behind the column which still commemorates "the great

battle" of that day, stretches now a trilateral patch of pasture land, which faces a small house. At that time this space was rough forest ground, and where now, in the hedge, rise two small trees, types of the diminutive offspring of our niggard and ignoble civilization, rose then two huge oaks, coeval with the warriors of the Norman Conquest. They grew close together, yet, though their roots interlaced — though their branches mingled, one had not taken nourishment from the other. They stood, equal in height and grandeur, the twin giants of the wood. Before these trees, whose ample trunks protected them from the falchions in the rear, Warwick and Montagu took their last post. In front rose literally mounds of the slain, whether of foe or friend; for round the two brothers to the last had gathered the brunt of war, and they towered now, almost solitary in valor's sublime despair, amidst the wrecks of battle, and against the irresistible march of fate. As side by side they had gained this spot, and the vulgar assailants drew back, leaving the bodies of the dead their last defense from death, they turned their visors to each other, as for one latest farewell on earth.

"Forgive me, Richard!" said Montagu — "forgive me thy death; had I not so blindly believed in Clarence's fatal order, the savage Edward had never passed alive through the pass of Pontefract."

"Blame not thyself," replied Warwick. "We are but the instruments of a wiser Will. God assoil thee, brother mine. We leave this world to tyranny and vice. Christ receive our souls!"

For a moment their hands clasped, and then all was grim silence.

Wide and far, behind and before, in the gleam of the sun, stretched the victorious armament, and that breathing pause sufficed to show the grandeur of their resistance — the grandest of all spectacles, even in its hopeless extremity — the defiance of brave hearts to the brute force of the Many. Where they stood they were visible to thousands, but not a man stirred against them. The memory of Warwick's past achievements, the consciousness of his feats that day, all the splendor of his fortunes and his name, made the mean fear to strike, and the brave ashamed to murder. The gallant D'Eyncourt sprung from his steed, and advanced to the spot. His followers did the same.

"Yield, my lords — yield! Ye have done all that men could do."

"Yield, Montagu," whispered Warwick. "Edward can harm not thee. Life has sweets; so they say, at least."

"Not with power and glory gone. We yield not, Sir Knight," answered the Marquis, in a calm tone.

"Then die! and make room for the new men whom ye so have scorned!" exclaimed a fierce voice; and Ratcliffe, who had neared the spot, dismounted, and hallooed on his bloodhounds.

Seven points might the shadow have traversed on the dial, and before Warwick's ax, and Montagu's sword, seven souls had gone to judgment. In that brief crisis, amidst the general torpor and stupefaction and awe of the bystanders, round one little spot centered still a war.

But numbers rushed on numbers, as the fury of conflict urged on the lukewarm; Montagu was beaten to his knee — Warwick covered him with his body — a hundred axes resounded on the Earl's stooping casque, a hundred blades gleamed round the joints of his harness — a simultaneous cry was heard — over the mounds of the slain, through the press into the shadow of the oaks, dashed Gloucester's charger. The conflict had ceased — the executioners stood mute in a half-circle. Side by side, ax and sword still griped in their iron hands, lay Montagu and Warwick.

The young Duke, his visor raised, contemplated the fallen foes in silence. Then dismounting, he unbraced with his own hand the Earl's helmet. Revived for a moment by the air, the hero's eyes unclosed, his lips moved, he raised, with a feeble effort, the gory battle-ax, and the armed crowd recoiled in terror. But the Earl's soul, dimly conscious, and about to part, had escaped from that scene of strife — its later thoughts of wrath and vengeance — to more gentle memories, to such memories as fade the last from true and manly hearts.

"Wife! child!" murmured the Earl, indistinctly. "Anne — Anne! Dear ones, God comfort ye!" And with these words the breath went, the head fell heavily on its mother earth, the face set, calm and undistorted as the face of a soldier should be, when a brave death has been worthy of a brave life.

"So," muttered the dark and musing Gloucester, unconscious of the throng, "so perishes the Race of Iron! Low lies the last Baron who could control the throne and command the

people. The Age of Force expires with knighthood and deeds of arms. And over this dead great man I see the New Cycle dawn. Happy, henceforth, he who can plot, and scheme, and fawn, and smile!" Waking with a start, from his reverie, the splendid dissimulator said, as in sad reproof: "Ye have been overhasty, knights and gentlemen. The House of York is mighty enough to have spared such noble foes. Sound trumpets! Fall in file! Way, there—way! King Edward comes! Long live the King!"



THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

By PULCI: Byron's Translation.

[Luigi Pulci, an Italian poet, born at Florence in 1432; died about 1487. He was an intimate friend of Lorenzo de' Medici and Politian, and the author of "Il Morgante Maggiore" (first published in 1481), a burlesque epic, in twenty-eight cantos, with Roland as the hero. Apart from its literary excellence, the poem is valuable as a source of information regarding the early Tuscan dialect.]

Canto I.

In the beginning was the Word next God;
  God was the Word, the Word no less was he:
This was in the beginning, to my mode
  Of thinking, and without him naught could be:
Therefore, just Lord! from out thy high abode,
  Benign and pious, bid an angel flee,
One only, to be my companion, who
Shall help my famous, worthy, old song through.

And thou, oh Virgin! daughter, mother, bride,
  Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key
Of heaven, and hell, and everything beside,
  The day thy Gabriel said "All hail!" to thee,
Since to thy servants pity's ne'er denied,
  With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free,
Be to my verses then benignly kind,
And to the end illuminate my mind.

'Twas in the season when sad Philomel
  Weeps with her sister, who remembers and
Deplores the ancient woes which both befell,
  And makes the nymphs enamored, to the hand



THE HOME OF BYRON, NEWSTEAD ABBEY

Of Phaeton by Phœbus loved so well
  His car (but tempered by his sire's command
Was given, and on the horizon's verge just now
Appeared, so that Tithonus scratched his brow:

When I prepared my bark first to obey,
  As it should still obey, the helm, my mind,
And carry prose or rhyme, and this my lay
  Of Charles the Emperor, whom you will find
By several pens already praised; but they
  Who to diffuse his glory were inclined,
For all that I can see in prose or verse,
Have understood Charles badly, and wrote worse

Leonardo Aretino said already,
  That if like Pepin, Charles had had a writer
Of genius quick, and diligently steady,
  No hero would in history look brighter;
He in the cabinet being always ready,
  And in the field a most victorious fighter,
Who for the church and Christian faith had wrought
Certes, far more than yet is said or thought.

You still may see at Saint Liberatore
  The abbey, no great way from Manopell,
Erected in the Abruzzi to his glory,
  Because of the great battle in which fell
A pagan king, according to the story,
  And felon people whom Charles sent to hell:
And there are bones so many, and so many,
Near them Giusaffa's would seem few, if any.

But the world, blind and ignorant, don't prize
  His virtues as I wish to see them: thou,
Florence, by his great bounty don't arise,
  And hast, and may have, if thou wilt allow,
All proper customs and true courtesies:
  Whate'er thou hast acquired from then till now,
With knightly courage, treasure, or the lance,
Is sprung from out the noble blood of France.

Twelve paladins had Charles in court, of whom
  The wisest and most famous was Orlando;
Him traitor Gan conducted to the tomb
  In Roncesvalles, as the villain planned to,

While the horn rang so loud, and knelled the doom
 Of their sad rout, though he did all knight can do;
And Dante in his comedy has given
To him a happy seat with Charles in heaven.

'Twas Christmas day; in Paris all his court
 Charles held; the chief, I say, Orlando was,
The Dane; Astolfo there too did resort,
 Also Ansuigi, the gay time to pass
In festival and in triumphal sport,
 The much-renowned St. Dennis being the cause;
Angiolin of Bayonne, and Oliver,
And gentle Belinghieri too came there:

Avolio, and Arino, and Othone
 Of Normandy, and Richard Paladin,
Wise Hamo, and the ancient Salemone,
 Walter of Lion's Mount and Baldovin,
Who was the son of the sad Ganellone,
 Were there, exciting too much gladness in
The son of Pepin·—when his knights came hither,
He groaned with joy to see them all together.

But watchful Fortune, lurking, takes good heed
 Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.
While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed,
 Orlando ruled court, Charles, and everything;
Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
 To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the king
One day he openly began to say:
"Orlando must we always then obey?

"A thousand times I've been about to say,
 Orlando too presumptuously goes on;
Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway,
 Hamo, and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
Each have to honor thee and to obey;
 But he has too much credit near the throne,
Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided
By such a boy to be no longer guided.

"And even at Aspramont thou didst begin
 To let him know he was a gallant knight,
And by the fount did much the day to win;
 But I know *who* that day had won the fight

If it had not for good Gherardo been:
  The victory was Almonte's else; his sight
He kept upon the standard, and the laurels
In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

"If thou rememberest being in Gascony,
  When there advanced the nations out of Spain,
The Christian cause had suffered shamefully,
  Had not his valor driven them back again
Best speak the truth when there's a reason why:
  Know then, oh emperor! that all complain:
As for myself, I shall repass the mounts
O'er which I crossed with two and sixty counts.

"'Tis fit thy grandeur should dispense relief,
  So that each here may have his proper part,
For the whole court is more or less in grief.
  Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart?"
Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
  As by himself it chanced he sat apart:
Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him credit.

And with the sword he would have murdered Gan,
  But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durlindan,
  And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando angry too with Carloman,
  Wanted but little to have slain him there;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and maddened with disdain and grief.

From Ermellina, consort of the Dane,
  He took Cortana, and then took Rondell,
And on towards Brara pricked him o'er the plain;
  And when she saw him coming, Aldabelle
Stretched forth her arms to clasp her lord again:
  Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,
As "Welcome, my Orlando, home," she said,
Raised up his sword to smite her on the head.

Like him a fury counsels; his revenge
  On Gan in that rash act he seemed to take,
Which Aldabella thought extremely strange;
  But soon Orlando found himself awake;

And his spouse took his bridle on this change,
  And he dismounted from his horse, and spake
Of everything which passed without demur,
And then reposed himself some days with her.

Then full of wrath departed from the place,
  And far as pagan countries roamed astray,
And while he rode, yet still at every pace
  The traitor Gan remembered by the way;
And wandering on in error a long space,
  An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands, he found,
Which formed the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

The abbot was called Clermont, and by blood
  Descended from Angrante· under cover
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
  But certain savage giants looked him over;
One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
  And Alabaster and Morgante hover
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place below.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
  Nor leave their cells for water or for wood;
Orlando knocked, but none would ope, before
  Unto the prior it at length seemed good;
Entered, he said that he was taught to adore
  Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a Christian; and then showed
How to the abbey he had found his road.

Said the abbot "You are welcome; what is mine
  We give you freely, since that you believe
With us in Mary Mother's Son divine;
  And that you may not, cavalier, conceive
The cause of our delay to let you in
  To be rusticity, you shall receive
The reason why our gate was barred to you:
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

"When hither to inhabit first we came
  These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
  They seemed to promise an asylum sure:

From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
'Twas fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

"These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch;
For late there have appeared three giants rough;
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
I know not, but they are all of savage stuff;
When force and malice with some genius match,
You know, they can do all — *we* are not enough:
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do, till matters change.

"Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole, 'tis certain
That manna was rained down from heaven instead:
But here 'tis fit we keep on the alert in
Our bounds, or taste the stones showered down for bread,
From off yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

"The third, Morgante's savagest by far; he
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar trees, and oaks,
And flings them, our community to bury;
And all that I can do but more provokes"
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crushed Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

"For God's sake, cavalier, come in with speed;
The manna's falling now," the abbot cried.
"This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
Dear abbot," Roland unto him replied.
"Of restiveness he'd cure him had he need;
That stone seems with good will and aim applied."
The holy father said, "I don't deceive;
They'll one day fling the mountain, I believe."

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his own:
"Abbot," he said, "I want to find that fellow
Who flung at my good horse yon corner stone."

Said the abbot· "Let not my advice seem shallow;
  As to a brother dear I speak alone;
I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

"That Passamont has in his hand three darts —
  Such slings, clubs, ballast stones, that yield you must;
You know that giants have much stouter hearts
  Than us, with reason, in proportion just:
If go you will, guard well against their arts,
  For these are very barbarous and robust."
Orlando answered, "This I'll see, be sure,
And walk the wild on foot to be secure."

The abbot signed the great cross on his front,
  "Then go you with God's benison and mine:"
Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,
  As the abbot had directed, kept the line
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;
  Who, seeing him alone in this design,
Surveyed him fore and aft with eyes observant,
Then asked him, "If he wished to stay as servant?"

And promised him an office of great ease.
  But, said Orlando, "Saracen insane!
I come to kill you, if it shall so please
  God, not to serve as footboy in your train;
You with his monks so oft have broke the peace —
  Vile dog! 'tis past his patience to sustain."
The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,
When he received an answer so injurious

And being returned to where Orlando stood,
  Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging
The cord, he hurled a stone with strength so rude,
  As showed a sample of his skill in slinging;
It rolled on Count Orlando's helmet good
  And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
So that he swooned with pain as if he died,
But more than dead, he seemed so stupefied

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,
  Said, "I will go, and while he lies along,
Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"
  But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,

Especially Orlando, such a knight,
  As to desert would almost be a wrong.
While the giant goes to put off his defenses,
Orlando has recalled his force and senses:

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?
  Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid;
To the right about — without wings thou'rt too slow
  To fly my vengeance — currish renegade!
'Twas but by treachery thou laid'st me low."
  The giant his astonishment betrayed,
And turned about, and stopped his journey on,
And then he stooped to pick up a great stone.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;
  To split the head in twain was what he schemed: —
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,
  And pagan Passamont died unredeemed,
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he banned,
  And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed:
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,
Orlando thanked the Father and the Word, —

Saying, "What grace to me thou'st this day given!
  And I to thee, oh Lord! am ever bound.
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
  Since by the giant I was fairly downed.
All things by thee are measured just and even;
  Our power without thine aid would naught be found:
I pray thee take heed of me, till I can
At least return once more to Carloman."

And having said thus much, he went his way;
  And Alabaster he found out below,
Doing the very best that in him lay
  To root from out a bank a rock or two.
Orlando, when he reached him, loud 'gan say,
  "How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?"
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

And hurled a fragment of a size so large,
  That if it had in fact fulfilled its mission,
And Roland not availed him of his targe,
  There would have been no need of a physician.

Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
  And in his bulky bosom made incision
With all his sword. The lout fell; but o'erthrown, he
However by no means forgot Macone.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
  Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,
And stretched himself at ease in this abode,
  And shut himself at night within his berth.
Orlando knocked, and knocked again, to goad
  The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
The door to open, like a crazy thing,
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attacked him;
  And Mahomet he called; but Mahomet
Is nothing worth, and not an instant backed him;
  But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
At liberty from all the fears which racked him;
  And to the gate he came with great regret—
"Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he.
"That," said Orlando, "you will quickly see.

"I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
  Sent by the miserable monks—repentance;
For Providence divine, in you and others,
  Condemns the evil done my new acquaintance.
'Tis writ on high—your wrong must pay another's;
  From heaven itself is issued out this sentence.
Know then, that colder now than a pilaster
I left your Passamont and Alabaster."

Morgante said, "Oh gentle cavalier!
  Now by thy God say me no villainy;
The favor of your name I fain would hear,
  And if a Christian, speak for courtesy."
Replied Orlando, "So much to your ear
  I by my faith disclose contentedly;
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
And, if you please, by you may be adored."

The Saracen rejoined in humble tone,
  "I have had an extraordinary vision;
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
  And Macon would not pity my condition;

Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone
  Upon the cross, preferred I my petition;
His timely succor set me safe and free,
And I a Christian am disposed to be."

Orlando answered: "Baron just and pious,
  If this good wish your heart can really move
To the true God, who will not then deny us
  Eternal honor, you will go above,
And, if you please, as friends we will ally us,
  And I will love you with a perfect love.
Your idols are vain liars, full of fraud:
The only true God is the Christian's God.

"The Lord descended to the virgin breast
  Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine;
If you acknowledge the Redeemer blest,
  Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,
Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,
  Your renegado god, and worship mine,—
Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent."
To which Morgante answered, "I'm content."

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,
  And made much of his convert, as he cried,
"To the abbey I will gladly marshal you."
  To whom Morgante, "Let us go," replied;
"I to the friars have for peace to sue."
  Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,
Saying, "My brother, so devout and good,
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would:

"Since God has granted your illumination,
  Accepting you in mercy for his own,
Humility should be your first oblation."
  Morgante said, "For goodness' sake, make known—
Since that your God is to be mine—your station,
  And let your name in verity be shown;
Then will I everything at your command do."
On which the other said, he was Orlando.

"Then," quoth the giant, "blessed be Jesu
  A thousand times with gratitude and praise!
Oft, perfect baron! have I heard of you
  Through all the different periods of my days:

And, as I said, to be your vassal too
  I wish, for your great gallantry always."
Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went their way.

And by the way about the giants dead
  Orlando with Morgante reasoned: "Be,
For their decease, I pray you, comforted;
  And, since it is God's pleasure, pardon me,
A thousand wrongs unto the monks they bred.
  And our true Scripture soundeth openly.
Good is rewarded, and chastised the ill,
Which the Lord never faileth to fulfill:

"Because his love of justice unto all
  Is such, he wills his judgment should devour
All who have sin, however great or small:
  But good he well remembers to restore.
Nor without justice holy could we call
  Him, whom I now require you to adore.
All men must make his will their wishes sway,
And quickly and spontaneously obey.

"And here our doctors are of one accord,
  Coming on this point to the same conclusion,—
That in their thoughts who praise in heaven the Lord,
  If pity e'er was guilty of intrusion
For their unfortunate relations stored
  In hell below, and damned in great confusion,—
Their happiness would be reduced to naught,
And thus unjust the Almighty's self be thought.

"But they in Christ have firmest hope, and all
  Which seems to him, to them too must appear
Well done; nor could it otherwise befall:
  He never can in any purpose err.
If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,
  They don't disturb themselves for him or her;
What pleases God to them must joy inspire;—
Such is the observance of the eternal choir."

"A word unto the wise," Morgante said,
  "Is wont to be enough, and you shall see
How much I grieve about my brethren dead;
  And if the will of God seem good to me,

Just, as you tell me, 'tis in heaven obeyed—
  Ashes to ashes,—merry let us be!
I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,
And carry them unto the holy monks.

"So that all persons may be sure and certain
  That they are dead, and have no further fear
To wander solitary this desert in,
  And that they may perceive my spirit clear
By the Lord's grace, who hath withdrawn the curtain
  Of darkness, making his bright realm appear."
He cut his brethren's hands off at these words,
And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

Then to the abbey they went on together,
  Where waited them the abbot in great doubt
The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
  To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying with tremor, "Please to tell us whether
  You wish to have this person in or out?"
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly feared, at first, to be compliant.

Orlando seeing him thus agitated,
  Said quickly, "Abbot, be thou of good cheer;
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
  And hath renounced his Macon false;" which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated,
  A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, "Thou hast contented me, oh Lord!"

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
  And more than once contemplated his size:
And then he said: "Oh giant celebrated!
  Know, that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
  When I behold your form with my own eyes.
You now a true and perfect friend will show
Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

"And one of our apostles, Saul once named,
  Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,
Till, one day, by the Spirit being inflamed,
  'Why dost thou persecute me thus?' said Christ;

And then from his offense he was reclaimed,
And went forever after preaching Christ,
And of the faith became a trump, whose sounding
O'er the whole earth is echoing and rebounding.

"So, my Morgante, you may do likewise;
He who repents — thus writes the Evangelist —
Occasions more rejoicing in the skies
Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.
You may be sure, should each desire arise
With just zeal for the Lord, that you'll exist
Among the happy saints for evermore;
But you were lost and damned to hell before!"

And thus great honor to Morgante paid
The abbot: many days they did repose
One day, as with Orlando they both strayed,
And sauntered here and there, where'er they chose,
The abbot showed a chamber, where arrayed
Much armor was, and hung up certain bows;
And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
"Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water." "You shall be obeyed
In all commands," was the reply, "straightways."
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head;
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours;
So that the giant's joined by all the boars.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And passed unto the other side quite thorough;
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripped up near.

Another, to revenge his fellow-farrow,
  Against the giant rushed in fierce career,
And reached the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
  He gave him such a punch upon the head
As floored him so that he no more arose,
  Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
  The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

The tun was on one shoulder, and there were
  The hogs on t'other, and he brushed apace
On to the abbey, though by no means near,
  Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
  With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,
Marveled to see his strength so very great;
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
  Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork;—
All animals are glad at sight of food:
  They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,
  That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork.
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

As though they wished to burst at once, they ate;
  And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
  Perceiving that they all were picked too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honor great,
  A few days after this convivial scene,
Gave to Morgante a fine horse, well trained,
Which he long time had for himself maintained.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
  To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
  Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;

But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
  And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"
And still continued pricking with the spur.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
  And said, "I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst;—to this what say you, count?"
  Orlando answered, "Like a ship's mast rather
You seem to me, and with the truck for front:—
  Let him go; Fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot Morgante still."
To which the giant answered, "So I will.

"When there shall be occasion, you will see
  How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, "I really think you'll be,
  If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight;
Nor will you napping there discover me.
  But never mind your horse, though out of sight
'Twere best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood."

The giant said, "Then carry him I will,
  Since that to carry me he was so slack—
To render, as the gods do, good for ill:
  But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answered, "If my counsel still
  May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who,
As you have done to him, will do to you.

"Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,
  As Nessus did of old beyond all cure.
I don't know if the fact you've heard or read;
  But he will make you burst, you may be sure."
"But help him on my back," Morgante said,
  "And you shall see what weight I can endure.
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
With all the bells, I'd carry yonder belfry."

The abbot said, "The steeple may do well,
  But, for the bells, you've broken them, I wot."
Morgante answered, "Let them pay in hell
  The penalty who lie dead in yon grot;"

And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, "Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs — or if I have force;" —
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

Morgante was like any mountain framed;
So if he did this, 'tis no prodigy;
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family;
And fearing that he might be hurt or maimed,
Once more he bade him lay his burden by:
"Put down, nor bear him further the desert in."
Morgante said, "I'll carry him for certain."

He did; and stowed him in some nook away,
And to the abbey then returned with speed.
Orlando said, "Why longer do we stay?
Morgante, here is naught to do indeed."
The abbot by the hand he took one day,
And said, with great respect, he had agreed
To leave his reverence; but for this decision
He wished to have his pardon and permission.

The honors they continued to receive
Perhaps exceeded what his merits claimed:
He said: "I mean, and quickly, to retrieve
The lost days of time past, which may be blamed;
Some days ago I should have asked your leave,
Kind father, but I really was ashamed,
And know not how to show my sentiment,
So much I see you with our stay content.

"But in my heart I bear through every clime
The abbot, abbey, and this solitude —
So much I love you in so short a time;
For me, from heaven reward you with all good
The God so true, the eternal Lord sublime!
Whose kingdom at the last hath open stood.
Meantime we stand expectant of your blessing,
And recommend us to your prayers with pressing."

Now when the abbot Count Orlando heard,
His heart grew soft with inner tenderness,
Such fervor in his bosom bred each word;
And, "Cavalier," he said, "if I have less

Some armor, ere our journey we begin,
  Which might be turned to my companion's use,
The gift would be acceptable to me."
The abbot said to him, "Come in and see."

And in a certain closet, where the wall
  Was covered with old armor like a crust,
The abbot said to them, "I give you all."
  Morgante rummaged piecemeal from the dust
The whole, which, save one cuirass, was too small,
  And that too had the mail inlaid with rust.
They wondered how it fitted him exactly,
Which ne'er has suited others so compactly.

'Twas an immeasurable giant's, who
  By the great Milo of Agrante fell
Before the abbey many years ago.
  The story on the wall was figured well;
In the last moment of the abbey's foe,
  Who long had waged a war implacable:
Precisely as the war occurred they drew him,
And there was Milo as he overthrew him.

Seeing this history, Count Orlando said
  In his own heart, "Oh God, who in the sky
Know'st all things! how was Milo hither led?
  Who caused the giant in this place to die?"
And certain letters, weeping, then he read,
  So that he could not keep his visage dry,—
As I will tell you in the ensuing story.
From evil keep you the high King of glory.



COLUMBUS' VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

By WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

[WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D., Scotch historian, was born at Borthwick in 1721; studied theology at Edinburgh University and acquired rapid distinction as a pulpit orator. His "History of Scotland" (1759) at once gave him a place among the leading historians of the country, especially for its lucid and pleasing style, and gained him the positions of principal of Edinburgh University, and historiographer royal of Scotland. He died in 1793. His other chief works are the "History of Charles V." and "History of America."]

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On Friday the 3d of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion; but in a voyage of such expectation and importance every circumstance was the object of attention. The rudder of the "Pinta" broke loose the day after she left the harbor, and that accident alarmed the crew, no less superstitious than unskillful, as a certain omen of the unfortunate destiny of the expedition. Even in the short run to the Canaries, the ships were found to be so crazy and ill appointed as to be very improper for a navigation which was expected to be both long and dangerous. Columbus refitted them, however, to the best of his power, and having supplied himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure from Gomera, one of the most westerly of the Canary Islands, on the sixth day of September.

Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to begin; for Columbus, holding his course due west, left immediately the usual track of navigation, and stretched into unfrequented and unknown seas. The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way; but on the second he lost sight of the Canaries; and many of the sailors, dejected already and dismayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts, and to shed tears, as if they were nevermore to behold land. Columbus comforted them with the assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth in those opulent regions whither he was conducting them. This early discovery of the spirit of his followers taught Columbus that he must prepare to struggle, not only with unavoidable difficulties which might be expected from the nature of his undertaking, but with such as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command; and he perceived that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries which he had in view than naval skill and undaunted courage. Happily for himself, and for the country by which he was employed, he joined to the ardent temper and inventive genius of a projector, virtues of another species, which are rarely united with them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind, an insinuating address, a patient per-



DEPARTURE OF COLUMBUS

From a rare old painting (artist unknown)

severance in executing any plan, the perfect government of his own passions, and the talent of acquiring an ascendant over those of other men. All these qualities, which formed him for command, were accompanied with that superior knowledge of his profession which begets confidence in times of difficulty and danger.

To unskillful Spanish sailors, accustomed only to coasting voyages in the Mediterranean, the maritime science of Columbus, the fruit of thirty years' experience, improved by an acquaintance with all the inventions of the Portuguese, appeared immense. As soon as they put to sea, he regulated everything by his sole authority; he superintended the execution of every order; and allowing himself only a few hours for sleep, he was at all other times upon deck. As his course lay through seas which had not formerly been visited, the sounding line, or instruments for observation, were continually in his hands. After the example of the Portuguese discoverers, he attended to the motion of tides and currents, watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of seaweeds, and of everything that floated on the waves, and entered every occurrence, with a minute exactness, in the journal which he kept. As the length of the voyage could not fail of alarming sailors habituated only to short excursions, Columbus endeavored to conceal from them the real progress which they made. With this view, though they ran eighteen leagues on the second day after they left Gomera, he gave out that they had advanced only fifteen, and he uniformly employed the same artifice of reckoning short during the voyage. By the 14th of September the fleet was above two hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Isles, at a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had been before that time. There they were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed that the magnetic needle in their compasses did not point exactly to the polar star, but varied towards the west, and as they proceeded this variation increased. This appearance, which is now familiar, though it still remains one of the mysteries of nature, into the cause of which the sagacity of man hath not been able to penetrate, filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were now in a boundless and unknown ocean, far from the usual course of navigation; nature itself seemed to be altered, and the only guide which they had left was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a

reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them that it dispelled their fears or silenced their murmurs.

He still continued to steer due west, nearly in the same latitude with the Canary Islands. In this course they came within the sphere of the trade wind, which blows invariably from east to west between the tropics and a few degrees beyond them. He advanced before this steady gale with such uniform rapidity that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail. When about four hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he found the sea so covered with weeds that it resembled a meadow of vast extent, and in some places they were so thick as to retard the motion of the vessels. This strange appearance occasioned new alarm and disquiet. The sailors imagined that they were now arrived at the utmost boundary of the navigable ocean; that those floating weeds would obstruct their farther progress, and concealed dangerous rocks, or some large tract of land which had sunk, they knew not how, in that place. Columbus endeavored to persuade them that what had alarmed them ought rather to have encouraged them, and was to be considered as a sign of approaching land. At the same time a brisk gale arose, and carried them forward. Several birds were seen hovering about the ship, and directed their flight towards the west. The desponding crew resumed some degree of spirits, and began to entertain fresh hopes.

Upon the first day of October, they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearance of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men, who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concern-

ing the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression, at first, upon the ignorant and timid, and, extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea; but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind which had hitherto been so favorable to their course must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed with great uneasiness the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavored to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions, he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign, if by their dastardly behavior they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even

with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they had meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west to that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost; the officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect, and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men, in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him, and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of

discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the "Pinta" observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the "Nina" took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land that on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch, lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the "Pinta," which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled.

From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the "Pinta" instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemna-

tion mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitude and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the Crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.



SAVONAROLA.[1]

BY PASQUALE VILLARI

[PASQUALE VILLARI, Italian littérateur, was born at Naples in 1827; studied law, in consequence of the revolution of 1848 went to Florence and became a teacher and historical student, in 1859 was made professor of history at the University of Pisa, in 1866 professor of history at the Institute of Higher Studies in Florence His two great works are "Savonarola and his Times" (1859-1861) and "Machiavelli and his Times" (1877-1878)]

THE ORDEAL BY FIRE (1498).

IN the life of individuals as well as of nations, there comes a moment when the whole course of events is suddenly changed,

[1] By permission of Mr T Fisher Unwin (Cloth, large crown, price 7*s*. 6*d*)



SAVONAROLA

Famous portrait by Fra Bartolommeo



and a hidden hand seems to turn all things to evil. In Savonarola's case, this moment had undoubtedly come. He was anxiously expecting replies to the letters sent by his friends, and specially anxious to receive one from France, when suddenly the news came instead, that the messenger directed to the latter country had been robbed by a band of Milanese cutthroats, and that Mazzinghi's letter to the ambassador in France had unfortunately fallen into the hands of the Duke. The haste with which Ludovico forwarded it to Cardinal Ascanio in Rome, the eagerness with which the latter presented it to the Pope, and the rage it excited in him, may be more easily imagined than described. At last the Borgia held in his hands a documentary proof of the audacity of the Friar, against whom all the potentates of Italy were arrayed, and whose enemies were already dominant in Florence. Thus, Savonarola was beleaguered and threatened on all sides, even before the final struggle began. Nevertheless, the course of events was so marvelously rapid, that he had no time to measure the enormity of these unexpected perils before, like a thunderbolt from heaven, another and still worse misfortune befell him.

It was one of those moments in which the popular aspect seems to undergo a magical change. Savonarola's adherents had either disappeared or were in hiding; all Florence now seemed against him. Messengers from Rome and Milan were continually coming and going. The spies of the Duke were on the alert, and wrote to their master that some great stroke was hourly expected on the part of the Signory. In fact, it was well known that the Gonfalonier Popoleschi, and Berlinghieri, one of the Priors, were doing their utmost to effect a radical change in the Government.

As if this were not enough, the public attention was stirred towards the end of March by a very strange and unexpected event. A certain Frà Francesco di Puglia, of the order of St. Francis, now delivering the Lenten sermons in St. Croce, had begun to attack Savonarola with singular vehemence and pertinacity. He stigmatized him as a heretic, a schismatic, and a false prophet, and not satisfied with this, challenged him to prove the truth of his doctrines by the ordeal by fire Similar challenges had been previously offered, but Savonarola had always treated them with merited contempt, believing it beneath his diginty to reply to them. But, as it now chanced, Frà Domenico considered himself to be personally challenged,

because he was preaching in his master's stead, and also because, when at Prato the preceding year, the same friar had provoked his wrath by insulting words against Savonarola's doctrines. They had then agreed to hold a public discussion; but on the appointed day the Franciscan, notwithstanding that he was the aggressor and had even then proposed the ordeal by fire, hurried from the city, under pretext of having been summoned to Florence by his superiors.

Accordingly, no sooner was Frà Domenico informed of the fresh provocation offered by the Franciscan, than he hastened to publish his "Conclusions," and declared that he would willingly go through the ordeal by fire since Savonarola must reserve himself for greater things. As he was not one to shrink from his word, the affair had already become serious before Savonarola had time to think of preventing it. But when the Franciscan saw that Frà Domenico was in earnest, he instantly sought a pretext to draw back. He went about repeating that "his quarrel was with Savonarola alone, and that although he expected to be consumed, he was ready to enter the fire with him in order to procure the destruction of that disseminator of scandal and false doctrine; but would have nothing to do with Frà Domenico." This wretched affair might have well ended here, for Savonarola severely reproved Frà Domenico's superfluous zeal, and the Franciscan was only too glad to seize a chance of escape. But, on the contrary, just when the contest seemed on the point of dying out, it suddenly burst forth afresh.

The Compagnacci were gathered together at one of their accustomed banquets. Dressed in silken attire, and feasting on delicate viands and excellent wines, they consulted on the matter, and decided to do their utmost to bring the ordeal to pass. "If Savonarola enters the fire," they said, "he will undoubtedly be burnt; if he refuses to enter it, he will lose all credit with his followers; we shall have an opportunity of rousing a tumult, and during the tumult shall be able to seize on his person." Some of them, indeed, hoped to have a chance of killing him. They accordingly applied to the Signory and found its members perfectly willing not only to help, but even to assume the direction of their shameful plot. For they caused the disputed "Conclusions" to be transcribed by the Government notary, and publicly invited the signatures of all who wished to maintain or contest them by the ordeal of fire.

It was truly monstrous that the chief authorities of the State should take so active a part in this affair; but no scruples withheld them from seeking to achieve their design. Nor was it difficult of achievement, for Frà Domenico was no longer to be kept in check by any power on earth, and instantly appending his name to the document, almost prayed to be allowed to go through the ordeal. But it proved very difficult to induce the Franciscan, who had first started the scandalous business, to do the same. He presented himself to the Signory on the 28th of March, with another written declaration to the effect that—"although aware of his inferiority to Frà Girolamo in doctrine and goodness, he was ready to go through the fire with him; but that with Frà Domenico he had no concern." He would present some one else to pass the ordeal with the latter, and, in fact, he proposed Frà Giuliano Rondinelli, who did not appear, however, at the palace. Then it was whispered about that in no case would they enter the fire; that it was only intended to burn a few friars of St. Mark's in order to crush Savonarola, and that if this plan failed, some way would be found to quash the affair altogether. These assurances were given by the Signory as well as by the Compagnacci. All that could be settled after much insistence was that the Franciscan should sign a declaration to the effect that he would pass through the fire with Frà Girolamo, if the latter wished to make the trial, and expressly adding that this was done *at the desire and request of the Magnificent Signory*. As regarded going through the ordeal with Frà Domenico, it was only on the 30th of March, and with great reluctance, that Rondinelli could be persuaded to sign the challenge; even then he added the explicit avowal "that he would enter the fire, although certain that he should be burnt; and only for his soul's salvation." This wretched monk was a mere tool in the hands of the savage Compagnacci and the crafty Franciscan. Thus the Signory of Florence shamelessly agreed to organize an affair that was a degradation to the dignity of their office, and could only result in the shedding of innocent blood and the gravest danger to the Republic.

The matter had gone so far, that on the same day (30th of March) a numerous Pratica was assembled to discuss the question of the ordeal by fire. Some of those present seemed heartily disgusted with the proceedings of the Signory; but the majority shared the views of Carlo Canigiani, who said: "That this was a Church affair, rather to be discussed in Rome

where saints are canonized than in this palace, where it is fitter to treat of war and finance. Nevertheless, if it be really desired that the trial by fire should take place, let us at least consider whether it will be likely to crush discord or not." The same indifference was shown by other speakers, who all concluded by saying that everything must be referred to the Pope or the Vicar. Girolamo Rucellai said, in addition: "It seems to me that too much noise is made about this trial by fire; the only important point to us is to be rid of friars and non-friars, Arrabbiati and non-Arrabbiati, and to try to keep the citizens at peace. Nevertheless if it be deemed that this trial will restore concord in the city, let them go not only into the fire, but into the water, up in the air or down into the earth; meanwhile let our care be for the city, not for these monks." In real truth all were inclined for the ordeal, and Filippo Giugni, turning the whole thing into ridicule, cynically remarked: "To me, fire seems a strange thing, and I should be very unwilling to pass through it. A trial by water would be less dangerous, and if Frà Girolamo went through it without getting wet, I would certainly join in asking his pardon." And the gist of his speech was, that it would be best to be well rid of the Friar by consigning him without delay to the Pope. Giovanni Canacci, on the other hand, although likewise opposed to Savonarola, rose in great agitation, and almost with tears in his eyes, exclaimed: "When I hear such things as these said, I scarcely know whether life or death is most to be desired. I truly believe that if our forefathers, the founders of this city, could have divined that a like question would ever be discussed here, and that we were to become the jest and opprobrium of the whole world, they would have indignantly refused to have anything to do with us. And now our city is come to a worse pass than for many long years; and one sees that it is all in confusion. Wherefore I would implore your Excellencies to deliver our people from all this wretchedness at any cost, either by fire, air, water, or any means you choose. *Iterum:* I pray your Excellencies to put an end to these things in order that no misery nor hurt may befall our city." The rest of the speakers all agreed in one way or another that the ordeal should take place. It was truly an afflicting sight to see the inhabitants of the most cultured and civilized city in the world assembled at their rulers' command to seriously discuss the advisability of lighting so barbarous a pyre. And it was still

more afflicting to find that all were in favor of the ordeal, merely for the sake of concluding the affair, and without even the excuse of any genuine religious fanaticism.

The same evening the ordeal was decided upon with the utmost speed. Savonarola was to be exiled if one of the Dominicans should perish, and Frà Francesco, if one of the Minorites. It was also shamelessly decreed that in case both the champions were consumed, the Dominicans alone should be punished. But if the ordeal should not take place, the party who prevented it would be exiled, or both parties, if both were equally unwilling to face it. Accordingly, the trial by fire was no longer to be evaded, and the Signory, after first abetting, now almost insisted upon it. The Pope was entirely with them in the matter, but in his official communications, through Bonsi, with the Ten, whom he knew to be Savonarola's friends, he refused his consent to the ordeal, and even feigned to disapprove of it. Nor was he altogether insincere, for it was only natural that he should hesitate, in the impossibility, at that distance, of foretelling the final result. Savonarola, meanwhile, was inflamed with indignation against these foes whose diabolical plots and party passions were disguised under a semblance of religious zeal. He was also persuaded that the Minorite friars would never have the courage to pass through the fire, for he knew that they were reluctantly obeying the suggestions of the Arrabbiati. He desired and, in truth, did his utmost to prevent the experiment, and discerned that he would have a better chance of succeeding if one of his disciples came forward in his stead. Most certainly, had Savonarola presented himself as champion, his enemies would have done all in their power to have him burnt, either alone or at the price of another innocent life. Nevertheless — such are the contradictions of the human mind — he had a secret belief that if the trial were really made, it would end triumphantly for him, and, accordingly, did not put forth all his energy to prevent it. He told himself that Frà Domenico's daring ardor must undoubtedly be inspired by God. In fact, according to his theories, it was neither strange nor difficult to conceive that the Lord would perform a miracle in order to confound the Arrabbiati and establish the truth of the new doctrine. He had frequently declared to the people that his words would be confirmed by supernatural evidence: the moment for this seemed at hand, hence the general and almost frantic eagerness to wit-

ness the result of the ordeal. The Piagnoni were even more anxious for it than the rest, for they hoped and believed that when the crisis came their Master would be unable to refrain from entering the fire himself, and that a miracle would be accomplished.

Nothing else was spoken of in Florence, and although Savonarola disapproved of the trial, and opposed it as far as was possible, he secretly exulted in Frà Domenico's zeal, almost rejoicing to see how all things combined to render the ordeal an absolute necessity. Besides, there were the visions of Frà Silvestro, who declared that he had beheld the guardian angels of Frà Girolamo and Frà Domenico, and been assured by them that the latter would go through the flames unhurt. We also know Savonarola's blind faith in Silvestro's visions. All this, joined to Frà Domenico's genuine enthusiasm, which was communicated to others with almost lightning speed, stirred the monks of St. Mark's and their friends to the highest pitch of excitement. On the 1st of April Savonarola summoned his trustiest adherents to St. Mark's, and preached them a short sermon, in which he described the real state of affairs, whereupon his hearers declared with one voice their readiness to enter the fire. Two days later, in fact, the friars addressed a letter to the Pope, saying that about three hundred of their number and many laymen were prepared to pass through the fire in defense of their Master's doctrines. Accordingly, being thus pressed on all sides, Savonarola sent in the list of their names to the Signory, with a declaration to the effect that he would depute one of his monks to meet every Minorite brother who came forward, and adding that if the trial should really take place, he was persuaded that it would result in the triumph of his followers.

At the same time he brought out a printed exposition of his theories — that was practically a reply to the accusations which were then being heaped upon him. In this he said: "I have too great a work on hand to stoop to join in these wretched disputes. If the adversaries who first provoked us, and then sought a thousand excuses, would publicly bind themselves to put to the issue by this test the decision of our cause and of the reform of the Church, I would no longer hesitate to enter the fire, and should feel assured of passing through it unharmed. But if it be their intent to prove by fire the validity of the sentence of excommunication, let them rather reply to the arguments we

have brought forward. Would they, perhaps, combat our prophecies by fire? Yet we neither compel nor exhort any man to believe in them more than he feel able. We only exhort all to lead righteous lives, and for this the fire of charity and the miracle of faith are required; all the rest is of no avail. Our adversaries, by whom this thing has been instigated, declare that they will assuredly perish, thereby confessing that they are their own murderers. We, on the contrary, have been provoked to this trial and forced to accept it, because the honor of God and of religion is at stake. Those who feel truly inspired by the Lord will certainly issue unhurt from the flames, if the experiment should verily take place, of which we are by no means assured. As to me, I reserve myself for a greater work, for which I shall ever be ready to lay down my life. The time will come when the Lord shall vouchsafe supernatural signs and tokens; but this certainly cannot be at the command or at the pleasure of man. For the present let it suffice ye to see that, by sending some of our brethren, we shall be equally exposed to the wrath of the people in case the Lord should not allow them to pass through the fire unhurt."

Frà Domenico's enthusiasm was beginning to convince not only Savonarola himself, but even the most distrustful, that God had really appointed him to this work. Men's minds were increasingly inflamed. Piagnoni and Arrabbiati awaited the day of the trial with equal anxiety, though for different ends. Men, women, and children continued to propose themselves as champions; and although, in many cases, this was empty bravado, others came forward in all sincerity. On the 2d of April Frà Malatesta Sacramoro and Frà Roberto Salviati went to subscribe their names as champions of St. Mark's, alleging that they too had received a call from the Lord. Thereupon, to insure greater publicity, the convention was officially given to the world in print, with all the signatures of the opposing factions. The Ten, hitherto invariably well disposed to Savonarola, sent these papers to Rome, with a full and exact account of all that had occurred, and again requested the Pontiff's consent to the ordeal, which, in appearance at least, he still disapproved.

Finally the 6th of April was fixed for this singular contest. Frà Domenico and Frà Giuliano Rondinelli were the two champions chosen by common accord. For many days past the doors of St. Mark's had been closed, and the brethren absorbed in

continual prayer. On the evening of the 5th, however, they received a message from the Signory to the effect that the trial was postponed to the 7th of April. The cause of this change was unknown; but some said that the Signory was awaiting a prohibitory Brief from Rome in order to have an excuse for putting a stop to the whole thing. The government, in fact, was already beginning to hesitate, fearing to have gone too far. For it had never anticipated finding so much resolution in the monks of St. Mark's, or so much poltroonery in the Minorites, who now insisted that some pledges should be given them as to the manner in which they were to pass through the fire unscathed. Accordingly, on the following day, 6th of April, a new decree was issued to modify that of the 30th of March, proclaiming that, "In the event of Frà Domenico being consumed, Frà Girolamo is to quit the Florentine territory within the space of three hours. . . ." No allusion was made to the Minorite friars, since it was intended in any case to insure their safety, and especially since Rondinelli had declared his conviction that he should perish if he entered the fire. On the same day Savonarola delivered another brief address, warmly exhorting all the faithful to be instant in prayer.

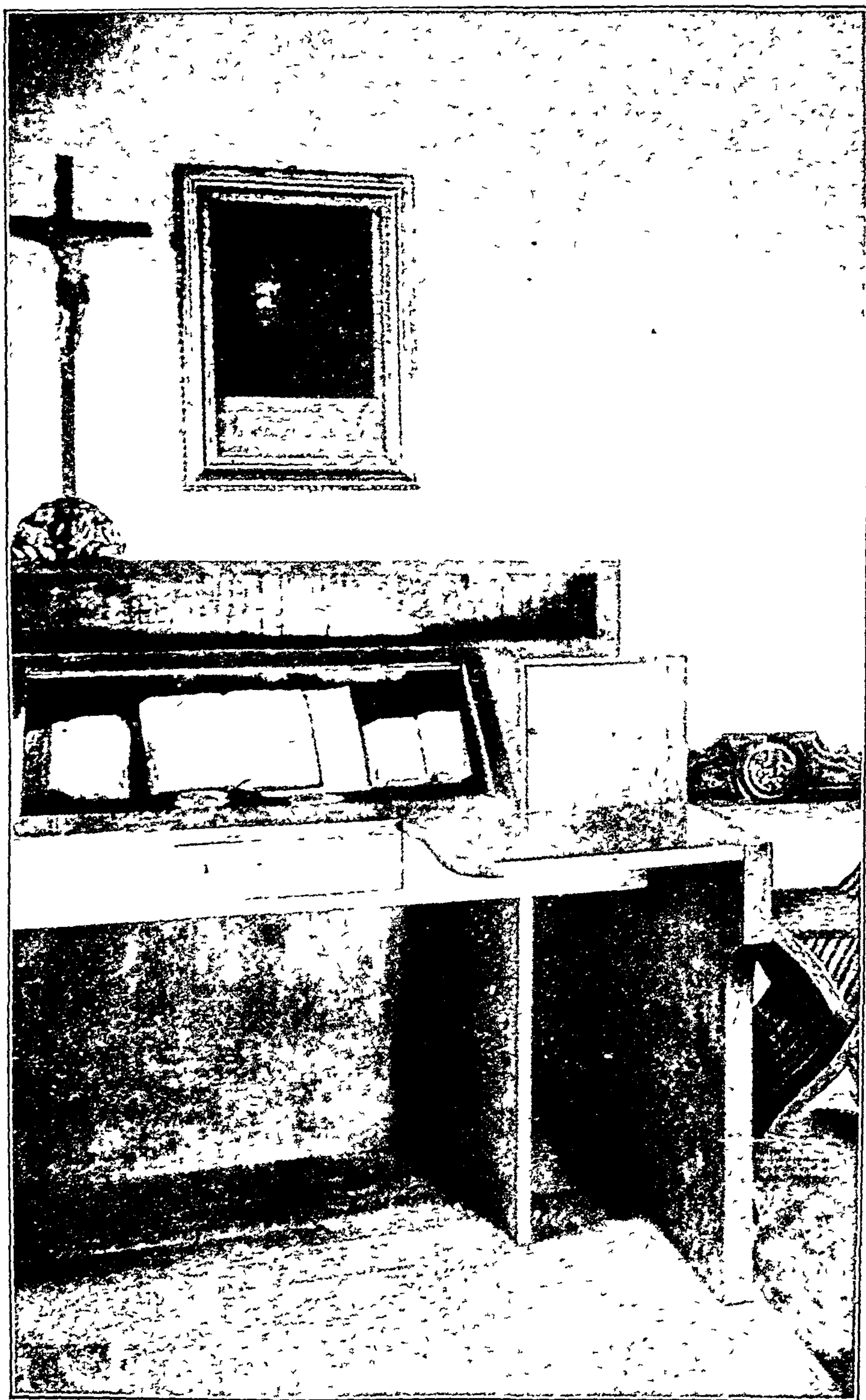
The 7th of April came, but not the expected Brief from Rome, and all Florence was panting for the novel sight that, as it now seemed, must inevitably take place. Everything was prepared for it, and every one hoped to make it serve his own ends: the Compagnacci and Arrabbiati sought an opportunity for dispatching the Friar; the Minorites to find some excuse for escaping the danger; the Signory were ready to favor any plan that might be hurtful to Savonarola; and the Piagnoni hoped that the ordeal would establish their triumph. Thus, public passions being more and more heated, the two parties decided to come to the Piazza with armed escorts in order to secure their safety in the event of a riot. Even the Signory were extremely uneasy, and after ordering the platform to be constructed, took every kind of precaution as if in dread of a revolt. Only three inlets to the Piazza were to be left open, and these guarded by armed men; no citizen was to come armed, and neither women nor children were to be admitted. The palace was filled with the Friar's adversaries, the city gates were to be kept closed, and the troops, stationed in different parts of the territory, prohibited under pain of death from leaving their posts, save by express command of the

Signory, and bidden to obey no orders to the contrary even from the Ten. Further, to prevent either of the two parties from disturbing the peace on the Piazza, Francesco Gualterotti and Giovan Battista Ridolfi were charged to keep watch over the friars of St. Mark's, Piero degli Alberti and Tommaso Antinori over the Minorites. And Savonarola was so distrustful of his adversaries' good faith that, on the morning of the appointed day, he sent Francesco Davanzati to the palace to implore the Ten, who still remained faithful to him, to take measures to prevent either of the champions from shirking the ordeal and leaving his competitor alone in the flames. He therefore requested that the pyre should be lighted on the one side, while the friars entered it from the other, and that the torch should then be applied to close the way behind them. He likewise entreated that the ordeal might take place before the dinner hour, so that the minds of his followers might be clear and unobscured. While the final preparations were being made on the Piazza, he celebrated high mass in St. Mark's, afterwards delivered a short discourse to the assembled people, and even now at the last hour was unable to conceal his doubts. "I cannot assure ye that the trial will be made, since the matter depends in no wise on ourselves; but this I can tell ye, that if it really take place, victory will certainly be on our side. O Lord, we felt in no need of miraculous proofs in order to believe the truth; but we have been provoked to this trial, and could not fail to stand up for our honor. We are certain that the evil one will not be able to turn this thing to the hurt of Thy honor or against Thy will, wherefore we go forth to combat for Thee; but our adversaries worship another God, inasmuch as their works are too diverse from ours. O Lord, this people desires naught save to serve Thee. Wilt thou serve the Lord, O my people?" Hereupon all signified their assent in a loud voice. Savonarola then recommended his male hearers to offer up prayers in the Church, while he prepared his friars to march to the Piazza, and the women to remain in fervent devotion until the ordeal was over. At that moment the mace bearers of the Signory came to announce that all was in readiness, and the friars of St. Mark's immediately set forth in procession.

They marched slowly, two and two, numbering about two hundred in all, and with a crucifix borne aloft in front. Frà Domenico followed, arrayed in a cope of fiery red velvet, and bearing a great cross in his hand. He was accompanied by a

deacon and subdeacon; his head was erect, his countenance calm. After him came Savonarola, carrying the Host with Frà Francesco Salviati on one side, and Frà Malatesta Sacramoro on the other. Behind them marched a great multitude of people bearing lighted torches, and chanting the Psalm: *Exurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici eius.* On nearing the Piazza, towards the 21st hour of the day, they passed two by two between the armed men guarding the ends of the streets; and directly they appeared among the crowd already awaiting them on the Piazza, all joined in their chants with such tremendous vigor as almost to shake the earth. There was an innumerable throng; it seemed as though all the inhabitants of the city were gathered together; all the windows of the houses round the Square, all balconies and roofs were crowded with spectators; many children were clinging to railings, or perched upon columns and statues, in order to see the sight; some were even hanging from the walls, and had occupied their posts since the break of day.

The Loggia of the Signory had been divided in two by a partition: the Minorites occupied the half nearest the palace; while the Dominicans were stationed round a little altar that had been erected in the other. Having placed the Sacrament on this altar, Frà Domenico knelt before it, absorbed in prayer; while his companions stood about him in silence. A guard of three hundred infantry was drawn up in front of the Loggia, under the command of Marcuccio Salviati, composed of valiant soldiers, all stanch adherents of the Convent of St. Mark's. But under the Tetto de' Pisani, several hundred of the Compagnacci stood at arms, with Doffo Spini at their head; and in front, and about the palace were five hundred of the Signory's guards, commanded by Giovacchino della Vecchia, in addition to the soldiers posted at the openings of the streets. Thus the Piazza was held by about a thousand men, prepared to attack Savonarola at a moment's notice; yet he contemplated his dangerous position with the utmost serenity, and quietly turned his eyes towards the platform already piled with bundles of wood. This strange erection was about eighty feet in length, and projected across the Piazza from the Marzocco in the direction of the Tetto de' Pisani. It was about ten feet wide at the base, two and a half in height, and covered with earth and bricks. On this substratum the combustibles — wood, gunpowder, oil, pitch, and resin — were stacked in two banks,



CELL OF SAVONAROLA

with a space, about two feet wide, left between for the passage of the rival champions. All was prepared; the friars had only to come forth, and the torch would be laid to the pile. Up to this moment Savonarola had temporized and done his best to prevent the ordeal, while the Minorites, on the contrary, had dared him to it, and hurried it on; but in sight of the pile ready to be fired, the *rôles* were exchanged. Stirred by the presence of the crowd, the solemn chants of his friars, and the truly heroic enthusiasm of Frà Domenico, who, after earnest prayer, showed the utmost eagerness to enter the flames, Savonarola was now firmly convinced that the Lord would come to his disciple's aid, and accordingly desired to end all delay. But neither Francesco di Puglia, who had challenged the ordeal, nor Giuliano Rondinelli, who was to face it, had as yet appeared under the Loggia, but were tarrying in the palace, in secret debate with the Signory. The latter, instead of coming down to the Ringhiera, to witness the solemn drama that was shortly to begin, continued their discussions, and were apparently uncertain what course to adopt. And while all were waiting for the Minorite, and for the signal from the Signory, the members of the Government shamelessly sent to ask the Dominicans why they did not begin. Frà Domenico trembled with rage, and Savonarola replied that the Signory would do well to hurry the matter on, and no longer to keep the people in suspense.

Then the Minorites, being driven to the wall, began to put forth numerous pretexts for delay. With the aid of Piero degli Alberti, a bitter enemy to Savonarola, and deputed to preside over the ordeal, they caused it to be noised about that as Savonarola might have cast a magic spell over Domenico's red cope, that vestment must consequently be removed. The champion and his master both replied that a written contract had been made and subscribed, to prevent all disputes; that they had no belief in spells, and would leave their opponents to resort to them. Nevertheless, the demand was so strenuously urged, that Frà Domenico yielded to it, and removed his cope. Thereupon, the Minorites alleged fresh pretexts, declaring that the friar's robes might likewise be enchanted; and again Frà Domenico gave way, and showed his readiness to exchange clothes with any one of his companions. He was accordingly led into the palace, and after being entirely stripped, was clad in the robes of the Dominican brother, Alessandro Strozzi. On returning to the Piazza, he was next forbidden to stand

near Savonarola, lest the latter might reënchant him; and by his Prior's request, Frà Domenico submitted to being surrounded by the Minorites. During this crisis, his patience equaled his courage; and in his great yearning to pass through the fire, he was ready to concede every point.

Nevertheless, the champion of the opposite party still lingered in the palace with Francesco di Puglia, and had not yet appeared. Savonarola was already becoming uneasy at this; and his suspicions were increased by the consultation going on between the citizens and the Minorites, and the manifest favor shown to the latter. The persons appointed to preside over the trial invariably sided with those friars, and let them do as they pleased; accordingly, Savonarola sent another pressing message to the palace in order to put an end to the suspense. But at the same moment, the two Minorites asked and obtained another private interview with the Signory. What passed between them is unknown, but it now became increasingly evident that the whole business of the ordeal was no more than a cunningly arranged trick to entrap Savonarola and the community of St. Mark's.

The patience of the multitude was now coming to an end. All had been assembled in the Piazza for many hours; the greater part of them were fasting since the dawn, and almost infuriated by the weariness of fruitless expectation. Hoarse murmurs arose on every side, followed by seditious cries; and the Arrabbiati, who had been eagerly watching for this moment, instantly tried to profit by it. A groom in the service of Giovanni Manetti succeeded in exciting a riot, and suddenly all the Piazza was in a tumult. Many of the outlets being closed, the people found themselves surrounded and hedged in; and accordingly made a rush for the palace. This seems to have been the moment fixed by the Arrabbiati for laying violent hands on the Friar, and making an end of him on the spot. They attempted to do so, in fact; but Salviati concentrated his men in front of the Loggia, and tracing a line on the ground with his sword, exclaimed: "Whoever dares to cross this line shall taste the steel of Marcuccio Salviati;" and so resolute was his tone that no one dared to press forward. At the same time, as it chanced, the foreign troops of the Signory, bewildered by the suddenness of the tumult, and seeing the people surging towards the palace, energetically drove them back.

Thereupon, order being apparently restored, the people were

quieted, and more eager than before to witness the ordeal; but the Signory were increasingly perplexed. Then came a tremendous storm shower with thunder and lightning; so that many thought this would naturally put a stop to everything. But in their thirst for the promised spectacle, the people never stirred; the rain ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and all remained in the same state of uncertainty. The Minorite friar was still invisible; and his companions began to raise fresh objections. They insisted that Frà Domenico should relinquish the crucifix he held in his hand, and he immediately let it go, saying that he would enter the fire bearing the Host instead. But this led to fresh and fiercer dispute, the Minorites declaring that he wished to destroy the consecrated wafer. But now Frà Domenico began to lose patience, and refused to give way, maintaining with Savonarola, that, in any case, only the accidental husk would be consumed, the substance of the sacrament remaining intact; and quoted the arguments of many theologians to this effect. On meeting with some contradiction at last, his adversaries assailed Savonarola with still greater vehemence, in the hope of creating fresh delay. While they were disputing, the evening began to close in, and the puzzled Signory took advantage of this to proclaim that it was now impossible for the ordeal to take place.

The indignation of the people then passed all bounds, and, as no one exactly knew whose was the blame, most of them accused Savonarola: even the Piagnoni declared that he ought to have entered the fire alone, if none would go with him, for the sake of giving a final and indisputable proof of his supernatural power. And then the Arrabbiati and the Signory caused it to be rumored about that his fraud had been unmasked; that after provoking the trial, he had refused to pass through the flames, and similar falsehoods; while the Minorites impudently claimed the victory, although their champion had remained concealed in the palace, without so much as daring to glance at the pyre prepared for him. Accordingly the whole city rang with menacing cries against Savonarola and St. Mark's. The Dominicans had a hard struggle to regain the Convent in safety, although escorted by the soldiers of Marcuccio Salviati, who, surrounding Savonarola and Frà Domenico with a band of his bravest men, courageously protected them, sword in hand, from the insults of an infuriated mob, egged on by the Compagnacci.

On finally reaching the church, where the female congregation still knelt in prayer, Savonarola mounted the pulpit, and gave a brief summary of all that had occurred, while the Piazza outside was still echoing with the mad yells of his foes. Then, having dismissed his hearers, he withdrew to his cell, overcome with a grief too deep for words.

The Minorites, on the contrary, were exultant; and afterwards the Signory assigned them, for twenty years, a pension of sixty lire, payable every 7th of April, *in reward for their services on that day*. Nevertheless, the first time they sent to demand the sum, the Camarlingo of the Bank was so enraged by their baseness, that in paying out the money, he exclaimed: "Here, take the price of the blood ye betrayed!"

The Signory must have incurred considerable expense in preparations for this strange and fatal ordeal. There is a memorandum to the effect that 662 *lire* 15*s*. 8*d*. were paid for combustibles and in wages to men who worked by torchlight as well as all day. An additional sum of 111 *lire* was spent on food and drink for the numerous guards and citizens employed in various ways on that day. There were also other incidental expenses.



FROM "ROMOLA."[1]

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

[GEORGE ELIOT, pseudonym of Mrs. Marian Evans Cross: A famous English novelist; born in Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819. After the death of her father (1849) she settled in London, where she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* (1851). In 1854 she formed a union with George Henry Lewes, and after his death married, in 1880, John Walter Cross. "Scenes of Clerical Life" first established her reputation as a writer, and was followed by the novels "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Among her other works may be mentioned "The Spanish Gypsy," a drama, and the poems "Agatha," "The Legend of Jubal," and "Armgart."]

ROMOLA'S WAKING.

ROMOLA in her boat passed from dreaming into long deep sleep, and then again from deep sleep into busy dreaming, till at last she felt herself stretching out her arms in the court of the Bargello, where the flickering flames of the tapers seemed

[1] By permission of the executors and W. Blackwood & Sons. (Price 3s. 6d.)

to get stronger and stronger till the dark scene was blotted out with light. Her eyes opened and she saw it was the light of morning. Her boat was lying still in a little creek; on her right hand lay the speckless sapphire-blue of the Mediterranean; on her left one of those scenes which were and still are repeated again and again like a sweet rhythm, on the shores of that loveliest sea.

In a deep curve of the mountains lay a breadth of green land, curtained by gentle tree-shadowed slopes leaning towards the rocky heights. Up these slopes might be seen here and there, gleaming between the tree tops, a pathway leading to a little irregular mass of building that seemed to have clambered in a hasty way up the mountain side, and taken a difficult stand there for the sake of showing the tall belfry as a sight of beauty to the scattered and clustered houses of the village below. The rays of the newly risen sun fell obliquely on the westward horn of this crescent-shaped nook: all else lay in dewy shadow. No sound came across the stillness; the very waters seemed to have curved themselves there for rest.

The delicious sun rays fell on Romola and thrilled her gently like a caress. She lay motionless, hardly watching the scene; rather, feeling simply the presence of peace and beauty. While we are still in our youth there can always come, in our early waking, moments when mere passive existence is itself a Lethe, when the exquisiteness of subtle indefinite sensation creates a bliss which is without memory and without desire. As the soft warmth penetrated Romola's young limbs, as her eyes rested on this sequestered luxuriance, it seemed that the agitating past had glided away like that dark scene in the Bargello, and that the afternoon dreams of her girlhood had really come back to her. For a minute or two the oblivion was untroubled; she did not even think that she could rest here forever, she only felt that she rested. Then she became distinctly conscious that she was lying in the boat which had been bearing her over the waters all through the night. Instead of bringing her to death, it had been the gently lulling cradle of a new life. And in spite of her evening despair she was glad that the morning had come to her again: glad to think that she was resting in the familiar sunlight rather than in the unknown regions of death. *Could* she not rest here? No sound from Florence would reach her. Already oblivion was troubled; from behind the golden haze were piercing

domes and towers and walls, parted by a river and inclosed by the green hills.

She rose from her reclining posture and sat up in the boat, willing, if she could, to resist the rush of thoughts that urged themselves along with the conjecture how far the boat had carried her. Why need she mind? This was a sheltered nook where there were simple villagers who would not harm her. For a little while, at least, she might rest and resolve on nothing. Presently she would go and get some bread and milk, and then she would nestle in the green quiet, and feel that there was a pause in her life. She turned to watch the crescent-shaped valley, that she might get back the soothing sense of peace and beauty which she had felt in her first waking.

She had not been in this attitude of contemplation more than a few minutes when across the stillness there came a piercing cry; not a brief cry, but continuous and more and more intense. Romola felt sure it was the cry of a little child in distress that no one came to help. She started up and put one foot on the side of the boat ready to leap on to the beach; but she paused there and listened: the mother of the child must be near, the cry must soon cease. But it went on, and drew Romola so irresistibly, seeming the more piteous to her for the sense of peace which had preceded it, that she jumped on to the beach and walked many paces before she knew what direction she would take. The cry, she thought, came from some rough garden growth many yards on her right hand, where she saw a half-ruined hovel. She climbed over a low broken stone fence, and made her way across patches of weedy green crops and ripe but neglected corn. The cry grew plainer, and convinced that she was right she hastened towards the hovel; but even in that hurried walk she felt an oppressive change in the air as she left the sea behind. Was there some taint lurking among the green luxuriance that had seemed such an inviting shelter from the heat of the coming day? She could see the opening into the hovel now, and the cry was darting through her like a pain. The next moment her foot was within the doorway, but the sight she beheld in the somber light arrested her with a shock of awe and horror. On the straw, with which the floor was scattered, lay three dead bodies, one of a tall man, one of a girl about eight years old, and one of a young woman whose long black hair was being clutched and pulled by a living child — the child that was sending forth

the piercing cry. Romola's experience in the haunts of death and disease made thought and action prompt: she lifted the little living child, and in trying to soothe it on her bosom, still bent to look at the bodies and see if they were really dead. The strongly marked type of race in their features, and their peculiar garb, made her conjecture that they were Spanish or Portuguese Jews, who had perhaps been put ashore and abandoned there by rapacious sailors, to whom their property remained as a prey. Such things were happening continually to Jews compelled to abandon their homes by the Inquisition: the cruelty of greed thrust them from the sea, and the cruelty of superstition thrust them back to it.

"But, surely," thought Romola, "I shall find some woman in the village whose mother's heart will not let her refuse to tend this helpless child — if the real mother is indeed dead."

This doubt remained, because while the man and girl looked emaciated and also showed signs of having been long dead, the woman seemed to have been hardier, and had not quite lost the robustness of her form. Romola, kneeling, was about to lay her hand on the heart; but as she lifted the piece of yellow woolen drapery that lay across the bosom, she saw the purple spots which marked the familiar pestilence. Then it struck her that if the villagers knew of this, she might have more difficulty than she had expected in getting help from them; they would perhaps shrink from her with that child in her arms. But she had money to offer them, and they would not refuse to give her some goat's milk in exchange for it.

She set out at once towards the village, her mind filled now with the effort to soothe the little dark creature, and with wondering how she should win some woman to be good to it. She could not help hoping a little in a certain awe she had observed herself to inspire, when she appeared, unknown and unexpected, in her religious dress. As she passed across a breadth of cultivated ground, she noticed, with wonder, that little patches of corn mingled with the other crops had been left to overripeness untouched by the sickle, and that golden apples and dark figs lay rotting on the weedy earth. There were grassy spaces within sight, but no cow, or sheep, or goat. The stillness began to have something fearful in it to Romola; she hurried along towards the thickest cluster of houses, where there would be the most life to appeal to on behalf of the helpless life she carried in her arms. But she had picked up two

figs, and bit little pieces from the sweet pulp to still the child with.

She entered between two lines of dwellings. It was time that villagers should have been stirring long ago, but not a soul was in sight. The air was becoming more and more oppressive, laden, it seemed, with some horrible impurity. There was a door open; she looked in, and saw grim emptiness. Another open door; and through that she saw a man lying dead with all his garments on, his head lying athwart a spade handle, and an earthenware cruse in his hand, as if he had fallen suddenly.

Romola felt horror taking possession of her. Was she in a village of the unburied dead? She wanted to listen if there were any faint sound, but the child cried out afresh when she ceased to feed it, and the cry filled her ears. At last she saw a figure crawling slowly out of a house, and soon sinking back in a sitting posture against the wall. She hastened towards the figure; it was a young woman in fevered anguish, and she, too, held a pitcher in her hand. As Romola approached her she did not start; the one need was too absorbing for any other idea to impress itself on her.

"Water! get me water!" she said, with a moaning utterance.

Romola stooped to take the pitcher, and said gently in her ear, "You shall have water; can you point towards the well?"

The hand was lifted towards the more distant end of the little street, and Romola set off at once with as much speed as she could use under the difficulty of carrying the pitcher as well as feeding the child. But the little one was getting more content as the morsels of sweet pulp were repeated, and ceased to distress her with its cry, so that she could give a less distracted attention to the objects around her.

The well lay twenty yards or more beyond the end of the street, and as Romola was approaching it her eyes were directed to the opposite green slope immediately below the church. High up, on a patch of grass between the trees, she had descried a cow and a couple of goats, and she tried to trace a line of path that would lead her close to that cheering sight, when once she had done her errand to the well. Occupied in this way, she was not aware that she was very near the well, and that some one approaching it on the other side had fixed a pair of astonished eyes upon her.

Romola certainly presented a sight which, at that moment and in that place, could hardly have been seen without some pausing and palpitation. With her gaze fixed intently on the distant slope, the long lines of her thick gray garment giving a gliding character to her rapid walk, her hair rolling backward and illuminated on the left side by the sun rays, the little olive baby on her right arm now looking out with jet-black eyes, she might well startle that youth of fifteen, accustomed to swing the censer in the presence of a Madonna less fair and marvelous than this.

"She carries a pitcher in her hand — to fetch water for the sick. It is the Holy Mother, come to take care of the people who have the pestilence."

It was a sight of awe: she would, perhaps, be angry with those who fetched water for themselves only. The youth flung down his vessel in terror, and Romola, aware now of some one near her, saw the black and white figure fly as if for dear life towards the slope she had just been contemplating. But remembering the parched sufferer, she half filled her pitcher quickly and hastened back.

Entering the house to look for a small cup, she saw salt meat and meal: there were no signs of want in the dwelling. With nimble movement she seated baby on the ground, and lifted a cup of water to the sufferer, who drank eagerly and then closed her eyes and leaned her head backward, seeming to give herself up to the sense of relief. Presently she opened her eyes, and, looking at Romola, said languidly: —

"Who are you?"

"I came over the sea," said Romola. "I only came this morning. Are all the people dead in these houses?"

"I think they are all ill now — all that are not dead. My father and my sister lie dead upstairs, and there is no one to bury them: and soon I shall die."

"Not so, I hope," said Romola. "I am come to take care of you. I am used to the pestilence; I am not afraid. But there must be some left who are not ill. I saw a youth running towards the mountain when I went to the well."

"I cannot tell. When the pestilence came, a great many people went away, and drove off the cows and goats. Give me more water!"

Romola, suspecting that if she followed the direction of the youth's flight, she should find some men and women who were

still healthy and able, determined to seek them out at once, that she might at least win them to take care of the child, and leave her free to come back and see how many living needed help, and how many dead needed burial. She trusted to her powers of persuasion to conquer the aid of the timorous, when once she knew what was to be done.

Promising the sick woman to come back to her, she lifted the dark bantling again, and set off towards the slope. She felt no burden of choice on her now, no longing for death. She was thinking how she would go to the other sufferers, as she had gone to that fevered woman.

But, with the child on her arm, it was not so easy to her as usual to walk up a slope, and it seemed a long while before the winding path took her near the cow and the goats. She was beginning herself to feel faint from heat, hunger, and thirst, and as she reached a double turning, she paused to consider whether she would not wait near the cow, which some one was likely to come and milk soon, rather than toil up to the church before she had taken any rest. Raising her eyes to measure the steep distance, she saw peeping between the boughs, not more than five yards off, a broad round face, watching her attentively, and lower down the black skirt of a priest's garment, and a hand grasping a bucket. She stood mutely observing, and the face, too, remained motionless. Romola had often witnessed the overpowering force of dread in cases of pestilence, and she was cautious.

Raising her voice in a tone of gentle pleading, she said, "I came over the sea. I am hungry, and so is the child. Will you not give us some milk?"

Romola had divined part of the truth, but she had not divined that preoccupation of the priest's mind which charged her words with a strange significance. Only a little while ago, the young acolyte had brought word to the Padre that he had seen the Holy Mother with the Babe, fetching water for the sick: she was as tall as the cypresses, and had a light about her head, and she looked up at the church. The pievano[1] had not listened with entire belief: he had been more than fifty years in the world without having any vision of the Madonna, and he thought the boy might have misinterpreted the unexpected appearance of a villager. But he had been made uneasy, and before venturing to come down and milk his

[1] Parish priest.



ROMOLA AT THE WELL

From a painting by W. St. John Harper

cow, he had repeated many Aves. The pievano's conscience tormented him a little: he trembled at the pestilence, but he also trembled at the thought of the mild-faced Mother, conscious that that Invisible Mercy might demand something more of him than prayers and "Hails." In this state of mind — unable to banish the image the boy had raised of the Mother with the glory about her tending the sick — the pievano had come down to milk his cow, and had suddenly caught sight of Romola pausing at the parted way. Her pleading words, with their strange refinement of tone and accent, instead of being explanatory, had a preternatural sound for him. Yet he did not quite believe he saw the Holy Mother: he was in a state of alarmed hesitation. If anything miraculous were happening, he felt there was no strong presumption that the miracle would be in his favor. He dared not run away; he dared not advance.

"Come down," said Romola, after a pause. "Do not fear. Fear rather to deny food to the hungry when they ask you."

A moment after, the boughs were parted, and the complete figure of a thickset priest with a broad, harmless face, his black frock much worn and soiled, stood, bucket in hand, looking at her timidly, and still keeping aloof as he took the path towards the cow in silence.

Romola followed him and watched him without speaking again, as he seated himself against the tethered cow, and, when he had nervously drawn some milk, gave it to her in a brass cup he carried with him in the bucket. As Romola put the cup to the lips of the eager child, and afterwards drank some milk herself, the Padre observed her from his wooden stool with a timidity that changed its character a little. He recognized the Hebrew baby, he was certain that he had a substantial woman before him; but there was still something strange and unaccountable in Romola's presence in this spot, and the Padre had a presentiment that things were going to change with him. Moreover, that Hebrew baby was terribly associated with the dread of pestilence.

Nevertheless, when Romola smiled at the little one sucking its own milky lips, and stretched out the brass cup again, saying, "Give us more, good father," he obeyed less nervously than before.

Romola on her side was not unobservant; and when the

second supply of milk had been drunk, she looked down at the round-headed man, and said with mild decision:—

"And now tell me, father, how this pestilence came, and why you let your people die without the sacraments and lie unburied. For I am come over the sea to help those who are left alive—and you, too, will help them now."

He told her the story of the pestilence: and while he was telling it, the youth, who had fled before, had come peeping and advancing gradually, till at last he stood and watched the scene from behind a neighboring bush.

Three families of Jews, twenty souls in all, had been put ashore many weeks ago, some of them already ill of the pestilence. The villagers, said the priest, had of course refused to *give shelter to the miscreants, otherwise than in a distant hovel*, and under heaps of straw. But when the strangers had died of the plague, and some of the people had thrown the bodies into the sea, the sea had brought them back again in a great storm, and everybody was smitten with terror. A grave was dug, and the bodies were buried; but then the pestilence attacked the Christians, and the greater number of the villagers went away over the mountain, driving away their few cattle, and carrying provisions. The priest had not fled; he had stayed and prayed for the people, and he had prevailed on the youth Jacopo to stay with him; but he confessed that a mortal terror of the plague had taken hold of him, and he had not dared to go down into the valley.

"You will fear no longer, father," said Romola, in a tone of encouraging authority; "you will come down with me, and we will see who is living, and we will look for the dead to bury them. I have walked about for months where the pestilence was, and see, I am strong. Jacopo will come with us," she added, motioning to the peeping lad, who came slowly from behind his defensive bush, as if invisible threads were dragging him.

"Come, Jacopo," said Romola again, smiling at him, "you will carry the child for me. See! your arms are strong, and I am tired."

That was a dreadful proposal to Jacopo, and to the priest also; but they were both under a peculiar influence forcing them to obey. The suspicion that Romola was a supernatural form was dissipated, but their minds were filled instead with the more effective sense that she was a human being whom God had sent over the sea to command them.

"Now we will carry down the milk," said Romola, "and see if any one wants it."

So they went all together down the slope, and that morning the sufferers saw help come to them in their despair. There were hardly more than a score alive in the whole valley; but all of these were comforted, most were saved, and the dead were buried.

In this way days, weeks, and months passed with Romola, till the men were digging and sowing again, till the women smiled at her as they carried their great vases on their heads to the well, and the Hebrew baby was a tottering tumbling Christian, Benedetto by name, having been baptized in the church on the mountain side. But by that time she herself was suffering from the fatigue and languor that must come after a continuous strain on mind and body. She had taken for her dwelling one of the houses abandoned by their owners, standing a little aloof from the village street; and here on a thick heap of clean straw — a delicious bed for those who do not dream of down — she felt glad to lie still through most of the daylight hours, taken care of along with the little Benedetto by a woman whom the pestilence had widowed.

Every day the Padre and Jacopo and the small flock of surviving villagers paid their visit to this cottage to see the blessed Lady, and to bring her of their best as an offering — honey, fresh cakes, eggs, and polenta. It was a sight they could none of them forget, a sight they all told of in their old age — how the sweet and sainted lady with her fair face, her golden hair, and her brown eyes that had a blessing in them, lay weary with her labors after she had been sent over the sea to help them in their extremity, and how the queer little black Benedetto used to crawl about the straw by her side and want everything that was brought to her, and she always gave him a bit of what she took, and told them if they loved her they must be good to Benedetto.

Many legends were afterwards told in that valley about the blessed Lady who came over the sea, but they were legends by which all who heard might know that in times gone by a woman had done beautiful loving deeds there, rescuing those who were ready to perish.

HOMEWARD.

In those silent wintry hours when Romola lay resting from her weariness, her mind, traveling back over the past, and

gazing across the undefined distance of the future, saw all objects from a new position. Her experience since the moment of her waking in the boat had come to her with as strong an effect as that of the fresh seal on the dissolving wax. She had felt herself without bonds, without motive; sinking in mere egoistic complaining that life could bring her no content; feeling a right to say, "I am tired of life, I want to die." That thought had sobbed within her as she fell asleep, but from the moment after her waking when the cry had drawn her, she had not even reflected, as she used to do in Florence, that she was glad to live because she could lighten sorrow—she had simply lived, with so energetic an impulse to share the life around her, to answer the call of need and do the work which cried aloud to be done, that the reasons for living, enduring, laboring, never took the form of argument.

The experience was like a new baptism to Romola. In Florence the simpler relations of the human being to his fellow-men had been complicated for her with all the special ties of marriage, the State, and religious discipleship, and when these had disappointed her trust, the shock seemed to have shaken her aloof from life and stunned her sympathy. But now she said, "It was mere baseness in me to desire death. If everything else is doubtful, this suffering that I can help is certain; if the glory of the cross is an illusion, the sorrow is only the truer. While the strength is in my arm I will stretch it out to the fainting; while the light visits my eyes they shall seek the forsaken."

And then the past arose with a fresh appeal to her. Her work in this green valley was done, and the emotions that were disengaged from the people immediately around her rushed back into the old deep channels of use and affection. That rare possibility of self-contemplation which comes in any complete severance from our wonted life made her judge herself as she had never done before: the compunction which is inseparable from a sympathetic nature keenly alive to the possible experience of others, began to stir in her with growing force. She questioned the justness of her own conclusions, of her own deeds: she had been rash, arrogant, always dissatisfied that others were not good enough, while she herself had not been true to what her soul had once recognized as the best. She began to condemn her flight: after all, it had been cowardly self-care; the grounds on which Savonarola had once taken her

back were truer, deeper, than the grounds she had had for her second flight. How could she feel the needs of others, and not feel, above all, the needs of the nearest?

But then came reaction against such self-reproach. The memory of her life with Tito, of the conditions which made their real union impossible, while their external union imposed a set of false duties on her which were essentially the concealment and sanctioning of what her mind revolted from, told her that flight had been her only resource. All minds, except such as are delivered from doubt by dullness of sensibility, must be subject to this recurring conflict where the many-twisted conditions of life have forbidden the fulfillment of a bond. For in strictness there is no replacing of relations: the presence of the new does not nullify the failure and breach of the old. Life has lost its perfection: it has been maimed; and until the wounds are quite scarred, conscience continually casts backward, doubting glances.

Romola shrank with dread from the renewal of her proximity to Tito, and yet she was uneasy that she had put herself out of reach of knowing what was his fate — uneasy that the moment might yet come when he would be in misery and need her. There was still a thread of pain within her, testifying to those words of Fra Girolamo, that she could not cease to be a wife. Could anything utterly cease for her that had once mingled itself with the current of her heart's blood?

Florence, and all her life there, had come back to her like hunger; her feelings could not go wandering after the possible and the vague: their living fiber was fed with the memory of familiar things. And the thought that she had divided herself from them forever became more and more importunate in these hours that were unfilled with action. What if Fra Girolamo had been wrong? What if the life of Florence was a web of inconsistencies? Was she, then, something higher, that she should shake the dust from off her feet, and say, "This world is not good enough for me?" If she had been really higher, she would not so easily have lost all her trust.

Her indignant grief for her godfather had no longer complete possession of her, and her sense of debt to Savonarola was recovering predominance. Nothing that had come, or was to come, could do away with the fact that there had been a great inspiration in him which had waked a new life in her. Who, in all her experience, could demand the same gratitude

from her as he? His errors—might they not bring calamities?

She could not rest. She hardly knew whether it was her strength returning with the budding leaves that made her active again, or whether it was her eager longing to get nearer Florence. She did not imagine herself daring to enter Florence, but the desire to be near enough to learn what was happening there urged itself with a strength that excluded all other purposes.

And one March morning the people in the valley were gathered together to see the blessed Lady depart. Jacopo had fetched a mule for her, and was going with her over the mountains. The Padre, too, was going with her to the nearest town, that he might help her in learning the safest way by which she might get to Pistoja. Her store of trinkets and money, untouched in this valley, was abundant for her needs.

If Romola had been less drawn by the longing that was taking her away, it would have been a hard moment for her when she walked along the village street for the last time, while the Padre and Jacopo, with the mule, were awaiting her near the well. Her steps were hindered by the wailing people, who knelt and kissed her hands, then clung to her skirts and kissed the gray folds, crying, "Ah, why will you go, when the good season is beginning and the crops will be plentiful? Why will you go?"

"Do not be sorry," said Romola; "you are well now, and I shall remember you. I must go and see if my own people want me."

"Ah, yes, if they have the pestilence!"

"Look at us again, Madonna!"

"Yes, yes, we will be good to the little Benedetto!"

At last Romola mounted her mule, but a vigorous screaming from Benedetto as he saw her turn from him in this new position was an excuse for all the people to follow her and insist that he must ride on the mule's neck to the foot of the slope.

The parting must come at last, but as Romola turned continually before she passed out of sight, she saw the little flock lingering to catch the last waving of her hand.

Meeting Again.

On the 14th of April Romola was once more within the walls of Florence. Unable to rest at Pistoja, where contradictory reports reached her about the Trial by Fire, she had gone on to Prato, and was beginning to think that she should be drawn on to Florence in spite of dread, when she encountered that monk of San Spirito who had been her godfather's confessor. From him she learned the full story of Savonarola's arrest, and of her husband's death. This Augustinian monk had been in the stream of people who had followed the wagon with its awful burden into the piazza, and he could tell her what was generally known in Florence—that Tito had escaped from an assaulting mob by leaping into the Arno, but had been murdered on the bank by an old man who had long had an enmity against him. But Romola understood the catastrophe as no one else did. Of Savonarola the monk told her, in that tone of unfavorable prejudice which was usual in the Black Brethren (Frati Neri) towards the brother who showed white under his black, that he had confessed himself a deceiver of the people.

Romola paused no longer. That evening she was in Florence, sitting in agitated silence under the exclamations of joy and wailing, mingled with exuberant narrative, which were poured into her ears by Monna Brigida, who had backslided into false hair in Romola's absence, but now drew it off again and declared she would not mind being gray, if her dear child would stay with her.

Romola was too deeply moved by the main events which she had known before coming to Florence, to be wrought upon by the doubtful gossiping details added in Brigida's narrative. The tragedy of her husband's death, of Fra Girolamo's confession of duplicity under the coercion of torture, left her hardly any power of apprehending minor circumstances. All the mental activity she could exert under that load of awe-stricken grief was absorbed by two purposes which must supersede every other,—to try and see Savonarola, and to learn what had become of Tessa and the children.

"Tell me, cousin," she said abruptly, when Monna Brigida's tongue had run quite away from troubles into projects of Romola's living with her, "has anything been seen or said

since Tito's death of a young woman with two little children?"

Brigida started, rounded her eyes, and lifted up her hands. "Cristo! no. What! was he so bad as that, my poor child? Ah, then, that was why you went away, and left me word only that you went of your own free will. Well, well; if I'd known that, I shouldn't have thought you so strange and flighty. For I did say to myself, though I didn't tell anybody else, 'What was she to go away from her husband for, leaving him to mischief, only because they cut poor Bernardo's head off? She's got her father's temper,' I said, 'that's what it is.' Well, well; never scold me, child: Bardo *was* fierce, you can't deny it. But if you had only told me the truth, that there was a young hussy and children, I should have understood it all. Anything seen or said of her? No; and the less the better. They say enough of ill about him without that. But since that was the reason you went——"

"No, dear cousin," said Romola, interrupting her earnestly, "pray do not talk so. I wish above all things to find that young woman and her children, and to take care of them. They are quite helpless. Say nothing against it; that is the thing I shall do first of all."

"Well," said Monna Brigida, shrugging her shoulders and lowering her voice with an air of puzzled discomfiture, "if that's being a Piagnone, I've been taking peas for paternosters. Why, Fra Girolamo said as good as that widows ought not to marry again. Step in at the door and it's a sin and a shame, it seems; but come down the chimney and you're welcome. *Two* children — Santiddio!"

"Cousin, the poor thing has done no conscious wrong: she is ignorant of everything. I will tell you — but not now."

Early the next morning Romola's steps were directed to the house beyond San Ambrogio where she had once found Tessa; but it was as she had feared: Tessa was gone. Romola conjectured that Tito had sent her away beforehand to some spot where he had intended to join her, for she did not believe that he would willingly part with those children. It was a painful conjecture, because, if Tessa were out of Florence, there was hardly a chance of finding her, and Romola pictured the childish creature waiting and waiting at some wayside spot in wondering, helpless misery. Those who lived near could tell her nothing except that old deaf Lisa had gone away a week ago

with her goods, but no one knew where Tessa had gone. Romola saw no further active search open to her; for she had no knowledge that could serve as a starting point for inquiry, and not only her innate reserve but a more noble sensitiveness made her shrink from assuming an attitude of generosity in the eyes of others by publishing Tessa's relation to Tito, along with her own desire to find her. Many days passed in anxious inaction. Even under strong solicitation from other thoughts Romola found her heart palpitating if she caught sight of a pair of round brown legs, or of a short woman in the contadina dress.

She never for a moment told herself that it was heroism or exalted charity in her to seek these beings; she needed something that she was bound specially to care for; she yearned to clasp the children and to make them love her. This at least would be some sweet result, for others as well as herself, from all her past sorrow. It appeared there was much property of Tito's to which she had a claim; but she distrusted the cleanness of that money, and she had determined to make it all over to the State, except so much as was equal to the price of her father's library. This would be enough for the modest support of Tessa and the children. But Monna Brigida threw such planning into the background by clamorously insisting that Romola must live with her and never forsake her till she had seen her safe in Paradise—else why had she persuaded her to turn Piagnone?—and if Romola wanted to rear other people's children, she, Monna Brigida, must rear them too. Only they must be found first.

Romola felt the full force of that innuendo. But strong feeling unsatisfied is never without its superstition, either of hope or despair. Romola's was the superstition of hope: *somehow* she was to find that mother and the children. And at last another direction for active inquiry suggested itself. She learned that Tito had provided horses and mules to await him in San Gallo; he was therefore going to leave Florence by the gate of San Gallo, and she determined, though without much confidence in the issue, to try and ascertain from the gatekeepers if they had observed any one corresponding to the description of Tessa, with her children, to have passed the gates before the morning of the 9th of April. Walking along the Via San Gallo, and looking watchfully about her through her long widow's veil, lest she should miss any object that might aid

her, she descried Bratti chaffering with a customer. That roaming man, she thought, might aid her: she would not mind talking of Tessa to *him*. But as she put aside her veil and crossed the street towards him, she saw something hanging from the corner of his basket which made her heart leap with a much stronger hope.

"Bratti, my friend," she said abruptly, "where did you get that necklace?"

"Your servant, Madonna," said Bratti, looking round at her very deliberately, his mind not being subject to surprise. "It's a necklace worth money, but I shall get little by it, for my heart's too tender for a trader's; I have promised to keep it in pledge."

"Pray tell me where you got it;—from a little woman named Tessa, is it not true?"

"Ah! if you know her," said Bratti, "and would redeem it of me at a small profit, and give it her again, you'd be doing a charity, for she cried at parting with it—you'd have thought she was running into a brook. It's a small profit I'll charge you. You shall have it for a florin, for I don't like to be hard-hearted."

"Where is she?" said Romola, giving him the money, and unclasping the necklace from the basket in joyful agitation.

"Outside the gate there, at the other end of the Borgo, at old Sibilla Manetti's: anybody will tell you which is the house."

Romola went along with winged feet, blessing that incident of the Carnival which had made her learn by heart the appearance of this necklace. Soon she was at the house she sought. The young woman and the children were in the inner room—were to have been fetched away a fortnight ago and more—had no money, only their clothes, to pay a poor widow with for their food and lodging. But since Madonna knew them—Romola waited to hear no more, but opened the door.

Tessa was seated on the low bed: her crying had passed into tearless sobs, and she was looking with sad blank eyes at the two children, who were playing in an opposite corner—Lillo covering his head with his skirt and roaring at Ninna to frighten her, then peeping out again to see how she bore it. The door was a little behind Tessa, and she did not turn round when it opened, thinking it was only the old woman: expectation was no longer alive. Romola had thrown aside her veil and paused a moment, holding the necklace in sight. Then she said, in that pure voice that used to cheer her father:—

"Tessa!"

Tessa started to her feet and looked round.

"See," said Romola, clasping the beads on Tessa's neck, "God has sent me to you again."

The poor thing screamed and sobbed, and clung to the arms that fastened the necklace. She could not speak. The two children came from their corner, laid hold of their mother's skirts, and looked up with wide eyes at Romola.

That day they all went home to Monna Brigida's, in the Borgo degli Albizzi. Romola had made known to Tessa by gentle degrees, that Naldo could never come to her again: not because he was cruel, but because he was dead.

"But be comforted, my Tessa," said Romola. "I am come to take care of you always. And we have got Lillo and Ninna."

Monna Brigida's mouth twitched in the struggle between her awe of Romola and the desire to speak unseasonably.

"Let be, for the present," she thought; "but it seems to me a thousand years till I tell this little contadina, who seems not to know how many fingers she's got on her hand, who Romola is. And I *will* tell her some day, else she'll never know her place. It's all very well for Romola; — nobody will call their souls their own when she's by; but if I'm to have this puss-faced minx living in my house she must be humble to me."

However, Monna Brigida wanted to give the children too many sweets for their supper, and confessed to Romola, the last thing before going to bed, that it would be a shame not to take care of such cherubs.

"But you must give up to me a little, Romola, about their eating, and those things. For you have never had a baby, and I had twins, only they died as soon as they were born."

The Confession.

When Romola brought home Tessa and the children, April was already near its close, and the other great anxiety on her mind had been wrought to its highest pitch by the publication in print of Fra Girolamo's Trial, or rather of the confessions drawn from him by the sixteen Florentine citizens commissioned to interrogate him. The appearance of this document, issued by order of the Signoria, had called forth such strong expressions of public suspicion and discontent, that severe measures were immediately taken for recalling it. Of course there were

copies accidentally mislaid, and a second edition, *not* by order of the Signoria, was soon in the hands of eager readers.

Romola, who began to despair of ever speaking with Fra Girolamo, read this evidence again and again, desiring to judge it by some clearer light than the contradictory impressions that were taking the form of assertions in the mouths of both partisans and enemies.

In the more devout followers of Savonarola his want of constancy under torture, and his retraction of prophetic claims, had produced a consternation too profound to be at once displaced as it ultimately was by the suspicion, which soon grew into a positive datum, that any reported words of his which were in inexplicable contradiction to their faith in him, had not come from the lips of the prophet, but from the falsifying pen of Ser Ceccone, that notary of evil repute, who had made the digest of the examination. But there were obvious facts that at once threw discredit on the printed document. Was not the list of sixteen examiners half made up of the prophet's bitterest enemies? Was not the notorious Dolfo Spini one of the new Eight prematurely elected, in order to load the dice against a man whose ruin had been determined on by the party in power? It was but a murder with slow formalities that was being transacted in the Old Palace. The Signoria had resolved to drive a good bargain with the Pope and the Duke of Milan, by extinguishing the man who was as great a molestation to vicious citizens and greedy foreign tyrants as to a corrupt clergy. The Frate had been doomed beforehand, and the only question that was pretended to exist now was whether the Republic, in return for a permission to lay a tax on ecclesiastical property, should deliver him alive into the hands of the Pope, or whether the Pope should further concede to the Republic what its dignity demanded—the privilege of hanging and burning its own prophet on its own piazza.

Who, under such circumstances, would give full credit to this so-called confession? If the Frate had denied his prophetic gift, the denial had only been wrenched from him by the agony of torture—agony that, in his sensitive frame, must quickly produce raving. What if these wicked examiners declared that he had only had the torture of the rope and pulley thrice, and only on one day, and that his confessions had been made when he was under no bodily coercion—was that to be believed? He had been tortured much more; he had been tor-

tured in proportion to the distress his confessions had created in the hearts of those who loved him.

Other friends of Savonarola, who were less ardent partisans, did not doubt the substantial genuineness of the confession, however it might have been colored by the transpositions and additions of the notary; but they argued indignantly that there was nothing which could warrant a condemnation to death, or even to grave punishment. It must be clear to all impartial men that if this examination represented the only evidence against the Frate, he would die, not for any crime, but because he had made himself inconvenient to the Pope, to the rapacious Italian States that wanted to dismember their Tuscan neighbor, and to those unworthy citizens who sought to gratify their private ambition in opposition to the common weal.

Not a shadow of political crime had been proved against him. Not one stain had been detected on his private conduct: his fellow-monks, including one who had formerly been his secretary for several years, and who, with more than the average culture of his companions, had a disposition to criticise Fra Girolamo's rule as Prior, bore testimony, even after the shock of his retractation, to an unimpeachable purity and consistency in his life, which had commanded their unsuspecting veneration. The Pope himself had not been able to raise a charge of heresy against the Frate, except on the ground of disobedience to a mandate, and disregard of the sentence of excommunication. It was difficult to justify that breach of discipline by argument, but there was a moral insurgence in the minds of grave men against the Court of Rome, which tended to confound the theoretic distinction between the Church and churchmen, and to lighten the scandal of disobedience.

Men of ordinary morality and public spirit felt that the triumph of the Frate's enemies was really the triumph of gross-license. And keen Florentines like Soderini and Piero Guicciardini may well have had an angry smile on their lips at a severity which dispensed with all law in order to hang and burn a man in whom the seductions of a public career had warped the strictness of his veracity; may well have remarked that if the Frate had mixed a much deeper fraud with a zeal and ability less inconvenient to high personages, the fraud would have been regarded as an excellent oil for ecclesiastical and political wheels.

Nevertheless such shrewd men were forced to admit that,

however poor a figure the Florentine government made in its clumsy pretense of a judicial warrant for what had in fact been predetermined as an act of policy, the measures of the Pope against Savonarola were necessary measures of self-defense. Not to try and rid himself of a man who wanted to stir up the Powers of Europe to summon a General Council and depose him, would have been adding ineptitude to iniquity. There was no denying that towards Alexander the Sixth Savonarola was a rebel, and, what was much more, a dangerous rebel. Florence had heard him say, and had well understood what he meant, that he would not *obey the devil.* It was inevitably a life-and-death struggle between the Frate and the Pope; but it was less inevitable that Florence should make itself the Pope's executioner.

Romola's ears were filled in this way with the suggestions of a faith still ardent under its wounds, and the suggestions of worldly discernment, judging things according to a very moderate standard of what is possible to human nature. She could be satisfied with neither. She brought to her long meditations over that printed document many painful observations, registered more or less consciously through the years of her discipleship, which whispered a presentiment that Savonarola's retractation of his prophetic claims was not merely a spasmodic effort to escape from torture. But, on the other hand, her soul cried out for some explanation of his lapses which would make it still possible for her to believe that the main striving of his life had been pure and grand. The recent memory of the selfish discontent which had come over her like a blighting wind along with the loss of her trust in the man who had been for her an incarnation of the highest motives, had produced a reaction which is known to many as a sort of faith that has sprung up to them out of the very depths of their despair. It was impossible, she said now, that the negative disbelieving thoughts which had made her soul arid of all good, could be founded in the truth of things: impossible that it had not been a living spirit, and no hollow pretense, which had once breathed in the Frate's words, and kindled a new life in her. Whatever falsehood there had been in him, had been a fall and not a purpose; a gradual entanglement in which he struggled, not a contrivance encouraged by success.

Looking at the printed confessions, she saw many sentences which bore the stamp of bungling fabrication: they had that emphasis and repetition in self-accusation which none but very

low hypocrites use to their fellow-men. But the fact that these sentences were in striking opposition, not only to the character of Savonarola, but also to the general tone of the confessions, strengthened the impression that the rest of the text represented in the main what had really fallen from his lips. Hardly a word was dishonorable to him except what turned on his prophetic annunciations. He was unvarying in his statement of the ends he had pursued for Florence, the Church, and the world; and, apart from the mixture of falsity in that claim to special inspiration by which he sought to gain hold of men's minds, there was no admission of having used unworthy means. Even in this confession, and without expurgation of the notary's malign phrases, Fra Girolamo shone forth as a man who had sought his own glory indeed, but sought it by laboring for the very highest end,—the moral welfare of men,—not by vague exhortations, but by striving to turn beliefs into energies that would work in all the details of life.

"Everything that I have done," said one memorable passage, which may perhaps have had its erasures and interpolations, "I have done with the design of being forever famous in the present and in future ages; and that I might win credit in Florence; and that nothing of great import should be done without my sanction. And when I had thus established my position in Florence, I had it in my mind to do great things in Italy and beyond Italy, by means of those chief personages with whom I had contracted friendship and consulted on high matters, such as this of the General Council. And in proportion as my first efforts succeeded, I should have adopted further measures. Above all, when the General Council had once been brought about, I intended to rouse the princes of Christendom, and especially those beyond the borders of Italy, to subdue the infidels. It was not much in my thoughts to get myself made a Cardinal or Pope, for when I should have achieved the work I had in view, I should, without being Pope, have been the first man in the world in the authority I should have possessed, and the reverence that would have been paid me. If I had been made Pope, I would not have refused the office: but it seemed to me that to be the head of that work was a greater thing than to be Pope, because a man without virtue may be Pope; but *such a work as I contemplated demanded a man of excellant virtues.*"

That blending of ambition with belief in the supremacy of

goodness made no new tone to Romola, who had been used to hear it in the voice that rang through the Duomo. It was the habit of Savonarola's mind to conceive great things, and to feel that he was the man to do them. Iniquity should be brought low; the cause of justice, purity, and love should triumph; and it should triumph by his voice, by his work, by his blood. In moments of ecstatic contemplation, doubtless, the sense of self melted in the sense of the Unspeakable, and in that part of his experience lay the elements of genuine self-abasement; but in the presence of his fellow-men for whom he was to act, pre-eminence seemed a necessary condition of his life.

And perhaps this confession, even when it described a doubleness that was conscious and deliberate, really implied no more than that wavering of belief concerning his own impressions and motives which most human beings who have not a stupid inflexibility of self-confidence must be liable to under a marked change of external conditions. In a life where the experience was so tumultuously mixed as it must have been in the Frate's, what a possibility was opened for a change of self-judgment, when, instead of eyes that venerated and knees that knelt, instead of a great work on its way to accomplishment, and in its prosperity stamping the agent as a chosen instrument, there came the hooting and the spitting and the curses of the crowd; and then the hard faces of enemies made judges; and then the horrible torture, and with the torture the irrepressible cry, "It is true, what you would have me say: let me go: do not torture me again: yes, yes, I am guilty. O God! Thy stroke has reached me!"

As Romola thought of the anguish that must have followed the confession,—whether, in the subsequent solitude of the prison, conscience retracted or confirmed the self-taxing words,—that anguish seemed to be pressing on her own heart and urging the slow bitter tears. Every vulgar self-ignorant person in Florence was glibly pronouncing on this man's demerits, while *he* was knowing a depth of sorrow which can only be known to the soul that has loved and sought the most perfect thing, and beholds itself fallen.

She had not then seen—what she saw afterwards—the evidence of the Frate's mental state after he had had thus to lay his mouth in the dust. As the days went by, the reports of new unpublished examinations, eliciting no change of confessions, ceased; Savonarola was left alone in his prison and al-

The Last Silence.

Romola had seemed to hear, as if they had been a cry, the words repeated to her by many lips — the words uttered by Savonarola when he took leave of those brethren of San Marco who had come to witness his signature of the confession : " Pray for me, for God has withdrawn from me the spirit of prophecy."

Those words had shaken her with new doubts as to the mode in which he looked back at the past in moments of complete self-possession. And the doubts were strengthened by more piteous things still, which soon reached her ears.

The 19th of May had come, and by that day's sunshine there had entered into Florence the two Papal Commissaries, charged with the completion of Savonarola's trial. They entered amid the acclamations of the people, calling for the death of the Frate. For now the popular cry was, " It is the Frate's deception that has brought on all our misfortunes ; let him be burned, and all things right will be done, and our evils will cease."

The next day it is well certified that there was fresh and fresh torture of the shattered sensitive frame ; and now, at the first sight of the horrible implements, Savonarola, in convulsed agitation, fell on his knees, and in brief passionate words *retracted his confession*, declared that he had spoken falsely in denying his prophetic gift, and that if he suffered, he would suffer for the truth — " The things that I have spoken, I had them from God."

But not the less the torture was laid upon him, and when he was under it he was asked why he had uttered those retracting words. Men were not demons in those days, and yet nothing but confessions of guilt were held a reason for release from torture. The answer came : " I said it that I might seem good : tear me no more, I will tell you the truth."

There were Florentine assessors at this new trial, and those words of twofold retractation had soon spread. They filled Romola with dismayed uncertainty.

" But " — it flashed across her — " there will come a moment when he may speak. When there is no dread hanging over him but the dread of falsehood, when they have brought him into

Three days after, on the 23d of May, 1498, there was again a long narrow platform stretching across the great piazza, from the Palazzo Vecchio towards the Tetta de' Pisani. But there was no grove of fuel as before: instead of that, there was one great heap of fuel placed on the circular area which made the termination of the long narrow platform. And above this heap of fuel rose a gibbet with three halters on it; a gibbet which, having two arms, still looked so much like a cross as to make some beholders uncomfortable, though one arm had been truncated to avoid the resemblance.

On the marble terrace of the Palazzo were three tribunals: one near the door for the Bishop, who was to perform the ceremony of degradation on Fra Girolamo and the two brethren who were to suffer as his followers and accomplices; another for the Papal Commissaries, who were to pronounce them heretics and schismatics, and deliver them over to the secular arm; and a third, close to Marzocco, at the corner of the terrace where the platform began, for the Gonfaloniere and the Eight, who were to pronounce the sentence of death.

Again the piazza was thronged with expectant faces: again there was to be a great fire kindled. In the majority of the crowd that pressed around the gibbet the expectation was that of ferocious hatred, or of mere hard curiosity to behold a barbarous sight. But there were still many spectators on the wide pavement, on the roofs, and at the windows, who, in the midst of their bitter grief and their own endurance of insult as hypocritical Piagnoni, were not without a lingering hope, even at this eleventh hour, that God would interpose, by some sign, to manifest their beloved prophet as His servant. And there were yet more who looked forward with trembling eagerness, as Romola did, to that final moment when Savonarola might say, "O people, I was innocent of deceit."

Romola was at a window on the north side of the piazza, far away from the marble terrace where the tribunals stood; and near her, also looking on in painful doubt concerning the man who had won his early reverence, was a young Florentine of two and twenty, named Jacopo Nardi, afterwards to deserve honor as one of the very few who, feeling Fra Girolamo's eminence, have written about him with the simple desire to be veracious. He had said

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"Madonna, there is no need for you to look at these cruel things. I will tell you when he comes out of the Palazzo. Trust to me; I know what you would see."

Romola covered her face, but the hootings that seemed to make the hideous scene still visible could not be shut out. At last her arm was touched, and she heard the words, "He comes." She looked towards the Palace, and could see Savonarola led out in his Dominican garb; could see him standing before the Bishop, and being stripped of the black mantle, the white scapulary and long white tunic, till he stood in a close woolen under tunic, that told of no sacred office, no rank. He had been degraded, and cut off from the Church Militant.

The baser part of the multitude delight in degradations, apart from any hatred; it is the satire they best understand. There was a fresh hoot of triumph as the three degraded brethren passed on to the tribunal of the Papal Commissaries, who were to pronounce them schismatics and heretics. Did not the prophet look like a schismatic and heretic now? It is easy to believe in the damnable state of a man who stands stripped and degraded.

Then the third tribunal was passed—that of the Florentine officials who were to pronounce sentence, and among whom, even at her distance, Romola could discern the odious figure of Dolfo Spini, indued in the grave black lucco, as one of the Eight.

Then the three figures, in their close white raiment, trod their way along the platform, amidst yells and grating tones of insult.

"Cover your eyes, Madonna," said Jacopo Nardi; "Fra Girolamo will be the last."

It was not long before she had to uncover them again. Savonarola was there. He was not far off her now. He had mounted the steps; she could see him look round on the multitude.

But in the same moment expectation died, and she only saw what he was seeing—torches waving to kindle the fuel beneath his dead body, faces glaring with a yet worse light; she only heard what *he* was hearing—gross jests, taunts, and curses.

The moment was past. Her face was covered again, and she only knew that Savonarola's voice had passed into eternal silence.



GEORGE ELIOT'S HOUSE, THE PRIORY, 21, NORTH BANK,
ST JOHN'S WOOD

SONNETS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.[1]

TRANSLATED BY J. A. SYMONDS

[MICHAEL ANGELO, the great Italian sculptor, painter, and architect, was born in Tuscany, March 6, 1475 He was a pupil of Ghirlandajo; was employed by Lorenzo de' Medici; lived chiefly in Florence but was often engaged in Rome. From 1533 to 1541 he was occupied with his great fresco, "The Last Judgment," in the Sistine Chapel. From 1546 till his death, February 18, 1564, he was architect of St. Peter's at Rome, holding this place under five popes; he designed and built the famous dome.]

THE GARLAND AND THE GIRDLE.

WHAT joy hath yon glad wreath of flowers that is
Around her golden hair so deftly twined,
Each blossom pressing forward from behind,
As though to be the first her brows to kiss!
The livelong day her dress hath perfect bliss,
That now reveals her breast, now seems to bind;
And that fair woven net of gold refined
Rests on her cheek and throat in happiness.
Yet still more blissful seems to me the band
Gilt at the tips, so sweetly doth it ring
And clasp the bosom that it serves to lace;
Yea! and the belt to such as understand,
Bound round her waist, saith—"Here I'd ever cling!"
What would my arm do in that girdle's place?

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF BEAUTY.

(A Dialogue with Love)

Nay! prithee tell me, Love! when I behold
My Lady, do mine eyes her beauty see
In truth, or dwells that loveliness in me
Which multiplies her grace a thousandfold?
Thou needs must know,—for thou with her of old
Comèst to stir my soul's tranquillity;
Yet would I not seek one sigh less, or be
By loss of that loved flame more simply cold.—
"The beauty thou discernest is all hers;
But grows in radiance as it soars on high
Through mortal eyes unto the soul above:
'Tis there transfigured,—for the soul confers,
On what she holds, her own divinity:
And this transfigured beauty wins thy love."

[1] By permission of Smith, Elder & Co.

INVENTION OR COMPOSITION IN PAINTING.[1]

By LEONARDO DA VINCI.

(From "A Treatise on Painting.")

[LEONARDO DA VINCI, the great Italian artist, architect, engineer, musician, and universal scholar and inventor, was born near Florence in 1452. He studied under Andrea Verrocchio, who abandoned art through despair of rivaling his pupil. He entered the service of the Duke of Milan about 1483; founded an academy of arts there; modeled an equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza; became the foremost anatomist of his age, about 1497 painted the "Last Supper," on the refectory wall of a convent in Milan. In 1499 he returned to Florence, in 1502 became architect and engineer to Cæsar Borgia; in 1503 drew the cartoon "The Battle of the Standard." Later he was made royal painter to Louis XII of France; was for a time patronized by Leo X., but left him in displeasure, took service with Francis I. of France, went to France with him in 1517, and died there, May 2, 1519.]

157. How to Represent a Storm.

To form a just idea of a storm, you must consider it attentively in its effects. When the wind blows violently over the sea or land, it removes and carries off with it everything that is not firmly fixed to the general mass. The clouds must appear straggling and broken, carried according to the direction and the force of the wind, and blended with clouds of dust raised from the sandy shore. Branches and leaves of trees must be represented as carried along by the violence of the storm, and together with numberless other light substances, scattered in the air. Trees and grass must be bent to the ground, as if yielding to the course of the wind. Boughs must be twisted out of their natural form, with their leaves reversed and entangled. Of the figures dispersed in the picture, some should appear thrown on the ground, so wrapped up in their cloaks and covered with dust as to be scarcely distinguishable. Of those who remain on their feet, some should be sheltered by, and holding fast behind, some great trees, to avoid the same fate: others bending to the ground, their hands over their faces to ward off the dust; their hair and their clothes flying straight up at the mercy of the wind.

The high tremendous waves of the stormy sea will be covered with foaming froth; the most subtle parts of which, being raised by the wind, like a thick mist, mix with the air.

[1] By permission of Geo Bell & Sons. (Price 5s.)

What vessels are seen should appear with broken cordage, and torn sails fluttering in the wind; some with broken masts fallen across the hulk, already on its side amidst the tempestuous waves. Some of the crew should be represented as if crying aloud for help, and clinging to the remains of the shattered vessel. Let the clouds appear as driven by tempestuous winds against the summits of lofty mountains, enveloping those mountains, and breaking and recoiling with redoubled force, like waves against a rocky shore. The air should be rendered awfully dark by the mist, dust, and thick clouds.

158. How to Compose a Battle.

First, let the air exhibit a confused mixture of smoke, arising from the discharge of artillery and musketry, and the dust raised by the horses of the combatants; and observe that dust, being of an earthy nature, is heavy, but yet, by reason of its minute particles, it is easily impelled upwards, and mixes with the air; nevertheless, it naturally falls downwards again, the most subtle parts of it alone gaining any considerable degree of elevation, and at its utmost height it is so thin and transparent as to appear nearly of the color of the air. The smoke, thus mixing with the dusty air, forms a kind of dark cloud, at the top of which it is distinguished from the dust by a bluish cast, the dust retaining more of its natural color. On that part from which the light proceeds, this mixture of air, smoke, and dust will appear much brighter than on the opposite side. The more the combatants are involved in this turbulent mist, the less distinctly they will be seen, and the more confused will they be in their lights and shades. Let the faces of the musketeers, their bodies, and every object near them, be tinged with a reddish hue, even the air or cloud of dust; in short, all that surrounds them. This red tinge you will diminish, in proportion to their distance from the primary cause. The group of figures, which appear at a distance between the spectator and the light, will form a dark mass upon a light ground; and their legs will be more undetermined and lost as they approach nearer to the ground, because there the dust is heavier and thicker.

If you mean to represent some straggling horses running out of the main body, introduce also some small clouds of dust, as far distant from each other as the leap of the horse, and

these little clouds will become fainter, more scanty, and diffused, in proportion to their distance from the horse. That nearest to his feet will consequently be the most determined, smallest, and the thickest of all.

Let the air be full of arrows, in all directions; some ascending, some falling down, and some darting straight forwards. The bullets of the musketry, though not seen, will be marked in their course by a train of smoke, which breaks through the general confusion. The figures in the foreground should have their hair covered with dust, as also their eyebrows, and all parts liable to receive it.

The victorious party will be running forwards, their hair and other light parts flying in the wind, their eyebrows lowered, and the motion of every member properly contrasted; for instance, in moving the right foot forwards, the left arm must be brought forwards also. If you make any of them fallen down, mark the trace of his fall on the slippery, gore-stained dust; and where the ground is less impregnated with blood, let the print of men's feet and of horses, that have passed that way, be marked. Let there be some horses dragging the bodies of their riders, and leaving behind them a furrow, made by the body thus trailed along.

The countenances of the vanquished will appear pale and dejected. Their eyebrows raised, and much wrinkled about the forehead and cheeks. The tips of their noses somewhat divided from the nostrils by arched wrinkles terminating at the corner of the eyes, those wrinkles being occasioned by the opening and raising of the nostrils. The upper lips turned up, discovering the teeth. Their mouths wide open, and expressive of violent lamentation. One may be seen fallen wounded on the ground, endeavoring with one hand to support his body, and covering his eyes with the other, the palm of which is turned towards the enemy. Others running away, and with open mouths seeming to cry aloud. Between the legs of the combatants let the ground be strewed with all sorts of arms, as broken shields, spears, swords, and the like. Many dead bodies should be introduced, some entirely covered with dust, others in part only; let the blood, which seems to issue immediately from the wound, appear of its natural color, and running in a winding course, till, mixing with the dust, it forms a reddish kind of mud. Some should be in the agonies of death; their teeth shut, their eyes wildly staring, their fists clenched,

and their legs in a distorted position. Some may appear disarmed, and beaten down by the enemy, still fighting with their fists and teeth, and endeavoring to take a passionate, though unavailing revenge. There may be also a straggling horse without a rider, running in wild disorder; his mane flying in the wind, beating down with his feet all before him and doing a deal of damage. A wounded soldier may also be seen falling to the ground, and attempting to cover himself with his shield, while an enemy bending over him endeavors to give him the finishing stroke. Several dead bodies should be heaped together under a dead horse. Some of the conquerors, as having ceased fighting, may be wiping from their faces the dirt collected on them by the mixture of dust with the water from their eyes.

The *corps de reserve* will be seen advancing gayly, but cautiously, their eyebrows directed forwards, shading their eyes with their hands to observe the motions of the enemy, amidst clouds of dust and smoke, and seeming attentive to the orders of their chief. You may also make their commander holding up his staff, pushing forwards, and pointing towards the place where they are wanted. A river may likewise be introduced, with horses fording it, dashing the water about between their legs, and in the air, covering all the adjacent ground with water and foam. Not a spot is to be left without some marks of blood and carnage.

159. The Representation of an Orator and his Audience.

If you have to represent a man who is speaking to a large assembly of people, you are to consider the subject-matter of his discourse, and to adapt his attitude to such subject. If he means to persuade, let it be known by his gesture. If he is giving an explanation, deduced from several reasons, let him put two fingers of the right hand within one of the left, having the other two bent close, his face turned towards the audience, with the mouth half open, seeming to speak. If he is sitting, let him appear as going to raise himself up a little, and his head be forwards. But if he is represented standing, let him bend his chest and his head forwards towards the people.

The auditory are to appear silent and attentive, with their eyes upon the speaker, in the act of admiration. There should

be some old men, with their mouths close shut, in token of approbation, and their lips pressed together, so as to form wrinkles at the corners of the mouth and about the cheeks, and forming others about the forehead, by raising the eyebrows, as if struck with astonishment. Some others of those sitting by should be seated with their hands within each other, round one of their knees; some with one knee upon the other, and upon that, one hand receiving the elbow, the other supporting the chin, covered with a venerable beard.

160. Of Demonstrative Gestures.

The action by which a figure points at anything near, either in regard to time or situation, is to be expressed by the hand very little removed from the body. But if the same thing is far distant, the hand must also be far removed from the body, and the face of the figure pointing must be turned towards those to whom he is pointing it out.

161. Of the Attitudes of the Bystanders at Some Remarkable Event.

All those who are present at some event deserving notice express their admiration, but in various manners: as when the hand of justice punishes some malefactor. If the subject be an act of devotion, the eyes of all present should be directed towards the object of their adoration, aided by a variety of pious actions with the other members: as at the elevation of the host at mass, and other similar ceremonies. If it be a laughable subject, or one exciting compassion and moving to tears, in those cases it will not be necessary for all to have their eyes turned towards the object, but they will express their feelings by different actions; and let there be several assembled in groups, to rejoice or lament together. If the event be terrific, let the faces of those who run away from the sight be strongly expressive of fright, with various motions, as shall be described in the tract on motion.

VENICE.

BY LORD BYRON.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand.
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers·
And such she was; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here,
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway,
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

THE BELL RINGER OF NOTRE DAME.[1]

BY VICTOR HUGO.

[VICTOR MARIE HUGO, French novelist, poet, dramatist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Besançon, February 26, 1802 He followed his father, one of Napoleon's generals, from place to place in Europe, studying privately or in local schools. From the age of eleven he poured out streams of literary product, won several prizes before he was eighteen, and was called by Châteaubriand "The Sublime Child." He was elected to the Academy in 1845. He entered political life in 1848, became an opponent of Louis Napoleon; was proscribed by him after the *coup d'état* of 1851, and remained in exile till Napoleon's fall in 1870, when he returned and was made senator He died May 22, 1885 Of his enormously prolific genius the best-known products are the novels "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Misérables," "The Toilers of the Sea," "Ninety-three," and "L'Homme Qui Rit" (The Grinning Man); the plays "Hernani," "Ruy Blas," and "Les Burgraves"; "The History of a Crime," an account of the *coup d'état;* "The Last Day of a Condemned One", the poems "Legend of the Ages," "Contemplations," "The Chastisements," "The Pope," and "The Art of Being a Grandfather," besides several miscellaneous volumes of verse]

IMMANIS PECORIS CUSTOS, IMMANIOR IPSE.

NOW, in 1482, Quasimodo had grown up. He had been made, some years previous, bell ringer of Notre Dame, thanks to his adopted father, Claude Frollo, who had become archdeacon of Josas, thanks to his liege lord Sir Louis de Beaumont, who had become Bishop of Paris in 1472, on the death of Guillaume Chartier, thanks to his patron Olivier le Daim, barber to Louis XI., king by the grace of God.

Quasimodo, therefore, was ringer of Notre Dame.

In time, a peculiar bond of intimacy grew up between the ringer and the church. Cut off forever from the world by the double fatality of his unknown birth and his deformity, confined from infancy in this doubly insuperable circle, the poor wretch became used to seeing nothing of the world outside the religious walls which had received him into their shadow. Notre Dame had been to him by turns, as he grew and developed, egg, nest, home, country, universe.

And it is certain that there was a sort of mysterious and preëxisting harmony between this creature and the structure. When, still a child, he dragged himself tortuously and jerkingly along beneath its gloomy arches, he seemed, with his human face and animal-like limbs, to be some reptile native to that

[1] By permission of G. Routledge & Sons (Price 3s 6d.)



QUASIMODO, THE BELL RINGER OF NOTRE DAME

damp dark pavement upon which the Roman capitals cast so many grotesque shadows.

Later on, the first time that he mechanically grasped the bell rope in the tower, and clung to it, and set the bell ringing, he seemed to Claude, his adopted father, like a child whose tongue is loosed, and who begins to talk.

It was thus, little by little, growing ever after the pattern of the cathedral, living there, sleeping there, seldom leaving its precincts, forever subject to its mysterious influence, he came to look like it, to be imbedded in it, to form, as it were, an integral part of it. His sharp angles (if we may be pardoned the simile) fitted into the reëntering angles of the building, and he seemed not only to inhabit it, but to be its natural tenant. He might almost be said to have assumed its form, as the snail assumes the form of its shell. It was his dwelling, his hole, his wrapper. There was so deep an instinct of sympathy between him and the old church, there were so many magnetic affinities between them, that he in some sort clung to it, as the tortoise to its shell. The rugged cathedral was his shell.

It is useless to warn the reader not to take literally the figures of speech which we are forced to use here to express this singular, symmetrical, direct, almost consubstantial union of a man and an edifice. It is also useless to speak of the degree of familiarity with the whole cathedral which he had acquired during so long and intimate a cohabitation. This dwelling was his own. It contained no deeps which Quasimodo had not penetrated, no heights which he had not scaled. He often climbed the façade several stories high by the mere aid of projecting bits of sculpture. The towers upon the outer face of which he was frequently seen crawling like a lizard gliding over a perpendicular wall (those twin giants, so lofty, so threatening, so terrible) had no vertigoes, no terrors, no giddiness for him; they were so docile to his hand, so easily climbed, that he might be said to have tamed them. By dint of jumping, clambering, sporting amid the abysses of the huge cathedral, he had become, as it were, a monkey and a goat, like the Calabrian child who swims before he walks, and plays with the sea while but an infant.

Moreover, not only his body but also his spirit seemed to be molded by the cathedral. What was the state of that soul? What bent had it assumed, what form had it taken under its knotty covering in this wild life? It would be hard to tell.

Quasimodo was born blind of one eye, humpbacked, lame. It was only by great patience and great painstaking that Claude Frollo had succeeded in teaching him to speak. But a fatality followed the poor foundling. Bell ringer of Notre Dame at the age of fourteen, a new infirmity soon put the finishing touch to his misfortunes; the bells had broken the drum of his ears: he became deaf. The only avenue which Nature had left him open to the world was suddenly closed forever.

In closing, it shut off the only ray of joy and light which still reached Quasimodo's soul. That soul relapsed into utter darkness. The miserable lad's melancholy became as complete and as hopeless as his deformity. Add to this that his deafness made him in some sort dumb; for, that he might not be an object of laughter to others, from the moment that he realized his deafness he firmly resolved to observe a silence which he scarcely ever broke save when alone. Of his own free will he bound that tongue which Claude Frollo had worked so hard to set free. Hence it resulted that, when necessity constrained him to speak, his tongue was stiff and awkward, like a door whose hinges have rusted.

If now we strive to penetrate to Quasimodo's soul through this hard thick bark; could we sound the depths of that misshapen organism; could we hold a torch behind those non-transparent organs, explore the dark interior of that opaque being, illumine its obscure corners, its absurd blind alleys, and cast a strong light suddenly upon the Psyche imprisoned at the bottom of this well, we should doubtless find the poor thing in some constrained attitude, stunted and rickety, like those prisoners under the leads of Venice, who grew old bent double in a stone coffer too short and too low for them either to lie down or to stand up.

The spirit certainly wastes away in a misshapen body. Quasimodo barely felt within him the blind stirring of a soul made in his own image. His impressions of objects underwent a considerable refraction before they reached his mind. His brain was a peculiar medium; the ideas which traversed it came forth greatly distorted. The reflection resulting from that refraction was necessarily divergent, and deviated from the right path.

Hence endless optical illusions, endless aberrations of opinion, endless digressions into which his thoughts, sometimes foolish, and sometimes idiotic, would wander.

The first effect of this unfortunate condition of things was

to disturb his views of all outward objects. He had scarcely any direct perception of them. The external world seemed much farther away from him than it does from us.

The second effect of his misfortune was to make him mischievous.

He was mischievous because he was an untrained savage; he was a savage because he was ugly. There was a logic in his nature as in ours.

His strength, wonderfully developed as it was, was the cause of still greater mischief. "*Malus puer robustus*," says Hobbes.

But we must do him the justice to say that this mischievous spirit was not innate. From his first intercourse with men he had felt, had seen himself despised, scorned, repulsed. To him, human speech meant nothing but mockery or curses. As he grew up, he encountered nothing but hate. He caught the infection. He acquired the universal malevolence. He adopted the weapon with which he had been wounded.

After all, he never turned his face to the world of men save with regret; his cathedral was enough for him. It was peopled with marble figures, kings, saints, and bishops, who at least did not laugh at him, and never looked upon him otherwise than with peace and good will. The other statues, those of monsters and demons, did not hate Quasimodo; he looked too much like them for that. They rather mocked at other men. The saints were his friends, and blessed him. The monsters were his friends, and protected him. Thus he had long conversations with them. He would sometimes pass whole hours squatting before one of these statues, in solitary chat with it. If any one came by, he would fly like a lover surprised in his serenade.

And the cathedral was not only company for him, it was the universe; nay, more, it was Nature itself. He never dreamed that there were other hedgerows than the stained-glass windows in perpetual bloom; other shade than that of the stone foliage always budding, loaded with birds in the thickets of Saxon capitals; other mountains than the colossal towers of the church; or other ocean than Paris roaring at their feet.

But that which he loved more than all else in the motherly building, that which awakened his soul and bade it spread its poor stunted wings folded in such misery where it dwelt in darkness, that which sometimes actually made him happy, was

the bells. He loved them, he caressed them, he talked to them, he understood them. From the chime in the steeple over the transept to the big bell above the door, he had a tender feeling for them all. The belfry of the transept and the two towers were to him like three great cages, in which the birds, trained by him, sang for him alone; and yet it was these very bells which made him deaf. But mothers often love that child best which has cost them most pain.

To be sure, their voice was the only one which he could now hear. For this reason the big bell was his best beloved. She was his favorite of that family of noisy damsels who fluttered about his head on holidays. This big bell had been christened Marie. She hung alone in the south tower with her sister Jacqueline, a bell of less size inclosed in a smaller cage close beside her own. This Jacqueline was named for the wife of Jehan Montague, who gave the bell to the church; which did not prevent him from figuring at Montfaucon without a head. In the second tower there were six other bells; and lastly, the six smallest dwelt in the belfry over the transept with the wooden bell, which was only rung from the afternoon of Maundy Thursday till the morning of Holy Saturday or Easter Eve. Thus Quasimodo had fifteen bells in his harem; but big Marie was his favorite.

It is impossible to give any idea of his joy on those days when full peals were rung. When the archdeacon dismissed him with the word "Go," he ran up the winding staircase more rapidly than any one else could have gone down. He reached the aerial chamber of the big bell, breathless; he gazed at it an instant with love and devotion, then spoke to it gently, and patted it, as you would a good horse about to take a long journey. He condoled with it on the hard work before it. After these initiatory caresses he called to his assistants, stationed on a lower story of the tower, to begin. They then hung upon the ropes, the windlass creaked, and the enormous mass of metal moved slowly. Quasimodo, panting with excitement, followed it with his eye. The first stroke of the clapper upon its brazen wall made the beam on which he stood quiver. Quasimodo vibrated with the bell. "Here we go! There we go!" he shouted with a mad burst of laughter. But the motion of the great bell grew faster and faster, and as it traversed an ever-increasing space, his eye grew bigger and bigger, more and more glittering and phosphorescent. At last the

full peal began; the whole tower shook: beams, leads, broad stones, all rumbled together, from the piles of the foundation to the trefoils at the top. Then Quasimodo's rapture knew no bounds: he came and went; he trembled and shook from head to foot with the tower. The bell, let loose, and frantic with liberty, turned its jaws of bronze to either wall of the tower in turn, — jaws from which issued that whirlwind whose roar men heard for four leagues around. Quasimodo placed himself before those gaping jaws; he rose and fell with the swaying of the bell, inhaled its tremendous breath, gazed now at the abyss swarming with people like ants, two hundred feet below him, and now at the huge copper clapper which from second to second bellowed in his ear. That was the only speech which he could hear, the only sound that broke the universal silence reigning around him. He basked in it as a bird in the sunshine. All at once the frenzy of the bell seized him; his look became strange; he waited for the passing of the bell as a spider lies in wait for a fly, and flung himself headlong upon it. Then, suspended above the gulf, launched upon the tremendous vibration of the bell, he grasped the brazen monster by its ears, clasped it with his knees, spurred it with his heels, doubling the fury of the peal with the whole force and weight of his body. As the tower shook, he shouted and gnashed his teeth, his red hair stood erect, his chest labored like a blacksmith's bellows, his eye flashed fire, the monstrous steed neighed and panted under him; and then the big bell of Notre Dame and Quasimodo ceased to exist: they became a dream, a whirlwind, a tempest; vertigo astride of uproar; a spirit clinging to a winged crupper; a strange centaur, half man, half bell; a sort of horrid Astolpho, borne aloft by a prodigious hippogriff of living bronze.

The presence of this extraordinary being pervaded the whole cathedral with a peculiar breath of life. It seemed, at least in the opinion of the grossly superstitious mob, as if mysterious emanations issued from him, animating every stone in Notre Dame and making the very entrails of the old church throb and palpitate. His mere presence there was enough to lead the vulgar to fancy that the countless statues in the galleries and over the doors moved and breathed. And in very truth the cathedral seemed a creature docile and obedient to his hand: it awaited his pleasure to lift up its mighty voice; it was possessed and filled with Quasimodo as with a familiar

spirit. He might be said to make the vast edifice breathe. He was indeed omnipresent in it, he multiplied himself at every point of the structure. Sometimes the terrified spectator saw an odd dwarf on the extreme pinnacle of one of the towers, climbing, creeping, writhing, crawling on all fours, descending headfirst into the abyss, leaping from one projection to another, and diving deep into the maw of some sculptured gorgon: it was Quasimodo hunting for daws' nests. Sometimes a visitor stumbled over a sort of living nightmare, crouching and scowling in a dark corner of the church: it was Quasimodo absorbed in thought. Sometimes an enormous head and a bundle of ill-adjusted limbs might be seen swaying frantically to and fro from a rope's end under a belfry: it was Quasimodo ringing the Vespers or the Angelus. Often by night a hideous form was seen wandering along the frail, delicately wrought railing which crowns the towers and runs round the top of the chancel: it was still the hunchback of Notre Dame. Then, so the neighbors said, the whole church took on a fantastic, supernatural, horrible air, — eyes and mouths opened wide here and there; the dogs and dragons and griffins of stone which watch day and night, with outstretched necks and gaping jaws, around the monstrous cathedral, barked loudly. And if it were a Christmas night, while the big bell, which seemed uttering its death rattle, called the faithful to attend the solemn midnight mass, the gloomy façade assumed such an aspect that it seemed as if the great door were devouring the crowd while the rose window looked on. And all this was due to Quasimodo. Egypt would have taken him for the god of the temple; the Middle Ages held him to be its demon; he was its soul.

So much so that to those who know that Quasimodo once existed, Notre Dame is now deserted, inanimate, dead. They feel that something has gone from it. That immense body is empty; it is a skeleton; the spirit has left it, the abode remains, and that is all. It is like a skull; the sockets of the eyes are still there, but sight is gone.

A Tear for a Drop of Water.

These words were, so to speak, the connecting link between two scenes which up to this instant had gone on simultaneously, each upon its own particular stage: one, of which we have just

read, at the Rat Hole; the other, of which we shall now read, at the pillory. The former was witnessed only by the three women whose acquaintance the reader has just made; the spectators of the latter consisted of the crowd of people whom we saw some time since gathering in the Grève, about the gibbet and the pillory.

This crowd, whom the sight of the four officers posted at the four corners of the pillory ever since nine in the morning led to expect an execution of some sort, perhaps not a hanging, but a whipping, cropping of ears, or something of the sort, — this crowd had grown so rapidly that the four officers, too closely hemmed in, were more than once obliged to drive the people back by a free use of their whips and their horses' heels.

The populace, well accustomed to wait for public executions, betrayed no great impatience. They amused themselves by looking at the pillory, — a very simple structure, consisting of a cube of masonry some ten feet high, and hollow within. A very steep flight of stairs of unhewn stone, called the ladder, led to the upper platform, upon which was a horizontal wheel made of oak. The victim was bound to this wheel in a kneeling posture, with his hands behind him. A wooden shaft, set in motion by a capstan concealed inside the machine, made the wheel revolve horizontally, thus presenting the prisoner's face to each side of the square in turn. This was called "turning" a criminal.

It is evident that the pillory of the Grève was far from possessing all the attractions of the pillory of the Markets. There was nothing architectural or monumental about it. It had no roof with an iron cross, no octagonal lantern, no slender columns expanding at the edge of the roof into capitals composed of acanthus leaves and flowers, no huge fantastic gutter spouts, no carved woodwork, no delicate sculpture cut deep into the stone.

Here the spectator must needs be content with the four rough walls, two stone facings, and a shabby stone gibbet, plain and bare.

The treat would have been a sorry one for lovers of Gothic architecture. It is true that no one was ever less interested in monuments than your good cockney of the Middle Ages, who paid very little heed to the beauty of a pillory.

The victim appeared at last, tied to the tail of a cart; and when he had been hoisted to the top of the platform, where he

could be seen from all parts of the square bound to the wheel of the pillory with straps and ropes, a prodigious hooting, mingled with shouts and laughter, burst from the spectators. They had recognized Quasimodo.

It was indeed he. It was a strange reverse. He was now pilloried on the same place where he was the day before hailed, acclaimed, and proclaimed Pope and Prince of Fools, Lord of Misrule, and attended by the Duke of Egypt, the King of Tunis, the Emperor of Galilee! One thing is certain; there was not a soul in the crowd, not even himself, in turn triumphant and a victim, who could distinctly draw a mental comparison between these two situations. Gringoire and his philosophy were wanting to the spectacle.

Soon Michel Noiret, sworn trumpeter to our lord the king, imposed silence on all beholders, and proclaimed the sentence, according to the provost's order and command. He then retired behind the cart, with his men in livery coats.

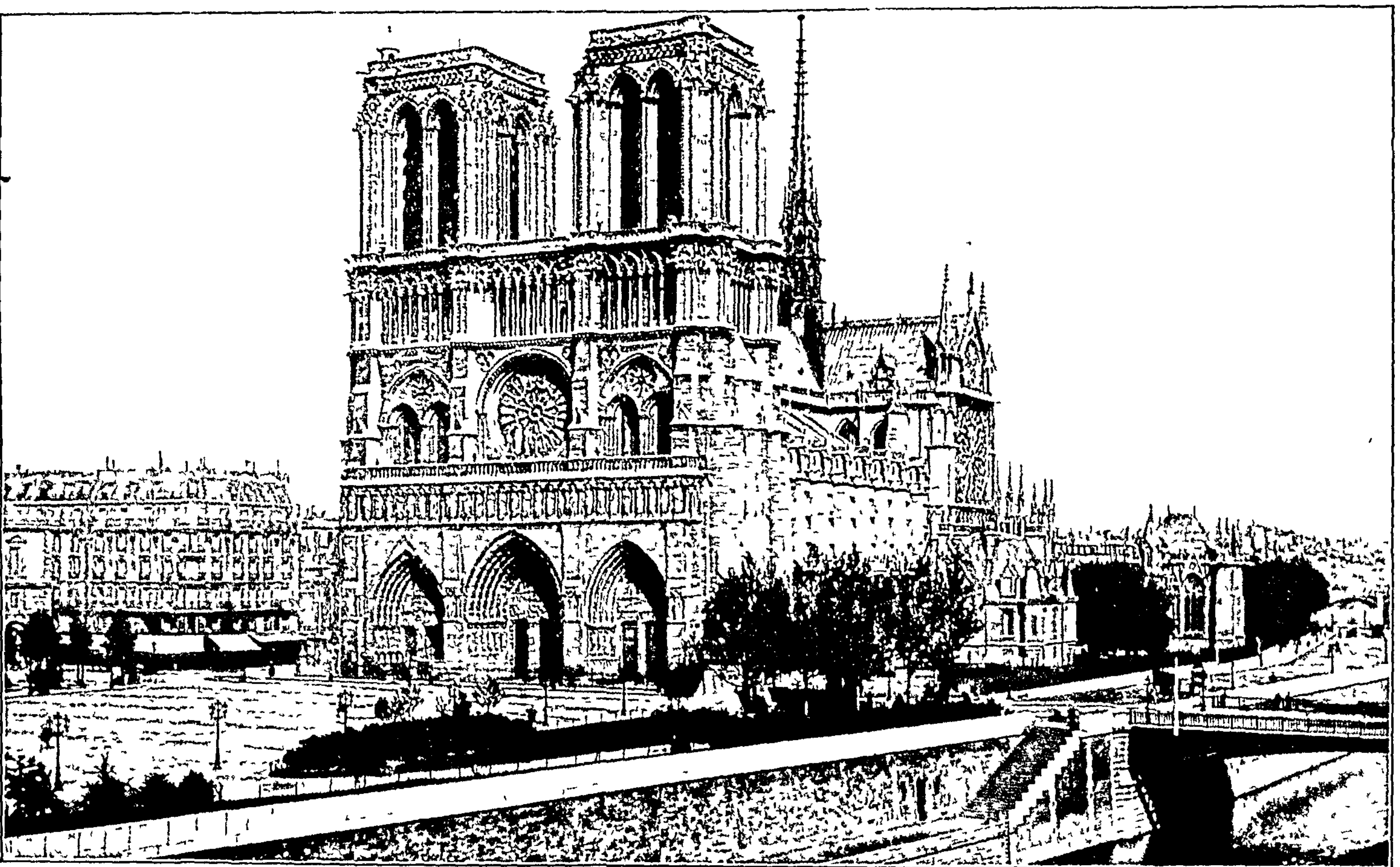
Quasimodo, utterly impassive, never winked. All resistance on his part was rendered impossible by what was then called, in the language of criminal law, "the vehemence and firmness of the bonds"; which means that the chains and thongs probably cut into his flesh. This, by the bye, is a tradition of the jail and the convict prison which is not yet lost, and which the handcuffs still preserve as a precious relic among us, civilized, mild, and humane as we are (not to mention the guillotine and the galleys).

He allowed himself to be led, pushed, carried, lifted, tied, and re-tied. His face revealed nothing more than the surprise of a savage or an idiot. He was known to be deaf; he seemed to be blind.

He was placed upon his knees on the circular plank; he made no resistance. He was stripped of shirt and doublet to the waist; he submitted. He was bound with a fresh system of straps and buckles; he suffered himself to be buckled and bound. Only from time to time he breathed heavily, like a calf whose head hangs dangling from the back of a butcher's cart.

"The booby!" said Jehan Frollo du Moulin to his friend Robin Poussepain (for the two students had followed the victim, as a matter of course); "he understands no more about it than a cockchafer shut up in a box!"

A shout of laughter ran through the crowd when Quasi-



NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, PARIS

modo's hump, his camel breast, his horny, hairy shoulders, were bared to view. During this burst of merriment, a man in the city livery, short of stature, and strong, mounted the platform and took his place by the prisoner's side. His name was soon circulated among the spectators. It was Master Pierrat Torterue, sworn torturer of the Châtelet.

He began by placing on one corner of the pillory a black hourglass, the upper part of which was full of red sand, which dropped slowly into the lower half; then he took off his party-colored coat, and there was seen hanging from his right hand a slim, slender whip with long white thongs, shining, knotted, braided, armed with metal tips. With his left hand he carelessly rolled his right shirt sleeve up to his armpit.

Meanwhile Jehan Frollo shouted, lifting his fair curly head high above the crowd (he had climbed Robin Poussepain's shoulders for the express purpose), "Come and see, gentlemen and ladies! They are going straightway to flog Master Quasimodo, the bell ringer of my brother the archdeacon of Josas, a strange specimen of Oriental architecture, with a dome for his back and twisted columns for legs."

All the people laughed, especially the children and the young girls.

At last the executioner stamped his foot. The wheel began to turn. Quasimodo reeled in spite of his bonds. The astonishment suddenly depicted upon his misshapen face redoubled the bursts of laughter around him.

Suddenly, just as the wheel in its revolution presented to Master Pierrat Quasimodo's mountainous back, Master Pierrat raised his arm: the thin lashes hissed through the air like a brood of vipers, and fell furiously upon the wretched man's shoulders.

Quasimodo started as if roused abruptly from a dream. He began to understand. He writhed in his bonds; surprise and pain distorted the muscles of his face, but he did not heave a sigh. He merely bent his head back, to the right, then to the left, shaking it like a bull stung in the flank by a gadfly.

A second blow followed the first, then a third, and another, and another, and so on and on. The wheel did not cease from turning, or the blows from raining down.

Soon the blood spurted; it streamed in countless rivulets over the hunchback's swarthy shoulders; and the slender

thongs, as they rent the air, sprinkled it in drops among the crowd.

Quasimodo had resumed, apparently at least, his former impassivity. He had tried at first, secretly and without great visible effort, to burst his bonds. His eye kindled, his muscles stiffened, his limbs gathered all their force, and the straps and chains stretched. The struggle was mighty, prodigious, desperate; but the tried and tested fetters of the provosty held firm. They cracked; and that was all. Quasimodo fell back exhausted. Surprise gave way, upon his features, to a look of bitter and profound dejection. He closed his single eye, dropped his head upon his breast, and feigned death.

Thenceforth he did not budge. Nothing could wring a movement from him,—neither his blood, which still flowed, nor the blows, which increased in fury, nor the rage of the executioner, who became excited and intoxicated by his work, nor the noise of the horrid lashes, keener and sharper than the stings of wasps.

At last an usher from the Châtelet, dressed in black, mounted on a black horse, who had been posted beside the ladder from the beginning of the execution of the sentence, extended his ebony wand towards the hourglass. The executioner paused. The wheel stopped. Quasimodo's eye reopened slowly.

The flagellation was ended. Two attendants of the executioner washed the victim's bleeding shoulders, rubbed them with some salve which at once closed all the wounds, and threw over his back a piece of yellow cotton cloth cut after the pattern of a priest's cope. Meanwhile Pierrat Torterue let his red lashes soaked with blood drip upon the pavement.

But all was not over for Quasimodo. He had still to spend in the pillory that hour so judiciously added by Master Florian Barbedienne to the sentence of Master Robert d'Estouteville,—all to the greater glory of Jean de Cumène's old physiological and psychological pun: "*Surdus absurdus.*"

The hourglass was therefore turned, and the hunchback was left bound to the plank as before, in order that justice might be executed to the utmost.

The people, particularly in the Middle Ages, were to society what the child is to a family. So long as they remain in their primitive condition of ignorance, of moral and intellectual nonage, it may be said of them as of a child:—

That age is without pity.

We have already shown that Quasimodo was the object of universal hatred, — for more than one good reason, it is true. There was hardly a single spectator in the crowd who had not — or did not think he had — grounds for complaint against the malicious hunchback of Notre Dame. Every one was delighted to see him in the pillory; and the severe punishment which he had just received, and the piteous state in which it had left him, far from softening the hearts of the populace, had made their hatred keener by adding to it a spice of merriment.

Thus, "public vengeance," as the legal jargon still styles it, once satisfied, a thousand private spites took their turn at revenge. Here, as in the Great Hall, the women made themselves especially conspicuous. All bore him a grudge, — some for his mischief, others for his ugliness. The latter were the more furious.

"Oh, you image of Antichrist!" said one.

"Broomstick rider!" cried another.

"What a fine tragic face!" yelled a third. "It would surely make you Lord of Misrule, if to-day were only yesterday."

"That's right," added an old woman. "This is the pillory face. When shall we have the gallows face?"

"When shall we see you buried a hundred feet below ground, with your big bell upon your head, you cursed bell ringer?"

"And to think that it's this demon that rings the Angelus!"

"Oh, you deaf man! you blind man! you hunchback! you monster!"

And the two students, Jehan du Moulin and Robin Poussepain, sang at the top of their voices the old popular refrain: —

"A halter for the gallows bird!
A fagot for the ugly ape!"

Countless other insults rained upon him, mingled with hoots, curses, laughter, and occasional stones.

Quasimodo was deaf, but his sight was capital, and the fury of the mob was no less forcibly painted on their faces than in their words. Besides, the stones which struck him explained the peals of laughter.

He bore it for a time; but little by little his patience, which

had resisted the torturer's whip, gave way and rebelled against all these insect stings. The Asturian bull, which pays but little heed to the attacks of the picador, is maddened by the dogs and the banderillos.

At first he glanced slowly and threateningly around the crowd; but, bound fast as he was, his glance was impotent to drive away those flies which galled his wounds. Then he struggled in his fetters, and his frantic efforts made the old pillory wheel creak upon its timbers. All this only increased the shouts and derision of the crowd.

Then the wretched man, unable to break the collar which held him chained like a wild beast, became quiet again; only at intervals a sigh of rage heaved his breast. His face showed no trace of mortification or shame. He was too far removed from the existing state of society, and too nearly allied to a state of nature, to know what shame was. Besides, it is doubtful if infamy be a thing which can be felt by one afflicted with that degree of deformity. But rage, hate, despair, slowly veiled the hideous face with a cloud which grew darker and darker, more and more heavily charged with an electricity revealed by countless flashes from the eye of the Cyclop.

However, this cloud was lightened for a moment as a mule passed through the crowd, bearing a priest on his back. As soon as he saw that mule and that priest, the poor sufferer's face softened. The fury which convulsed it gave way to a strange smile, full of ineffable sweetness, affection, and tenderness. As the priest approached, this smile became more pronounced, more distinct, more radiant. It was as if the unhappy man hailed the coming of a Savior. Yet, when the mule was near enough to the pillory for his rider to recognize the prisoner, the priest cast down his eyes, turned back abruptly, spurred his animal on either side as if in haste to avoid humiliating appeals, and very far from anxious to be greeted and recognized by a poor devil in such a plight.

The priest was the archdeacon Don Claude Frollo.

The cloud grew darker than ever upon the face of Quasimodo. The smile lingered for some time, although it became bitter, dejected, profoundly sad.

Time passed. He had been there at least an hour and a half, wounded, illtreated, incessantly mocked, and almost stoned to death.

Suddenly he again struggled in his chains with renewed despair, which made all the timbers that held him quiver; and breaking the silence which he had hitherto obstinately kept, he cried in a hoarse and furious voice more like the bark of a dog than a human cry, and which drowned the sound of the hooting, "Water!"

This exclamation of distress, far from exciting compassion, only increased the amusement of the good Parisian populace who surrounded the ladder, and who, it must be confessed, taken in the mass and as a multitude, were at this time scarcely less cruel and brutish than that horrible tribe of Vagrant Vagabonds to whom we have already introduced the reader, and who were simply the lowest stratum of the people. Not a voice was raised around the wretched sufferer, except to mock at his thirst. Certainly he was at this moment more grotesque and repulsive than he was pitiable, with his livid and streaming face, his wild eye, his mouth foaming with rage and suffering, and his tongue protruding. It must also be acknowledged that, even had there been in the throng any charitable soul tempted to give a cup of cold water to the miserable creature in his agony, so strong an idea of shame and ignominy was attached to the infamous steps of the pillory, that this alone would have sufficed to repel the Good Samaritan.

In a few minutes Quasimodo cast a despairing look upon the crowd, and repeated in a still more heartrending voice, "Water!"

Every one laughed.

"Drink that!" shouted Robin Poussepain, flinging in his face a sponge which had been dragged through the gutter. "There, you deaf monster! I owe you something."

A woman aimed a stone at his head: —

"That will teach you to wake us at night with your cursed chimes!"

"Well, my boy!" howled a cripple, striving to reach him with his crutch, "will you cast spells on us again from the top of the towers of Notre Dame?"

"Here's a porringer to drink out of!" added a man, letting fly a broken jug at his breast. "'Twas you who made my wife give birth to a double-headed child, just by walking past her."

"And my cat have a kitten with six feet!" shrieked an old woman, hurling a tile at him.

"Water!" repeated the gasping Quasimodo, for the third time.

At this moment he saw the crowd separate. A young girl, oddly dressed, stepped from their midst. She was accompanied by a little white goat with gilded horns, and held a tambourine in her hand.

Quasimodo's eye gleamed. It was the gypsy girl whom he had tried to carry off the night before,—a freak for which he dimly felt that he was even now being punished; which was not in the least true, since he was only punished for the misfortune of being deaf, and having been tried by a deaf judge. He did not doubt that she too came to be avenged, and to take her turn at him with the rest.

He watched her nimbly climb the ladder. Rage and spite choked him. He longed to destroy the pillory; and had the lightning of his eye had power to blast, the gypsy girl would have been reduced to ashes long before she reached the platform.

Without a word she approached the sufferer, who vainly writhed and twisted to avoid her, and loosening a gourd from her girdle, she raised it gently to the parched lips of the miserable wretch.

Then from that eye, hitherto so dry and burning, a great tear trickled, and rolled slowly down the misshapen face, so long convulsed with despair. It was perhaps the first that the unfortunate man had ever shed.

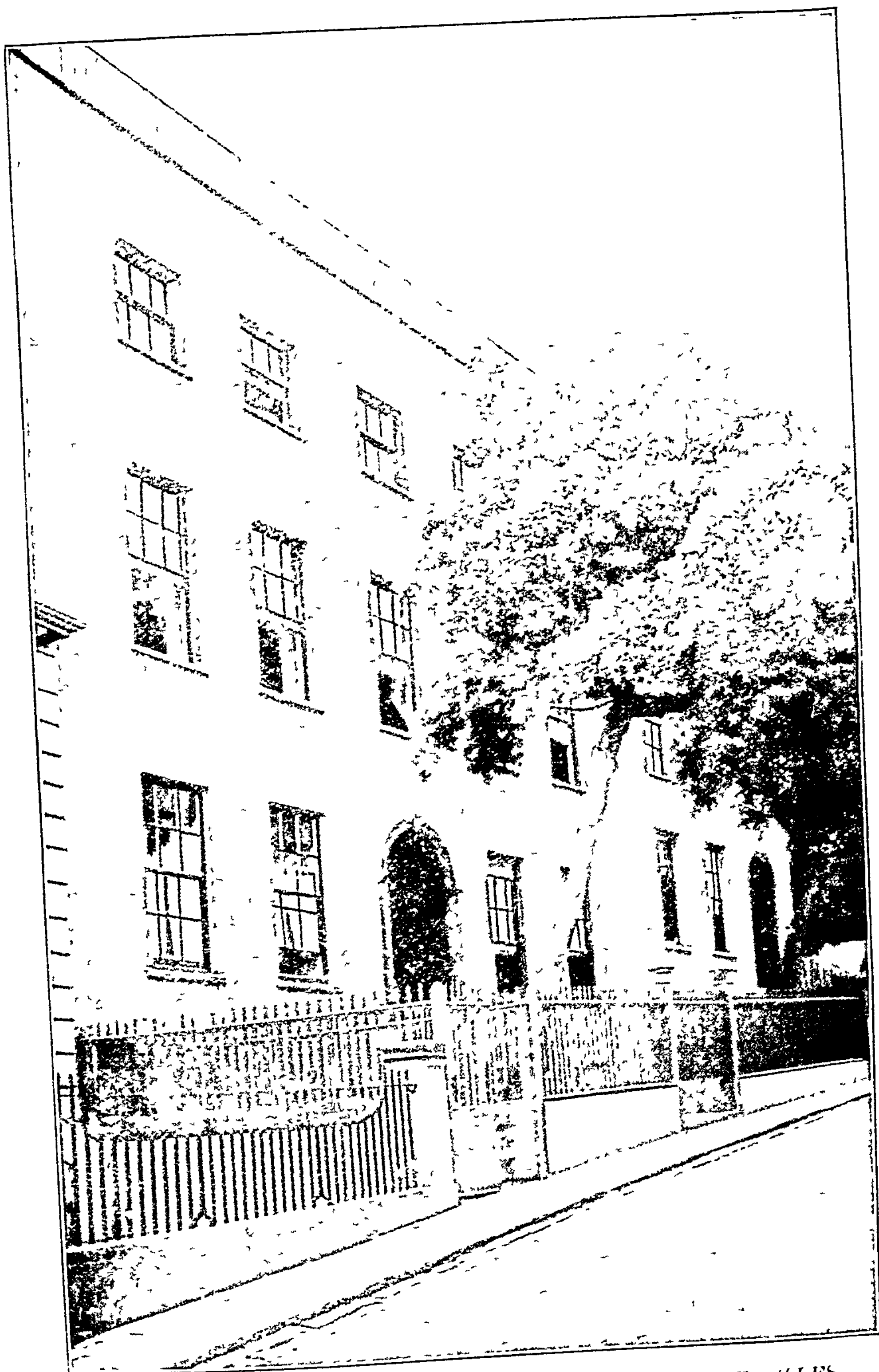
But he forgot to drink. The gypsy girl made her customary little grimace of impatience, and smilingly pressed the neck of the gourd to Quasimodo's jagged mouth.

He drank long draughts; his thirst was ardent.

When he had done, the poor wretch put out his black lips, doubtless to kiss the fair hand which had helped him. But the girl, perhaps not quite free from distrust, and mindful of the violent attempt of the previous night, withdrew her hand with the terrified gesture of a child who fears being bitten by a wild animal.

Then the poor deaf man fixed upon her a look of reproach and unutterable sorrow.

It would anywhere have been a touching sight, to see this lovely girl, fresh, pure, charming, and yet so weak, thus devoutly hastening to the help of so much misery, deformity, and malice. Upon a pillory, the sight was sublime.



VICTOR HUGO'S HOUSE AT GUERNSEY, WHERE "LES MISERABLES" WAS WRITTEN

The people themselves were affected by it, and began to clap their hands and shout: —

"Noel! Noël!"

It was at this instant that the recluse saw, from the window of her cell, the gypsy girl upon the pillory, and hurled her ominous curse at her head: —

"May you be accursed, daughter of Egypt! accursed! accursed!"



ALCINA THE ENCHANTRESS.

BY LUDOVICO ARIOSTO

(From the "Orlando Furioso.")

[LUDOVICO ARIOSTO, one of the greatest of Italian poets, was born at Reggio, in northern Italy, September 8, 1474. He was intended for the law by his father, but, at length, being allowed to follow his own inclinations, studied the classics and devoted himself to literature. About 1503 he settled in Ferrara and entered the service of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, who employed him in various political negotiations During his leisure hours throughout a period of ten years he wrote his masterpiece, "Orlando Furioso" (Orlando Mad), an epic poem in forty-five cantos, celebrating the achievements of the Paladins of Charlemagne in the wars between the Christians and the Moors. It is virtually a continuation of Boiardo's metrical romance, "Orlando Innamorato" (Orlando in Love). Ariosto subsequently joined the court of the cardinal's brother, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, and in 1512 was appointed governor of Garfagnana, a mountainous district infested with brigands. After a successful administration of three years he returned to Ferrara, where he died June 6, 1533. Besides his main work he wrote comedies, satires, sonnets, and Latin poems]

THE traveler, he, whom sea or mountain sunder
From his own country, sees things strange and new;
That the misjudging vulgar, which lies under
The mist of ignorance, esteems untrue.
Rejecting whatsoever is a wonder,
Unless 'tis palpable and plain to view.
Hence inexperience, as I know full well,
Will yield small credence to the tale I tell.

But be this great or small, I know not why
The rabble's silly judgment I should fear,
Convinced *you* will not think the tale a lie,
In whom the light of reason shines so clear.
And hence to you it is I only try
The fruit of my fatigues to render dear.

I ended where Erphila in guard
Of bridge and stream was seen, the passage barred.

Of finest metal was her armor bright,
With gems of many colors overspread,
The tawny jacinth, yellow chrysolite,
The emerald green of hue, and ruby red.
Mounted, but not on palfrey, for the fight;
In place of that, she on a wolf had sped,
Sped on a wolf towards the pass: and rode
On sell, that rich beyond all custom showed.

No larger wolf, I ween, Apulia roams;
More huge than bull; unguided by her hand:
Although upon no bit the monster foams,
Docile, I know not why, to her command
The accursed Plague, arrayed in surcoat, comes
Above her arms, in color like the sand;
That, saving in its dye, was of the sort
Which bishops and which prelates wear at court.

The giantess's crest and shield appear,
For ensign, decked with swoln and poisonous toad.
Her the two damsels to the cavalier
Before the bridge, prepared for battle, showed,
Threatening, as wont to some, with leveled spear,
To do the warrior scorn and bar the road.
Bidding him turn, she to Rogero cries;
A lance he takes, and threats her and defies.

As quick and daring, the gigantic Pest
Spurred her wolf, seated well for that dread game;
In mid career she laid her lance in rest,
And made earth quake beneath her as she came;
Yet at the encounter fierce the champaign pressed,
For underneath the casque, with steadfast aim,
So hard Rogero smote her, that he bore
The beldam backward six good yards and more:

And came already with his lifted blade,
Drawn for that end, to take her haughty head;
To him an easy task; for she was laid
Among the grass and flowers, like one that's dead.
But, "'Tis enough that she is vanquished," said
The pair: "no further press thy vengeance dread.

Sheathe, courteous cavalier, thy sword anew:
Pass we the river, and our way pursue."

Along the path, which through a forest lay
Roughish and somedeal ill to beat, they went.
Besides that strait and stony was the way,
This, nigh directly, scaled a hill's ascent.
But, when arrived upon the summit, they
Issued upon a mead of vast extent;
And a more pleasant palace on that green
Beheld, and brighter than was ever seen.

To meet the child, Alcina, fair of hue,
Advanced some way beyond the outer gate;
And, girded by a gay and courtly crew,
Rogero there received in lordly state:
While all the rest to him such honor do,
And on the knight with such deep reverence wait,
They could not have displayed more zeal and love,
Had Jove descended from the choirs above.

Not so much does the palace, fair to see,
In riches other princely domes excel,
As that the gentlest, fairest company
Which the whole world contains, within it dwell:
Of either sex, with small variety
Between, in youth and beauty matched as well:
The fay alone exceeds the rest as far
As the bright sun outshines each lesser star.

Her shape is of such perfect symmetry,
As best to feign the industrious painter knows,
With long and knotted tresses; to the eye
Not yellow gold with brighter luster glows.
Upon her tender cheek the mingled dye
Is scattered, of the lily and the rose
Like ivory smooth, the forehead gay and round
Fills up the space, and forms a fitting bound.

Two black and slender arches rise above
Two clear black eyes, say suns of radiant light;
Which ever softly beam and slowly move;
Round these appears to sport in frolic flight,
Hence scattering all his shafts, the little Love,
And seems to plunder hearts in open sight.

Thence, through mid visage, does the nose descend,
Where Envy finds not blemish to amend.

As if between two vales, which softly curl,
The mouth with vermeil tint is seen to glow:
Within are strung two rows of orient pearl,
Which her delicious lips shut up or show.
Of force to melt the heart of any churl,
However rude, hence courteous accents flow;
And here that gentle smile receives its birth,
Which opes at will a paradise on earth.

Like milk the bosom, and the neck of snow;
Round is the neck, and full and large the breast;
Where, fresh and firm, two ivory apples grow,
Which rise and fall, as, to the margin pressed
By pleasant breeze, the billows come and go.
Not prying Argus could discern the rest.
Yet might the observing eye of things concealed
Conjecture safely, from the charms revealed.

To all her arms a just proportion bear,
And a white hand is oftentimes descried,
Which narrow is, and somedeal long; and where
No knot appears, nor vein is signified.
For finish of that stately shape and rare,
A foot, neat, short, and round, beneath is spied.
Angelic visions, creatures of the sky,
Concealed beneath no covering veil can lie.

A springe is planted in Rogero's way,
On all sides did she speak, smile, sing, or move;
No wonder then the stripling was her prey,
Who in the fairy saw such show of love.
With him the guilt and falsehood little weigh,
Of which the offended myrtle told above.
Nor will he think that perfidy and guile
Can be united with so sweet a smile

No! he could now believe, by magic art,
Astolpho well transformed upon the plain,
For punishment of foul ungrateful heart,
And haply meriting severer pain.
And, as for all he heard him late impart,
'Twas prompted by revenge, 'twas false and vain.

By hate and malice was the sufferer stung,
To blame and wound the fay with slanderous tongue.

The beauteous lady whom he loved so well
Is newly banished from his altered breast;
For (such the magic of Alcina's spell)
She every ancient passion dispossessed:
And in his bosom, there alone to dwell,
The image of her love and self impressed.
So witched, Rogero sure some grace deserves,
If from his faith his frail affection swerves.

At board lyre, lute, and harp of tuneful string,
And other sounds, in mixed diversity,
Made, round about, the joyous palace ring,
With glorious concert and sweet harmony.
Nor lacked there well-accorded voice to sing
Of love, its passion and its ecstasy;
Nor who, with rare inventions, choicely versed,
Delightful fiction to the guests rehearsed.

What table, spread by whatsoever heir
Of Ninus, though triumphant were the board,
Or what more famous and more costly, where
Cleopatra feasted with the Latian lord,
Could with this banquet's matchless joys compare,
By the fond fairy for Rogero stored?
I think not such a feast is spread above,
Where Ganymede presents the cup to Jove.

They form a ring, the board and festive cheer
Removed, and sitting, play a merry game:
Each asks, still whispering in a neighbor's ear,
What secret pleases best; to knight and dame
A fair occasion, without let or fear,
Their love, unheard of any, to proclaim.
And in conclusion the two lovers plight
Their word, to meet together on that night.

Soon, and much sooner than their wont, was ended
The game at which the palace inmates play:
When pages on the troop with torches tended,
And with their radiance chased the night away.
To seek his bed the paladin ascended,
Girt with that goodly squadron, in a gay

And airy bower, appointed for his rest,
'Mid all the others chosen as the best.

And when of comfits and of cordial wine
A fitting proffer has been made anew,
The guests their bodies reverently incline,
And to their bowers depart the courtly crew.
He upon perfumed sheets, whose texture fine
Seemed of Arachne's loom, his body threw:
Hearkening the while with still attentive ears,
If he the coming of the lady hears.

At every movement heard on distant floor,
Hoping 'twas she, Rogero raised his head:
He thinks he hears; but it is heard no more,
Then sighs at his mistake: ofttimes from bed
He issued, and undid his chamber door,
And peeped abroad, but still no better sped:
And cursed a thousand times the hour that she
So long retarded his felicity.

"Yes, now she comes," the stripling often said,
And reckoned up the paces, as he lay,
Which from her bower were haply to be made
To that where he was waiting for the fay.
These thoughts, and other thoughts as vain, he weighed
Before she came, and, restless at her stay,
Often believed some hindrance, yet unscanned,
Might interpose between the fruit and hand.

At length, when dropping sweets the costly fay
Had put some end to her perfumery,
The time now come she need no more delay,
Since all was hushed within the palace, she
Stole from her bower alone, through secret way,
And passed towards the chamber silently,
Where on his couch the youthful cavalier
Lay, with a heart long torn by Hope and Fear.

When the successor of Astolpho spies
Those smiling stars above him, at the sight
A flame, like that of kindled sulphur, flies
Through his full veins, as ravished by delight
Out of himself, and now up to the eyes
Plunged in a sea of bliss, he swims outright.

He leaps from bed and folds her to his breast,
Nor waits until the lady be undressed;

Though but in a light sendal clad, that she
Wore in the place of farthingale or gown;
Which o'er a shift of finest quality,
And white, about her limbs the fay had thrown:
The mantle yielded at his touch, as he
Embraced her, and that veil remained alone,
Which upon every side the damsel shows,
More than clear glass the lily or the rose.

The plant no closer does the ivy clip,
With whose green boughs its stem is interlaced,
Than those fond lovers, each from either's lip
The balmy breath collecting, he embraced:
Rich perfume this, whose like no seed or slip
Bears in sweet Indian or Sabæan waste;
While so to speak their joys is either fixed,
That oftentimes those meeting lips are mixed.

These things were carried closely by the dame
And youth, or if surmised, were never bruited;
For silence seldom was a cause for blame,
But oftener as a virtue well reputed.
By those shrewd courtiers, conscious of his claim,
Rogero is with proffers fair saluted:
Worshiped of all those inmates, who fulfill
In this the enamored fay, Alcina's will.

No pleasure is omitted there; since they
Alike are prisoners in Love's magic hall.
They change their raiment twice or thrice a day,
Now for this use, and now at other call
'Tis often feast, and always holiday;
'Tis wrestling, tourney, pageant, bath, and ball;
Now underneath a hill by fountain cast,
They read the amorous lays of ages past;

Now by glad hill, or through the shady dale,
They hunt the fearful hare, and now they flush
With busy dog, sagacious of the trail,
Wild pheasant from the stubble field or bush.
Now where green junipers perfume the gale,
Suspend the snare, or lime the fluttering thrush,

And casting now for fish, with net or hook,
Disturb their secret haunts in pleasant brook.

Rogero revels there, in like delight,
While Charles and Agramant are troubled sore.
But not for him their story will I slight,
Nor Bradamant forget; who evermore,
'Mid toilsome pain and care, her cherished knight,
Ravished from her, did many a day deplore;
Whom by unwonted ways, transported through
Mid air, the damsel saw, nor whither knew.

Of her I speak before the royal pair,
Who many days pursued her search in vain;
By shadowy wood, or over champaign bare,
By farm and city, and by hill and plain;
But seeks her cherished friend with fruitless care,
Divided by such space of land and main:
Often she goes among the Paynim spears,
Yet never aught of her Rogero hears.

Of hundreds questioned, upon every side,
Each day, no answer ever gives content.
She roams from post to post, and far and wide
Searches pavilion, lodging, booth, or tent,
And this, 'mid foot or horseman, unespied,
May safely do, without impediment,
Thanks to the ring, whose more than mortal aid,
When in her mouth, conceals the vanished maid.

She cannot, will not, think that he is dead;
Because the wreck of such a noble knight
Would from Hydaspes' distant waves have spread,
To where the sun descends with westering light.
She knows not what to think, nor whither sped,
He roams in earth or air; yet, hapless wight,
Him ever seeks, and for attendant train
Has sobs and sighs, and every bitter pain.

At length to find the wondrous cave she thought,
Where the prophetic bones of Merlin lie,
And there lament herself until she wrought
Upon the pitying marble to reply;
For thence, if yet he lived, would she be taught,
Or this glad life to hard necessity

Had yielded up; and, when she was possessed
Of the seer's counsels, would pursue the best.

With this intention, Bradamant her way
Directed thither, where in Poictier's wood
The vocal tomb, containing Merlin's clay,
Concealed in Alpine place and savage, stood.
But that enchantress sage, who night and day
Thought of the damsel, watchful for her good,
She, I repeat, who taught her what should be
In that fair grotto her posterity;

She who preserved her with protecting care,
That same enchantress, still benign and wise,
Who, knowing she a matchless race should bear
Of men, or rather semi-deities,
Spies daily what her thoughts and actions are,
And lots for her each day, divining, tries,—
She all Rogero's fortune knew, how freed;
Then borne to India by the griffin steed:

Him on that courser plainly she had eyed,
Who would not the controlling rein obey;
When, severed by such interval, he hied,
Borne through the perilous, unwonted way,
And knew that he sport, dance, and banquet plied,
And lapt in idleness and pleasure lay,
Nor memory of his lord nor of the dame,
Once loved so well, preserved, nor of his fame.

And thus such gentle knight ingloriously
Would have consumed his fairest years and best
In long inaction, afterwards to be,
Body and soul, destroyed; and *that*, possessed
Alone by us in perpetuity,
That flower, whose sweets outlive the fragile rest
Which quickens man when he in earth is laid,
Would have been plucked or severed in the blade,

But that enchantress kind, who with more care
Than for himself he watched, still kept the knight,
Designed to drag him, by rough road and bare,
Towards true virtue, in his own despite;
As often cunning leech will burn and pare
The flesh, and poisonous drug employ aright:

Who, though at first his cruel art offend,
Is thanked, since he preserves us, in the end.

She, not like old Atlantes, rendered blind
By the great love she to the stripling bore,
Set not on gifting him with life her mind,
As was the scope of that enchanter hoar;
Who, reckless all of fame and praise declined,
Wished length of days to his Rogero more
Than that, to win a world's applause, the peer
Should of his joyous life forego one year.

By him he to Alcina's isle had been
Dispatched, that in her palace he might dwell,
Forgetting arms; and, as enchanter seen
In magic and the use of every spell,
The heart had fastened of that fairy queen,
Enamored of the gentle youth, so well,
That she the knot would never disengage,
Though he should live to more than Nestor's age.



THE PRINCE.

BY NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI.

[NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI, Florentine writer and statesman, was born May 3, 1469. He came of a noble but impoverished family, his father being Bernardo Machiavelli, a jurist. He was secretary of the council named "The Ten" from 1498 until the fall of the republic in 1512, and during this time was occupied in the voluminous correspondence of his bureau, in diplomatic missions to France, Germany, and the petty states of Italy, and in the organization of the Florentine militia. On the restoration of the Medici in 1512, he was banished, and in the following year arrested and subjected to torture on the charge of conspiracy, but was soon pardoned and liberated. The next eight years he spent in retirement and literary work, was then again employed as ambassador, and died at Florence, June 22, 1527. His chief works are: "The Prince" (Il Principe), a study of the founding and maintenance of a state, "Florentine History", "Art of War"; "Discourses on Livy", "Mandragola," and other comedies.]

OF CRUELTY AND CLEMENCY, AND WHETHER IT IS BETTER TO BE LOVED THAN FEARED.

To proceed to other qualities which are requisite in those who govern. A prince ought unquestionably to be merciful, but should take care how he executes his clemency. Cæsar



LUDOVICO ARIOSTO

From a painting by Titianus

Borgia was accounted cruel; but it was to that cruelty that he was indebted for the advantage of uniting Romagna to his other dominions, and of establishing in that province peace and tranquillity, of which it had been so long deprived. And, everything well considered, it must be allowed that this prince showed greater clemency than the people of Florence, who, to avoid the reproach of cruelty, suffered Pistoia to be destroyed. When it is necessary for a prince to restrain his subjects within the bounds of duty, he should not regard the imputation of cruelty, because by making a few examples, he will find that he really showed more humanity in the end, than he, who by too great indulgence, suffers disorders to arise, which commonly terminate in rapine and murder. For such disorders disturb a whole community, whilst punishments inflicted by the prince affect only a few individuals.

This is particularly true with respect to a new prince, who can scarcely avoid the reproach of cruelty, every new government being replete with dangers. Thus Virgil makes Dido excuse her severity, by the necessity to which she was reduced of maintaining the interests of a throne which she did not inherit from her ancestors:—

> Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
> Moliri, et latè fines custode tueri.—*Æn.* lib. i.

A prince, however, should not be afraid of phantoms of his own raising; neither should he lend too ready an ear to terrifying tales which may be told him, but should temper his mercy with prudence, in such a manner that too much confidence may not put him off his guard, nor causeless jealousies make him insupportable. There is a medium between a foolish security and an unreasonable distrust.

It has been sometimes asked whether it is better to be loved than feared; to which I answer that one should wish to be both. But as that is a hard matter to accomplish, I think, if it is necessary to make a selection, that it is safer to be feared than be loved. For it may be truly affirmed of mankind in general that they are ungrateful, fickle, timid, dissembling, and self-interested; so long as you can serve them, they are entirely devoted to you; their wealth, their blood, their lives, and even their offspring are at your disposal, when you have no occasion for them; but in the day of need, they turn their

back upon you. The prince who relies on professions courts his own destruction, because the friends whom he acquires by means of money alone, and whose attachment does not spring from a regard for personal merit, are seldom proof against reverse of fortune, but abandon their benefactor when he most requires their services. Men are generally more inclined to submit to him who makes himself dreaded, than to one who merely strives to be beloved; and the reason is obvious, for friendship of this kind, being a mere moral tie, a species of duty resulting from a benefit, cannot endure against the calculations of interest: whereas fear carries with it the dread of punishment, which never loses its influence. A prince, however, ought to make himself feared, in such a manner that if he cannot gain the love, he may at least avoid the hatred, of his subjects; and he may attain this object by respecting his subjects' property and the honor of their wives. If he finds it absolutely necessary to inflict the punishment of death, he should avow the reason for it, and above all things, he should abstain from touching the property of the condemned party. For certain it is that men sooner forget the death of their relations than the loss of their patrimony. Besides, when he once begins to live by means of rapine, many occasions offer for seizing the wealth of his subjects; but there will be little or no necessity for shedding blood.

But when a prince is at the head of his army, and has under his command a multitude of soldiers, he should make little account of being esteemed cruel; such a character will be useful to him, by keeping his troops in obedience, and preventing every species of faction.

Hannibal, among many other admirable talents, possessed in a high degree that of making himself feared by his troops; insomuch, that having led a very large army, composed of all kinds of people, into a foreign country, he never had occasion, either in prosperity or adversity, to punish the least disorder or the slightest want of discipline: and this can only be attributed to his extreme severity, and such other qualities as caused him to be feared and respected by his soldiers, and without which his extraordinary talents and courage would have been unavailing.

There have been writers notwithstanding, but, in my opinion, very injudicious ones, who, whilst they render every degree of justice to his talents and his splendid achievements,

still condemn the principle on which he acted. But nothing can in this respect more fully justify him than the example of Scipio, one of the greatest generals mentioned in history. His extreme indulgence towards the troops he commanded in Spain occasioned disorders, and at length a revolt, which drew on him from Fabius Maximus, in full senate, the reproach of having destroyed the Roman soldiery. This general having suffered the barbarous conduct of one of his lieutenants towards the Locrians to go unpunished, a senator, in his justification, observed that there were some men who knew better how to avoid doing ill themselves than to punish it in others. This excess of indulgence would in time have tarnished the glory and reputation of Scipio, if he had been a prince; but as he lived under a republican government, it was not only connived at, but redounded to his glory.

I conclude, then, with regard to the question, whether it is better to be loved than feared,—that it depends on the inclinations of the subjects themselves, whether they will love their prince or not; but the prince has it in his own power to make them fear him, and if he is wise, he will rather rely on his own resources than on the caprice of others, remembering that he should at the same time so conduct himself as to avoid being hated.

Whether Princes ought to be Faithful to their Engagements.

It is unquestionably very praiseworthy in princes to be faithful to their engagements; but among those of the present day, who have been distinguished for great exploits, few indeed have been remarkable for this virtue, or have scrupled to deceive others who may have relied on their good faith.

It should therefore be known that there are two ways of deciding any contest: the one by laws, the other by force. The first is peculiar to men, the second to beasts; but when laws are not sufficiently powerful, it is necessary to recur to force: a prince ought therefore to understand how to use both these descriptions of arms. This doctrine is admirably illustrated to us by the ancient poets in the allegorical history of the education of Achilles, and many other princes of antiquity, by the centaur Chiron, who, under the double form of man and beast, taught those who were destined to govern, that it was their

duty to use by turns the arms adapted to both these natures, seeing that one without the other cannot be of any durable advantage. Now, as a prince must learn how to act the part of a beast sometimes, he should make the fox and the lion his patterns. The first can but feebly defend himself against the wolf, and the latter readily falls into such snares as are laid for him. From the fox, therefore, a prince will learn dexterity in avoiding snares, and from the lion, how to employ his strength to keep the wolves in awe. But they who entirely rely upon the lion's strength, will not always meet with success: in other words, a prudent prince cannot and ought not to keep his word, except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the engagement still exist.

I should be cautious in inculcating such a precept if all men were good; but as the generality of mankind are wicked, and ever ready to break their words, a prince should not pique himself in keeping his more scrupulously, especially as it is always easy to justify a breach of faith on his part. I could give numerous proofs of this, and show numberless engagements and treaties which have been violated by the treachery of princes, and that those who enacted the part of the fox have always succeeded best in their affairs. It is necessary, however, to disguise the appearance of craft, and thoroughly to understand the art of feigning and dissembling; for men are generally so simple and so weak, that he who wishes to deceive easily finds dupes.

One example, taken from the history of our own times, will be sufficient. Pope Alexander VI. played during his whole life a game of deception; and notwithstanding his faithless conduct was extremely well known, his artifices always proved successful. Oaths and protestations cost him nothing; never did a prince so often break his word or pay less regard to his engagements. This was because he so well understood this chapter in the art of government.

It is not necessary, however, for a prince to possess all the good qualities I have enumerated, but it is indispensable that he should appear to have them. I will even venture to affirm that it is sometimes dangerous to use, though it is always useful to seem to possess them. A prince should earnestly endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice, and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess

all these good qualities, but still retain such power over himself as to display their opposites whenever it may be expedient. I maintain that a prince, and especially a new prince, cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion, and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances which may from time to time surround him. In a word, it will be as useful to him to persevere in the path of rectitude, while he feels no inconvenience in doing so, as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances dictate such a course. He should make it a rule, above all things, never to utter anything which does not breathe of kindness, justice, good faith, and piety: this last quality it is most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration. Every one sees your exterior, but few can discern what you have in your heart; and those few dare not oppose the voice of the multitude, who have the majesty of their prince on their side. Now, in forming a judgment of the minds of men, and more especially of princes, as we cannot recur to any tribunal, we must attend only to results. Let it then be the prince's chief care to maintain his authority; the means he employs, be what they may, will, for this purpose, always appear honorable and meet applause; for the vulgar are ever caught by appearances, and judge only by the event. And as the world is chiefly composed of such as are called the vulgar, the voice of the few is seldom or never heard or regarded.

There is a prince now alive (whose name it may not be proper to mention) who ever preaches the doctrines of peace and good faith; but if he had observed either the one or the other, he would long ago have lost both his reputation and dominions.[1]

Whether Fortresses and Some Other Things are really of Service to a Prince.

Some princes, in order to maintain themselves effectually in possession of their dominions, disarm their subjects. Others encourage divisions in the provinces subjugated to their rule. Some go so far as designedly to make themselves inimical to

[1] Ferdinand V, king of Aragon and Castile.

the people, while others strenuously endeavor to gain over those whom they had suspected at the commencement of their reign. One prince builds fortresses, and another razes them to the ground. It is not easy to determine what line of conduct is the best to adopt, without a thorough knowledge of the different states where the rules are to be applied. It will be sufficient therefore to treat this part of the subject in a general way.

A new prince never disarms his subjects; on the contrary, if he find them without the means of defense, he at once provides them with arms, and his subjects are thus converted into soldiers entirely devoted to his service. The suspected become thenceforth attached to his cause, his friends continue firm in their attachment, and all his people become his partisans.

It is, without doubt, impossible to arm every one; but if the prince is kind and obliging to those whom he does arm, he can have little to fear from the rest. Those who are in his service will think themselves honored by the preference, and those who are not, will readily excuse him, from a persuasion that the greatest merit is due to those who run the greatest dangers. But a prince who disarms his subjects forfeits their affection by the distrust which he betrays, and nothing is more likely to excite their hatred. In addition, it becomes necessary, under such circumstances, to support an army of mercenaries, the dangers of which I have before sufficiently explained. Besides, amongst other inconveniences, troops of this kind can never be efficient against a powerful enemy and disaffected subjects.

Thus it has always been a maxim with those who raise themselves to power, to arm their subjects. But when a prince acquires a new state, and annexes it as an appendage to his hereditary dominions, he should then disarm his subjects, excepting those who were favorable to his views antecedent to his new conquest; and even then it would still behoove him to soften and enervate, as occasion may require, in order that his whole military force may consist of his own subjects.

Some of our ancestors, who were deemed wise men, used to say that Pistoia should be restrained by domestic factions, and Pisa by fortresses. Upon which account they always fomented divisions and discord in the cities and towns where the people were suspected. This policy was well devised, considering the uncertain state of affairs in Italy at that time But it could scarcely be adopted now, because a town divided against itself

could never successfully withstand an enemy, for the latter would infallibly allure one of the two factions to its cause, and so become master of the place.

The Venetians, adopting this very policy, favored alternately the Guelphs and the Ghibellines in the cities subjected to their sway; and although they never suffered them to come to actual collision together, yet they incessantly fomented divisions, which prevented them from thinking of revolt; but Venice did not derive from such conduct the benefit which was anticipated; for her armies having been defeated at Vaila, one of these factions had the audacity to aspire to sovereign power, and was successful in the attempt.

These expedients argue weakness in a prince; for no government of any power will ever permit such divisions, although in times of peace they are unquestionably attended with less inconvenience, because they divert the attention of the people from rebellion, yet in time of war they betray the impotence of a state which must employ so weak a policy.

It is by conquering difficulties that princes raise themselves to power, and fortune cannot more successfully elevate a new prince, than by raising enemies and confederacies against him, thus stimulating his genius, exercising his courage, and affording him an opportunity of climbing to the highest degree of power. Many persons are therefore of opinion that it is advantageous for a prince to have enemies, which by preventing him from indulging in a dangerous repose will enable him to win the esteem and admiration not only of his faithful, but of his rebellious subjects.

Princes, and particularly new ones, have often experienced more zeal and fidelity from those subjects whom they suspected at the beginning of their reign, than from others in whom they placed more confidence at first. Pandolpho Petrucci, prince of Sienna, governed chiefly by the assistance of those whom he once suspected. It is, however, difficult to establish general rules upon a subject that must vary according to circumstances. I shall only observe that if those who are disaffected to the prince at the beginning of his reign stand in actual need of his protection, he may easily gain their support; and afterwards they will continue faithful to him, from a desire to efface by their services every unfavorable prejudice to which their former conduct may have given birth. Those, on the other hand, who have never opposed the prince's interest, will serve

him with that lukewarm zeal which is the invariable result of complete security.

But since the nature of my subject seems to require it, I cannot refrain from advising a prince who may have attained supreme authority by means of popular favor, minutely to examine the cause and motives of this good will: if it arise more from a hatred of the old government than from any interest inspired by the prince himself, he may, perhaps, find it no easy matter to preserve the people's affection, as it will be almost impossible ever to satisfy their wishes.

If we examine history, ancient or modern, we shall find it easier for a prince to gain the friendship of those who lived quietly under the preceding government, and were consequently averse to his accession, than to make others his friends who sided with him at first, and favored his enterprise merely from discontent.

Princes have sometimes erected fortresses for the purpose of more easily defending their states from the attacks of internal enemies, and in order to be able effectually to repel the first efforts at a revolt. This mode is an old and, in my opinion, a very good plan. Nevertheless, even in our own times, Nicholas Vitelli actually demolished the two fortresses of the city of Castello to effect the safety of that state; and Guy d'Ubaldo, duke of Urbino, having recovered his duchy from which he had been driven by Cæsar Borgia, razed all the fortresses, in order the more easily to maintain his conquest. The Bentivoglii acted in a similar manner at Bologna, when that state was restored to their dominion.

Fortresses are therefore useful or dangerous according to circumstances; and if in some cases they are serviceable, they are in others injurious. Thus a prince who is more in dread of his subjects than of foreign foes ought to fortify his cities; but if the reverse, he should abstain from such a course. The citadel which Francis Sforza built at Milan has caused more irreparable injury to his family than all the disturbances and disorders to which that duchy has ever been exposed.

There is no better fortress for a prince than the affection of the people. If he is hated by his subjects, all other fortresses will be in vain, for when they fly to arms, there will be no want of enemies without the walls to afford them assistance. Fortresses have been of little use to the princes of the present day, with the exception perhaps of the countess of Forli, who, after

the death of her husband Count Jerome, found herself enabled by such assistance to wait for succors from the state of Milan, whereby her authority was restored; yet even then she was greatly indebted to circumstances, which prevented her subjects from obtaining the assistance of foreign aid. When she was afterwards attacked by Cæsar Borgia, she must doubtless then, though perhaps too late, have become convinced that the best fortress for a prince is found in the people's affection.

After due reflection, therefore, I see no reason for blaming a prince, either for building fortresses, or abstaining from such a course; but he doubtless is deserving of the most decisive censure who is content to rely on their protection alone, regardless of the hatred of his subjects.

Exhortation to deliver Italy from Foreign Powers.

When I take a review of the subject-matter treated of in this book, and examine whether the circumstances in which we are now placed would be favorable to the establishment of a new government, honorable alike to its founder and advantageous to Italy, it appears to me that there never was, nor ever will be, a period more appropriate for the execution of so glorious an undertaking.

If it was necessary that the people of Israel should be slaves to Egypt, in order to elicit the rare talents of Moses; that the Persians should groan under the oppression of the Medes, in order to prove the courage and magnanimity of Cyrus; and that the Athenians should be scattered and dispersed, in order to make manifest the rare virtues of Theseus, it will be likewise necessary, for the glory of some Italian hero, that his country should be reduced to its present miserable condition, that they should be greater slaves than the Israelites, more oppressed than the Persians, and still more dispersed than the Athenians; in a word, that they should be without laws and without chiefs, pillaged, torn to pieces, and enslaved by foreign powers.

And though it has sometimes unquestionably happened that men have arisen, who appeared to be sent by Heaven to achieve our deliverance, yet jealous fortune has ever abandoned them in the midst of their career, so that our unfortunate country still groans and pines away in the expectation of a deliverer, who may put an end to the devastations in Lombardy, Tuscany, and the kingdom of Naples. She supplicates Heaven to raise

up a prince who may free her from the odious and humiliating yoke of foreigners, who may close the numberless wounds with which she has been so long afflicted, and under whose standard she may march against her cruel oppressors.

But on whom can Italy cast her eyes except upon your illustrious house, which, visibly favored by Heaven and the church, the government of which is confided to its care, possesses also the wisdom and the power necessary to undertake so glorious an enterprise? and I cannot think that the execution of this project will seem difficult if you reflect on the actions and conduct of the heroes whose examples I have above adduced. Though their exploits were indeed wonderful, they were still but men; and although their merit raised them above others, yet none of them certainly were placed in a situation so favorable as that in which you now stand. You have justice on your side; their cause was not more lawful than yours, and the blessing of God will attend you no less than them. Every war that is necessary is just; and it is humanity to take up arms for the defense of a people to whom no other resource is left.

All circumstances concur to facilitate the execution of so noble a project, for the accomplishment of which it will only be necessary to tread in the steps of those great men whom I have had an opportunity of mentioning in the course of this work. For though some of them, it is true, were conducted by the hand of God in a wonderful manner, though the sea divided to let them pass, a cloud directed their course, a rock streamed with water to assuage their thirst, and manna fell from heaven to appease their hunger, yet there is no occasion for such miracles at present, as you possess in yourself sufficient power to execute a plan you ought by no means to neglect. God will not do everything for us; much is left to ourselves, and the free exercise of our will, that so our own actions may not be wholly destitute of merit.

If none of our princes have hitherto been able to effect what is now expected from your illustrious house, and if Italy has continually been unfortunate in her wars, the evil has arisen from the defects in military discipline, which no person has possessed the ability to reform.

Nothing reflects so much honor on a new prince as the new laws and institutions established under his direction, especially when they are good and bear the character of grandeur. Now it must be acknowledged that Italy soon accommodates herself

to new forms. Her inhabitants are by no means deficient in courage, but they are destitute of proper chiefs; the proof of this is in the duels and other individual combats in which the Italians have always evinced consummate ability, whilst their valor in battles has appeared well-nigh extinguished. This can only be attributed to the weakness of the officers, who are unable to insure obedience from those who know, or think they know, the art of war. Thus we have seen the greatest generals of the present day, whose orders were never executed with exactness and celerity. These are the reasons why, in the wars in which we have been for the last twenty years engaged, the armies raised in Italy have been almost always beaten. Witness Tarus, Alexandria, Capua, Genoa, Vaila, Bologna, and Mestri.

If therefore your illustrious house is willing to regulate its conduct by the example of our ancestors, who have delivered their country from the rule of foreigners, it is necessary, above all things, as the only true foundation of every enterprise, to set on foot a national army; you cannot have better or more faithful soldiers, and though every one of them may be a good man, yet they will become still better when they are all united, and see themselves honored, caressed, and rewarded by a prince of their own.

It is therefore absolutely necessary to have troops raised in our own country, if we wish to protect it from the invasion of foreign powers. The Swiss as well as the Spanish infantry are highly esteemed, but both have defects which may be avoided in the formation of our troops, which would render them superior to both of those powers. The Spaniards cannot support the shock of cavalry, and the Swiss cannot maintain their ground against infantry that is equally resolute with themselves.

Experience has fully shown that the Spanish battalions cannot resist the French cavalry, and that the Swiss have been beaten by the infantry of Spain. And though there has not been any thorough trial with regard to the Swiss on this point, yet there was a sort of specimen at the battle of Ravenna, where the Spanish infantry came in contact with the German troops, who fought in the same order as the Swiss. Upon that occasion, the Swiss, having with their accustomed vivacity, and under the protection of their bucklers, thrown themselves across the pikes of the Germans, the latter were obliged to

give way, and would have been entirely defeated if their cavalry had not come to their relief.

It is necessary therefore to institute a military force possessing neither the defects of the Swiss or the Spanish infantry, and that may be able to maintain its ground against the French cavalry, and this is to be effected, not by changing their arms, but by altering their discipline. Nothing is more likely to make a new prince esteemed, and to render his reign illustrious.

Such an opportunity ought eagerly to be embraced, that Italy, after her long sufferings, may at least behold her deliverer appear. With what demonstrations of joy and gratitude, with what affection, with what impatience for revenge, would he not be received by those unfortunate provinces who have so long groaned under such odious oppression. What city would shut her gates against him, and what people would be so blind as to refuse him obedience? What rivals would he have to dread? Is there one Italian who would not hasten to pay him homage? All are weary of the tyranny of these barbarians. May your illustrious house, strong in all the hopes which justice gives our cause, deign to undertake this noble enterprise, that so, under your banners, our nation may resume its ancient splendor, and, under your auspices, behold the prophecy of Petrarch at last fulfilled.

Virtu contr' al furore
Prendera l' arme et sia il combatter corto
Che l' antico valore
Ne gl' Italici cuor non è ancor morto.

When virtue takes the field,
Short will the conflict be,
Barbarian rage shall yield
The palm to Italy:
For patriot blood still warms Italian veins,
Though low the fire, a spark at least remains.

FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET."

By SHAKESPEARE

Scene: Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo—

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
[JULIET *appears above, at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing: What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand,
O, that I were a glove upon that hand!
That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet— Ah me!

Romeo— She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Juliet—

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo—
Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*

Juliet—
'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Romeo— I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Juliet—
What man art thou, that thus, bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Romeo— By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Juliet—
My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Romeo—
Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Juliet—
How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefóre?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Romeo—
With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
Aud what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Juliet—
If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Romeo—
Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Juliet—
I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Romeo—
I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Juliet—
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Romeo—
By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Juliet—
Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word· yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore, pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Romeo—
Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Juliet—
O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Romeo—
What shall I swear by?

Juliet— Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Romeo— If my heart's dear love—

Juliet—
Well, do not swear· although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Romeo—
O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Juliet—
What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Romeo—
The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Juliet—
I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Romeo—
Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Juliet—
But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[Nurse *calls within.*
I hear some noise within· Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Romeo—
O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Reënter JULIET, *above.*

Juliet —

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world: —

Nurse [*within*] —

Madam.

Juliet —

I come, anon: — But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee, —

Nurse [*within*] —

Madam.

Juliet — By and by, I come: —

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send

Romeo — So thrive my soul, —

Juliet —

A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Romeo —

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light —
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring slowly.*

Reenter JULIET, *above.*

Juliet —

Hist! Romeo, hist! — O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Romeo —

It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Juliet —

Romeo!

Romeo — My sweet!

Juliet — At what o'clock to-morrow

Shall I send to thee?

Romeo — At the hour of nine.

Juliet—
I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Romeo—
Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Juliet—
I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Romeo—
And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Juliet—
'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Romeo—
I would, I were thy bird.

Juliet— Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Romeo—
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

Scene: Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Friar—
So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not.

Romeo—
Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Friar—
These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady: — O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Juliet —
Good even to my ghostly cónfessor.

Friar —
Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Juliet —
As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Romeo —
Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue,
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Juliet —
Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Friar —
Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

Scene : Juliet's Chamber.

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Juliet —
Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo—
It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet—
Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torchbearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Romeo—
Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow!
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet—
It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes:
O, now I would they had changed voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Romeo—
More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse—
Madam!

Juliet—
Nurse?

Nurse—
Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*

Juliet—
Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Romeo —
Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[ROMEO *descends.*

Juliet —
Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days,
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo

Romeo —
Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Juliet —
O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Romeo —
I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Juliet —
O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Romeo —
And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you.
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!



THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

BY THOMAS À KEMPIS.

[THOMAS À KEMPIS, the famous ecclesiastic and author, was so called from the town of Kempen, near Cologne, where he was born about 1380 His family name was Hamerken (Latinized, *Malleolus*, "little hammer"). At the age of twenty he entered the Augustinian monastery of Mount St Agnes, near Zwolle, Holland, where he was ordained priest (1413), became subprior (1429), and passed his entire life in seclusion. He died July 26, 1471 His writings consist of sermons, letters, hymns, etc , of which only the celebrated ascetical treatise, "De Imitatione Christi" (On the Following or Imitation of Christ), published in 1607, deserves mention. It is the most widely read book in Christian literature, with the exception of the Bible, and has passed through thousands of editions in the original Latin and in translations The authorship of the work has long been a subject of controversy. It is now generally assigned to à Kempis, but according to some investigators the theologian Jean Gerson, chancellor of the University of Paris, was the real author.]

Of Inordinate Affections.

Whensoever a man desireth anything inordinately, he becometh presently disquieted in himself.

The proud and covetous can never rest. The poor and humble in spirit dwell in the multitude of peace.

The man that is not yet perfectly dead to himself, is quickly tempted and overcome in small and trifling things.

The weak in spirit, and he that is yet in a manner carnal and prone to the things of sense, can hardly withdraw himself altogether from earthly desires.

And therefore he is often afflicted when he goeth about to withdraw himself from them; and is easily angered when any opposeth him.

And if he hath followed his appetite, he is presently disquieted with remorse of conscience; for that he hath yielded to his passion, which profiteth him nothing to the obtaining of the peace which he sought.

True quietness of heart therefore is gotten by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.

There is then no peace in the heart of a carnal man, nor in him that is given to outward things, but in the spiritual and devout man.

Of Avoiding Vain Hope and Pride.

He is vain that putteth his trust in man, or in creatures.

Be not ashamed to serve others for the love of Jesus Christ; nor to be esteemed poor in this world.

Presume not upon thyself, but place thy hope in God.

Do what lieth in thy power, and God will assist thy good will.

Trust not in thine own knowledge, nor in the skill of any living creature; but rather in the grace of God, who helpeth the humble, and humbleth those that are proud.

Glory not in wealth if thou have it, nor in friends because they are powerful; but in God who giveth all things, and who desireth to give thee Himself above all things.

Esteem not thyself for the height of thy stature nor for the beauty of thy person, which may be disfigured and destroyed by a little sickness.

Please not thyself in thy natural gifts or wit, lest thereby

thou displease God, to whom appertaineth all the good whatsoever thou hast by nature.

Esteem not thyself better than others, lest perhaps in the sight of God, who knoweth what is in man, thou be accounted worse than they.

Be not proud of welldoing; for the judgment of God is far different from the judgment of men, and that often offendeth Him which pleaseth them.

If there be any good in thee, believe that there is much more in others, that so thou mayest preserve humility.

It hurteth thee not to submit to all men: but it hurteth thee most of all to prefer thyself even to one.

The humble enjoy continual peace, but in the heart of the proud is envy, and frequent indignation.

That Too Much Familiarity is to be Shunned.

Lay not thy heart open to every one; but treat of thy affairs with the wise, and such as fear God.

Converse not much with the young, nor with strangers.

Flatter not the rich: neither do thou appear willingly before the great.

Keep company with the humble and single-hearted, with the devout and virtuous; and confer with them of those things that may edify. Be not familiar with any woman; but commend all good women in general to God.

Desire to be familiar with God alone and His Angels, and avoid the acquaintance of men.

We must have love towards all, but familiarity with all is not expedient.

Sometimes it falleth out, that a person unknown to us is much esteemed of, from the good report given him by others; whose presence notwithstanding is not grateful to the eyes of those who see him.

We think sometimes to please others by our society, and we rather displease them with those bad qualities which they discover in us.

Of Obedience and Subjection.

It is a great matter to live in obedience, to be under a superior and not to be at our own disposing.

It is much safer to obey than to govern.

Many live under obedience, rather for necessity than for love; such are discontented, and do easily repine. Neither can they attain to freedom of mind, unless they willingly and heartily put themselves under obedience for the love of God.

Go whither thou wilt, thou shalt find no rest, but in humble subjection under the government of a superior. Many have deceived themselves, imagining to find happiness in change.

True it is, that every one willingly doeth that which agreeth with his own liking, and inclineth most to those that are of his own mind.

But if God be amongst us, we must sometimes cease for the sake of peace to adhere to our own opinion.

Who is so wise that he can fully know all things?

Be not therefore too confident in thine own opinion; but be willing to hear the judgment of others.

If thy thought be good, and yet thou partest with it for God, and followest the opinion of another, this shall turn to thy good.

I have often heard, that it is safer to hear and to take counsel, than to give it.

It may also fall out, that a man's opinion may be good; but to refuse to yield to others when reason or a special cause requireth it, is a mark of pride and stiffness.

Of Avoiding Many Words.

Fly the tumult of the world as much as thou canst; for the treating of worldly affairs is a great hindrance, although it be done with sincere intention;

For we are quickly defiled, and enthralled by vanity.

Oftentimes I could wish that I had held my peace when I have spoken; and that I had not been in company.

Why do we so willingly speak and talk one with another, when notwithstanding we seldom cease our converse before we have hurt our conscience?

The cause why we so willingly talk, is for that by discoursing one with another, we seek to receive comfort one of another, and desire to ease our mind wearied with many thoughts:

And we very willingly talk and think of those things which

we most love or desire; or of those things which we feel to be against us.

But, alas, oftentimes in vain, and to no end; for this outward comfort is the cause of no small lots of inward and divine consolation.

Therefore we must watch and pray, lest our time pass away idly.

If it be lawful and expedient for thee to speak, speak those things that may edify.

Evil habit and neglect of our own growth in grace do give too much liberty to inconsiderate speech.

Yet discourse of spiritual things doth greatly further our spiritual growth, especially when persons of one mind and spirit associate together in God.

Of the Obtaining of Peace, and of Zealous Desire for Growth in Grace.

We might enjoy much peace, if we would not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other men, and with things which appertain nothing to our charge.

How can he abide long in peace, who trusteth himself into the cares of others, who seeketh occasions abroad, who little or seldom cometh to himself?

Blessed are the single-hearted; for they shall enjoy much peace.

Why were some of the Saints so perfect and contemplative? Because they labored to mortify themselves wholly to all earthly desires; and therefore they could with their whole heart fix themselves upon God, and be free for holy retirement.

We are too much led by our passions, and too solicitous for transitory things.

We also seldom overcome any one vice perfectly, and are not inflamed with a fervent desire to grow better every day; and therefore we remain cold and lukewarm.

If we were perfectly intent upon our own hearts, and not entangled with outward things, then should we be able to relish divine things, and to have some experience of heavenly contemplation.

The greatest, and indeed the whole impediment is that we are not free from passions and lusts, neither do we endeavor to

walk in the perfect way of the Saints; and when but a small adversity befalleth us, we are too quickly dejected, and turn ourselves to human consolations.

If we would endeavor like brave men to stand in the battle, surely we should feel the assistance of God from Heaven.

For He who giveth us occasion to fight, to the end we may get the victory, is ready to succor those that fight, and that trust in His grace.

If we esteem our progress in religious life to consist only in some outward observances, our devotion will quickly be at an end.

But let us lay the ax to the root, that being freed from passions, we may find rest to our souls.

If every year we would root out one vice, we should sooner become perfect men.

But how oftentimes we perceive, on the contrary, that we were better and purer at the beginning of our conversion, than after many years of our profession.

Our fervor and profiting should increase daily; but now it is accounted a great matter, if a man can retain but some part of his first zeal.

If we would do but a little violence to ourselves at the beginning, then should we be able to perform all things afterwards with ease and delight.

It is a hard matter to forego that to which we are accustomed, but it is harder to go against our own will.

But if thou dost not overcome small and easy things, when wilt thou overcome harder things?

Resist thy inclination in the very beginning, and unlearn evil habits, lest perhaps by little and little they draw thee to greater difficulty.

O if thou didst but consider how much inward peace unto thyself, and joy unto others, thou wouldest procure by demeaning thyself well, I think that thou wouldest be more careful of thy spiritual progress.

Of the Profit of Adversity.

It is good that we have sometimes some troubles and crosses; for they often make a man enter into himself, and consider that he is here in banishment, and ought not to place his trust in any worldly thing.

It is good that we be sometimes contradicted, and that men think ill or inadequately; and this, although we do and intend well.

These things help often to the attaining of humility, and defend us from vainglory: for then we are more inclined to seek God for our inward witness, when outwardly we be contemned by men, and when there is no credit given unto us.

And therefore a man should settle himself so fully in God, that he need not to seek many comforts of men.

When a good man is afflicted, tempted, or troubled with evil thoughts, then he understandeth better the great need he hath of God, without whom he perceiveth he can do nothing that is good.

Then also he sorroweth, lamenteth, and prayeth, by reason of the miseries he suffereth.

Then he is weary of living longer, and wisheth that death would come, that he might depart and be with Christ.

Then also he well perceiveth that perfect security and full peace cannot be had in this world.

Of Resisting Temptation.

So long as we live in this world we cannot be without tribulation and temptation.

Hence it is written in Job, "The life of man upon earth is a life of temptation."

Every one therefore ought to be careful about his temptations, and to watch in prayer, lest the devil find an advantage to deceive him; for he never sleepeth, but goeth about, seeking whom he may devour.

No man is so perfect and holy but he hath sometimes temptations, and we cannot be altogether without them.

Nevertheless temptations are often very profitable to us, though they be troublesome and grievous; for in them a man is humbled, purified, and instructed.

All the Saints passed through man's tribulations and temptations, and profited thereby.

And they that could not bear temptations became reprobate, and fell away.

There is no order so holy, nor place so secret, as that there be not temptations or adversities in it.

There is no man that is altogether free from temptations whilst he liveth on earth; for the root thereof is in ourselves, who are born with inclination to evil.

When one temptation or tribulation goeth away, another cometh; and we shall ever have something to suffer, because we are fallen from the state of our felicity.

Many seek to fly temptations, and fall more grievously into them.

By flight alone we cannot overcome, but by patience and true humility we become stronger than all our enemies.

He that only avoideth them outwardly and doth not pluck them by the roots, shall profit little; yea, temptations will the sooner return unto him, and will be more violent than before.

By little and little, and by patience with long-suffering, through God's help, thou shalt more easily overcome, than by violence and thine own disquietude.

Often take counsel in temptations, and deal not roughly with him that is tempted; but give him comfort, as thou wouldest wish to be done to thyself.

The beginning of all evil temptations is inconstancy of mind and small confidence in God.

For as a ship without a helm is tossed to and fro by the waves, so the man who is careless and forsaketh his purpose is many ways tempted.

Fire trieth iron, and temptation a just man.

We know not oftentimes what we are able to do, but temptation shows us what we are.

Yet we must be watchful, especially in the beginning of the temptation; for the enemy is then more easily overcome, if he be not suffered to enter the door of our hearts, but be resisted at the very gate, on his first knocking.

Wherefore one said, "Withstand the beginnings: the remedy is applied too late, when the evil has grown strong through long delay."

For first there cometh to the mind a bare thought of evil, then a strong imagination thereof, afterwards delight and evil emotion, and then consent.

And so by little and little our wicked enemy getteth complete entrance, for that he is not resisted in the beginning.

And the longer a man is negligent in resisting, the weaker does he become daily in himself, and the stronger the enemy against him.

Some suffer great temptations in the beginning of their conversion; others in the latter end.

Others again are much troubled almost through the whole of their life.

Some are but slightly tempted, according to the wisdom and equity of the Divine appointment, which weigheth the states and deserts of men, and ordaineth all things for the welfare of His own chosen ones.

We ought not therefore to despair when we are tempted, but so much the more fervently to pray unto God, that He will vouchsafe to help us in all tribulations; for He will surely, according to the words of St. Paul, make with the temptation a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it.

Let us therefore humble our souls under the hand of God in all temptations and tribulations; for He will save and exalt the humble in spirit.

In temptations and afflictions a man is proved, how much he hath profited; and his reward is thereby the greater, and his graces do more eminently shine forth.

Neither is it any such great thing if a man be devout and fervent, when he feeleth no affliction; but if in time of adversity he bear himself patiently, there is hope then of great growth in grace.

Some are kept from great temptations, and in small ones which do daily occur are often overcome; to the end that, being humbled, they may never presume on themselves in great matters, while they are worsted in so small things.

Of Avoiding Rash Judgment.

Turn thine eyes unto thyself, and beware thou judge not the deeds of other men. In judging of others a man laboreth in vain, often erreth, and easily sinneth; but in judging and examining himself, he always laboreth fruitfully.

We often judge of things according as we fancy them; for private affection bereaves us easily of a right judgment.

If God were always the pure object of our desire, we should not be so easily troubled, through the repugnance of our carnal mind.

But oftentimes something lurketh within, or else occurreth from without, which draweth us after it.

Many secretly seek themselves in what they do, and know it not.

They seem also to live in good peace of mind, when things are done according to their will and opinion; but if things happen otherwise than they desire, they are straightway moved and much vexed.

The diversities of judgments and opinions cause oftentimes dissensions between friends and countrymen, between religious and devout persons.

An old custom is hardly broken, and no man is willing to be led farther than himself can see.

If thou dost more rely upon thine own reason or industry, than upon that power which brings thee under the obedience of Jesus Christ, it will be long before thou become illuminated; for God will have us perfectly subject unto Him, that, being inflamed with His love, we may transcend the narrow limits of human reason.

Of Works done out of Charity.

For no worldly thing, nor for the love of any man, is any evil to be done; but yet, for the welfare of one that standeth in need, a good work is sometimes to be intermitted without any scruple, or even to be changed for a better.

For by doing this, a good work is not lost, but changed into a better.

Without charity the outward work profiteth nothing; but whatsoever is done of charity, be it never so little and contemptible in the sight of the world, it becomes wholly fruitful.

For God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh, than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much.

He doeth much that doeth a thing well. He doeth well that rather serveth the common weal than his own will.

Oftentimes a work seemeth to be of charity, and it is rather a work of the flesh; because natural inclination, self-will, hope of reward, and desire of our own interest are motives seldom absent.

He that hath true and perfect charity seeketh himself in nothing; but only desireth in all things that the glory of God should be exalted.

He also envieth none, because he seeketh no private good;

neither doth he will to rejoice in himself, but wisheth above all things to be made happy in the enjoyment of God.

He attributeth nothing that is good to any man, but wholly referreth it unto God, from whom as from their fountain all things proceed; in whom finally all the Saints do rest as in their highest fruition.

If a man had but one spark of true charity, he would certainly discern that all earthly things are full of vanity.

Of Bearing with the Faults of Others.

Those things that a man cannot amend in himself or in others, he ought to suffer patiently, until God order them otherwise.

Think that perhaps it is better so for thy trial and patience, without which all our good deeds are not much to be esteemed.

Thou oughtest to pray notwithstanding when thou hast such impediments, that God would vouchsafe to help thee, and that thou mayest bear them rightly.

If one that is once or twice warned will not give over, contend not with him: but commit all to God, that His will may be done, and His name honored in all His servants, who well knoweth how to turn evil into good.

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be: for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.

If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldest, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

We will have others severely corrected, and will not be corrected ourselves.

The large liberty of others displeaseth us; and yet we will not have our own desires denied us.

We will have others kept under by strict laws; but in no sort will ourselves be restrained.

And thus it appeareth, how seldom we weigh our neighbor in the same balance with ourselves.

If all men were perfect, what should we have to suffer of our neighbor for the sake of God?

But now God hath thus ordered it, that we may learn to

THE DUKE OF GUISE AND HENRY II.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

(From "The Page of the Duke of Savoy.")

[ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PÈRE, French novelist and dramatist, was born July 24, 1803, his grandmother was a Haytian negress. His youth was roving and dissipated, the few years after he became of age were spent in Paris experimenting in literary forms, at twenty-six he took the public by storm with his play "Henry III and his Court." He was probably the most prolific great writer that ever lived, his works singly and in collaboration amounting to over two thousand volumes; he had some ninety collaborators, few of whom ever did successful independent work A catalogue of his productions would fill many pages of this work. The most popular of his novels are "The Three Musketeers" series (including "Twenty Years After" and "The Viscount de Bragelonne"), and "The Count of Monte Cristo" He died December 5, 1870]

AT this moment a servant of the cardinal, who had been placed on guard by his Eminence, hastily raised the tapestry, and cried: —

"The king!"

"Where?" asked Catherine.

"At the end of the grand gallery," replied the servant.

Catherine looked at Duc François, as if to question him as to what had better be done.

"I shall wait for him," he said.

"Wait for him, monseigneur," said M. de Nemours; "you are a taker of cities and a winner of battles, and you may wait for all the kings in the world with a bearing loftier than theirs. But do you not believe that when his Majesty meets here the Cardinal de Lorraine and the Duc de Guise he may find that quite enough without me?"

"Yes," said Catherine, "there is no use in his finding you here. — The key, my dear cardinal."

Charles de Lorraine, who held the key in his hand, ready for use at any moment, gave it hastily to the queen. The door opened before the Duc de Nemours, and was just shut discreetly on the news teller, when Henri de Valois, with gloomy face and wrinkled forehead, appeared at the threshold of the opposite door.

If we have followed the Duc de Guise first, instead of the constable, it was not because what was to pass in the apartments of Madame de Valentinois would be less interesting than what

we have seen pass in the apartments of Catherine de Médicis; but it was because François de Guise was a greater personage than M. de Montmorency, as, indeed, we have said, and because Catherine de Médicis was a greater lady than Madame de Valentinois. — Honor to whom honor is due.

But now that we have shown our deference for the royal supremacy, let us see what took place in the apartment of the fair Diane, and try to find out why King Henri presented himself before his wife with gloomy face and wrinkled forehead.

The arrival of the constable was no more a mystery for the Duchesse de Valentinois than the return of the Duc de Guise was a secret for Queen Catherine de Médicis. Each was staking her cards on the table, Catherine crying, "Guise!" and Diane, "Montmorency!"

Just as there were scandalous stories told of the queen and the cardinal, so wicked tongues wagged, as we have said already, on the subject of the relations between the favorite and the constable. Now, how did it happen that an old man of sixty-eight, peevish, crotchety, and brutal, became the rival of a king full of grace and gallantry, twenty-eight years younger? It is a mystery the solution of which we leave to those skillful anatomists who claim that no fiber of the heart can escape their investigation.

But what was real, incontestable, and visible to all eyes, was the almost passive obedience of the fair Diane, — that favorite who was more of a queen than the true queen, not only to the wishes, but even to the whims, of the constable.

It is true this had lasted for twenty years; that is to say, from the time when Diane was thirty and the constable forty-eight.

It was, therefore, with an exclamation of joy that she heard announced: —

"Monseigneur le Connétable de Montmorency."

She was not, however, alone; in a corner of the apartment, half reclining on a pile of cushions, two fair children were testing the joys of life, into which they had entered through the gate of love: they were the young Queen Mary Stuart and the little Dauphin François, married now for the last six months, and more in love, perhaps, than on the eve of their marriage.

The young sovereign was trying to fix on the head of her husband a velvet cap, which was a little too large for it, but which she was insisting was the right size.



FRANÇOIS DE LORRAINE, DUC DE GUISE

From an original print engraved in 1665

They were so deeply engrossed in this grave occupation that, important as was, politically speaking, the announcement of the return of the illustrious prisoner to Paris, they did not hear it, or, if they did hear it, they did not pay the least attention to it.

Love is such a beautiful thing at fifteen and seventeen that a year of love then is worth twenty years of existence! Was not François II., dying at the age of nineteen, after two years of happiness with the young and beautiful Mary, more fortunate than the latter, who lived thirty years longer than he, but spent three of those thirty years in flight and eighteen in prison?

But Diane, without paying any attention to the two charming beings who were living their exceptional and favored life in a corner of the apartment, went with open arms towards the constable, and offered him her forehead to kiss.

More prudent than she, he stopped as he was about to press his lips on it, and exclaimed: —

"Ha! we are not alone, it seems, my fair duchess."

"You are right, my dear constable," she replied.

"Of course I am! I may be old, but my eyes are still good enough to see something stirring yonder."

Diane burst out laughing. "The something stirring yonder," said she, "is the Queen of England and Scotland and the heir to the crown of France. But don't be alarmed; they are too busy with their own affairs to concern themselves about ours."

"Hum!" said the constable, "are matters going on so badly on the other side of the Channel that even these young brains are troubled about them?"

"My dear constable, the Scotch might be at London, or the English at Edinburgh, — which would be, in either case, great news, — yet, though this news were cried as loudly as that of your return, I question if either of these two children would turn their heads to hear it. Oh, no, they are absorbed by things much more important: they are in love, my dear constable. What is the kingdom of England and Scotland to them, in comparison with that word *love*, which gives the kingdom of heaven to those who pronounce it between two kisses?"

"Ah, siren that you are!" murmured the old constable. "But, come now, how are our affairs getting on?"

"Why, now that you are here," said Diane, "I think they

are likely to get on marvelously well. The peace is concluded, or very nearly so; M. de Guise is about to be forced to sheathe his sword; as there is no need of a lieutenant general, but as there is always need of a constable, my own dear constable will soon have his head above water, and take first place in the kingdom, instead of the second."

"The game has not been badly played, *tête Dieu!*" said the constable. "Remains the question of ransom. You know, my fair Diane, that I have been released on parole, but that I owe two hundred thousand crowns."

"Well, then?" asked the duchess, with a smile.

"Well, then, *mille diables!* I count on not having to pay this ransom."

"For whom were you fighting, my dear constable, when you were taken?"

"*Pardieu!* it was for the king, I should think, though the wound I received was, beyond any doubt, for myself."

"Well, then, the king shall pay it; but I thought I heard it said, my dear constable, that if I brought the negotiations for peace to a successful end, Duke Emmanuel, who is a generous prince, would probably make you a present of these two hundred thousand crowns."

"Did I say so?" asked the constable.

"You did not say so to me: you wrote it."

"The devil!" said the constable, laughing; "it will, then, be necessary to make you a partner in the speculation. Well, look here; we are going to play fair and open. Yes, the Duke of Savoy did release me from the obligation of paying these two hundred thousand crowns; but as my fine nephew, the admiral, is too proud a fellow to accept such a release, I shall not say a single word to him about it."

"Good! so that he will hand you over his one hundred thousand crowns, just as if you had to pay them to Emmanuel Philibert?"

"Perfectly correct."

"And that makes three hundred thousand free of all liabilities?"

"Yes, decidedly! they owe the pleasure of being in my hands to the fair Duchesse de Valentinois. But, as the laborer deserves his hire, this is what we are going to do with these three hundred thousand crowns ——"

"In the first place," interrupted the duchess, "we must

apply two hundred thousand to indemnify our dear constable for the expenses of his campaign, and for the loss and prejudice his eighteen months' imprisonment have caused him."

"Do you think it too much?"

"Our dear constable is a lion, and it is just that he should have the lion's share.—And the remaining hundred thousand?"

"Will be divided thus: half—that is to say, fifty thousand—will buy trinkets and knickknacks for the adornment of my fair duchess; and fifty thousand will endow our poor children, who are sure, besides, to be in a very wretched condition if the king does not add something to the portion an unhappy father can give his son only by bleeding himself to death!"

"It is true our daughter Diane has already her dowry as Duchesse de Castro, and this dowry is a hundred thousand crowns. But know right well, my dear constable, that if the king, in his munificence, chooses to think that it is not enough for the wife of a Montmorency and the daughter of a king, it is not I who, when he loosens his purse strings, shall attempt to tighten them."

The constable regarded the favorite with a sort of admiration.

"Good!" said he; "does our king still wear the magic ring you placed on his finger?"

"Always," answered the duchess, smiling; "and as I fancy I hear his Majesty's steps, you are going to have the proof of it."

"Ah, ah!" said the constable, "he always comes, then, by this corridor, and always has the key of this door?"

And, in fact, the king had the key of the secret door of Diane, just as the cardinal had the key of the secret door of Catherine.

There were many secret doors in the Louvre, and all had one key, when they had not two.

"Good!" said the duchess, regarding her venerable adorer with an ineffable smile of mockery; "are you going to be jealous of the king now?"

"I ought, perhaps," grumbled the old soldier.

"Ah, take care!" said the duchess, not able to resist the temptation of alluding to the proverbial avarice of Montmorency; "it would be a sort of jealousy that would entail a

loss to you of two hundred per cent, and it is not your habit to place so high a figure on ——" She was about to say, "your love," but she checked herself just as the words were on the tip of her tongue.

"On what?" asked the constable.

"On your money," said the duchess.

At this moment the king entered.

"Oh, sire," cried Diane, rushing towards him, "you have come, then! It is well, for I was on the point of sending for you. Our dear constable has arrived, as you see, as young and as proud as Mars still."

"Yes," said the king, employing the mythological language of the time, "and his first visit has been to Venus; I do not say: 'To every lord his due honor; but to all beauty its due royalty.' — Your hand, my dear constable."

"*Mordieu!* sire," said Montmorency, crossly, and with a scowl on his face, "I do not know whether I ought to give you my hand."

"Indeed! and why so?" asked the king, smiling.

"Well," answered the constable, scowling more and more, "it looks as if you had somewhat forgotten me yonder."

"Forgotten you, my dear constable?" cried the king, placed on the defensive, though he had such very good reasons for taking the offensive.

"Oh, I know! M. de Guise has been sounding his trumpet in your ears!"

"Faith!" retorted Henri, who could not refrain from responding by a home thrust to the feint of Montmorency, "you can hardly prevent a conqueror from sounding his trumpet."

"Sire," returned Montmorency, rising like a fighting cock on his spurs, "some defeats are as illustrious as victories!"

"Yes," said the king, "but hardly as profitable, you must admit."

"Hardly as profitable, — hardly as profitable," snarled the constable; "very true! But war is a game in which the ablest may lose the stakes: the king, your father, knew something about that!"

Henri blushed slightly.

"And as to the city of Saint-Quentin," continued the constable, "it seems to me that if it has surrendered ——"

"In the first place," interrupted Henri, "the city of Saint-Quentin has not surrendered; the city of Saint-Quentin has

been taken, and taken after a heroic defense, as you know! The city of Saint-Quentin has saved France, which —— "

Henri hesitated.

"Yes, finish; which the battle of Saint-Laurent had destroyed: is not that what you were about to say? That is what you mean, is it not? Yes, yes; get yourself bruised and wounded and imprisoned for the sake of a king, and then see what a sweet compliment the king will pay you in return for all!"

"No, my dear constable," said Henri, whom a look of Diane had reduced to repentance, — "no, I do not say so; quite the contrary. I only said that Saint-Quentin has made an admirable defense."

"Ah, indeed! for all that, your Majesty has nicely treated its defender!"

"Coligny? What could I do more, my dear constable, than pay his ransom as well as yours?"

"Let us not talk of that, sire. Just as if I was thinking of the ransom of Coligny! no, I am referring to the imprisonment of Dandelot."

"Ah! excuse me, my dear constable," returned the king; "but M. Dandelot is a heretic!"

"As if we were not all affected in that way, more or less. Perhaps, sire, you presume to think you may go to Paradise yourself?"

"Why not?"

"Stuff! you will go there in the same fashion as old Marshal Strozzi, who died a renegade. Ask your friend M. de Vieilleville what were his last words."

"What were they?"

"They were, 'I deny God; my holiday is over!' And when M. de Guise replied, 'Take care, marshal! you are about to appear in the presence of Him whom you deny!' — 'All right!' answered the dying man, snapping his fingers; 'I shall be to-day where all who have died for the last six thousand years are!' — Well, sire, why do you not have his body disinterred and burned on the Grève? You have a stronger reason for doing so than in ordinary cases. This man died for you; the others have only been wounded."

"Constable," said the king, "you are unjust!"

"Unjust? Pshaw! where is M. Dandelot, then? Inspecting the cavalry, as his duty enjoins, or resting in his château

after that famous siege of Saint-Quentin, during which, as you acknowledge yourself, he has wrought miracles? No! he is in prison in the château of Melun; and why? Because he has told you frankly his opinion about the Mass! Oh, *mordieu!* sire, I don't know what keeps me from turning Huguenot and offering my sword to M. de Condé!"

"Constable!"

"And when I think that my poor dear Dandelot probably owes his imprisonment to M. de Guise ——"

"Constable, I swear to you that neither of the Guises had anything at all to do with the matter."

"What! you mean to tell me that this is not a plot of your damned cardinal?"

"Constable, you desire one thing, do you not?" said the king, eluding the question.

"What?"

"It is the release of M. Dandelot, is it not, in honor of your return, and to show how much we rejoice at having you here again?"

"*Mille diables!*" cried the constable, "I should think I desire it! It is not only my desire; it is my will!"

"My cousin," objected the king, with a smile, "you know the king himself says, 'It is our will!'"

"Well, then, sire," said Diane, "say: 'It is our will that our good servant Dandelot be set at liberty, in order that he may be present at the marriage of our well-beloved daughter Diane de Castro to François de Montmorency, Comte de Damville.'"

"Yes," said the constable, still grumbling; "if, nevertheless, this marriage takes place ——"

"And why should it not take place?" asked Diane. "Do you consider the couple too poor to set up housekeeping?"

"Oh! if it is only that," said the king, always enchanted at getting out of a difficulty by the expenditure of money, "we'll find a hundred thousand crowns for them somewhere in the treasury chest of our domains."

"That is not the question, by any manner of means!" said the constable. "*Mille diables!* who is talking here of money? I have my doubts about the marriage for quite a different reason."

"And for what, pray?" asked the king.

"Well, because the marriage is disagreeable to your good friends, the Guises."

"In truth, constable, you are fighting against phantoms."

"Against phantoms! And what reason brings Duc François de Guise to Paris except to oppose a marriage that may add new luster to my house,—although, for that matter," added Montmorency, insolently, "Madame de Castro is but a bastard."

The king bit his lips; Diane blushed; but Henri, not wishing to appear to notice the last phrase, said:—

"In the first place, my dear constable, you are mistaken: M. de Guise is not in Paris."

"Where is he, then?"

"In the camp at Compiègne."

"And you mean to tell me you have not given him leave of absence?"

"Leave of absence for what?"

"To come to Paris!"

"I have not given M. de Guise any leave."

"Then, sire, M. de Guise has come to Paris without leave, that's all."

"You are mad, constable! M. de Guise knows too well what he owes to me to quit the camp without my permission."

"The fact is, sire, that the duke owes you much,—owes you a very great deal, indeed; but he has forgotten what he owed you."

"But are you quite sure, constable," said Diane, also launching her dart, "that M. de Guise has committed—I don't quite know how to term it—what name is given to a breach of discipline?—has committed this impropriety?"

"Excuse me," said Montmorency; "I saw him."

"When?" asked the king.

"A few moments ago."

"Where?"

"At the gates of the Louvre. It was there we met."

"And pray how is it I have not seen him?"

"Because, instead of turning to the right, he went to the left, and instead of visiting the apartments of the king he visited those of the queen.

"You say M. de Guise is with the queen."

"Oh, don't let your Majesty be alarmed," said the constable; "I am willing to wager that he is not the only one with her, and that M. le Cardinal is a good third."

"Ah!" cried the king, "that is what we are about to see. Wait for me here, constable; I shall not be gone a moment."

The king left, furious, while Montmorency and Diane exchanged a look of vengeance, and Mary and François, who had heard nothing, a kiss of love.

Now this was why Henri II. had appeared on the threshold of Queen Catherine's apartment with gloomy face and wrinkled forehead.

The attitude of our three characters was entirely different, and gave a correct idea of the state of their minds.

Queen Catherine was near the private door, with her back against the tapestry, and her hand, which held the key, behind her; her face was somewhat pale; a thrill ran through her whole body, for ambition has its mysterious emotions that resemble those of love.

The cardinal, dressed in a costume half military, half ecclesiastical, was near a table covered with papers and trinkets; his closed hand rested firmly on the table, and served him as a support.

Duc François stood far away from both, facing the door; he looked like a champion holding the lists against all comers and ready to meet all blows. His costume was almost military, — the only parts of his armor wanting were the helmet and cuirass; with his long boots all covered with mud, with his great sword clinging to his side, like some inflexible and faithful friend, he had that aspect he knew so well how to assume on the field of battle when waves of enemies broke against the breast of his horse, as the tumultuous waves of ocean break against some sharp-pointed rock. Having uncovered in presence of the royal majesty, he held in his hand his felt hat shaded by a cherry-colored plume; but his lofty figure, straight and rigid as that of an oak, did not vary a particle from its upright posture before the king.

Henri was about to come in collision with that commanding dignity of demeanor which made a certain great lady of the period say that, when in presence of the Duc de Guise, all other gentlemen became common.

He stopped, as the pebble that strikes the wall stops, as the lead that strikes the iron.

"Ah! it is you, my cousin," said he. "I am astonished to find you here; I believed you were in command of the camp at Compiègne."

"Exactly like myself, sire," he answered: "no one could have been more surprised than I was to meet M. de Montmorency at the gates of the Louvre; I believed him a prisoner in Antwerp."

Henry bit his lips at this stern reply.

"It is true he is returned, monsieur," said he; "but I have paid his ransom, and for two hundred thousand crowns I have had the pleasure of seeing an old servant and a faithful friend again."

"Does your Majesty estimate at the value of only two hundred thousand crowns the cities you are surrendering, as I am assured, to England, Spain, and Piedmont? As you are surrendering very nearly two hundred, that would make only a thousand crowns a city."

"I restore those cities, monsieur, not to ransom M. de Montmorency, but to purchase peace."

"I had believed until now that—in France, at least—peace was purchased by victories."

"It is because, being a Lorraine prince, monsieur, you know the history of France badly. Have you forgotten, among others, the treaties of Brétigny and Madrid?"

"No, sire; but I did not believe there was identity or even resemblance between the situations. After the battle of Poitiers, King John was a prisoner in London; after the battle of Pavia, King François I. was a prisoner in Toledo. To-day, King Henri II., at the head of a magnificent army, is the all-powerful tenant of the Louvre. Why, then, renew, in full prosperity, the disasters of the fatal epochs of France?"

"M. de Guise," said the king, haughtily, "have you calculated the rights I gave you when I named you lieutenant general of the realm?"

"Yes, sire. After the disastrous battle of Saint-Laurent, after the heroic defense of Saint-Quentin, when the enemy was at Noyon; when M. de Nevers had only two or three hundred gentlemen around him; when affrighted Paris was flying through her broken barriers; when the king, from the highest tower of the château of Compiègne, was examining the Picardy road, determined to be the last to retire before the enemy,—not like a king who must not expose himself to danger, but like a general, a captain, a soldier who guards a retreat,—you called me, sire, and named me lieutenant of your realm. My right from that moment was to save France, which M. de

Montmorency had ruined. What have I done, sire? I have brought back to France the Army of Italy; I have delivered Bourg; I have torn the keys of your kingdom from the girdle of Queen Mary Tudor by recovering Calais; I have regained Guines, Ham, and Thionville; I have surprised Arlon, repaired the disasters of Gravelines, and after a furious war, have collected in the camp of Compiègne an army twice as numerous as it was at the time I took command. Was that one of my rights, sire?"

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," stammered Henri, embarrassed.

"Then your Majesty must permit me to say that I do not at all understand the question you have just addressed to me, 'Have you calculated the rights I gave you when I named you lieutenant general of the realm?'"

"I meant, M. le Duc, that among the rights which a king gives to one of his subjects, the right of remonstrance is rarely comprised."

"In the first place," replied Duc François, with an inclination so slight and an affectation of courtesy so careless that it became impertinent, "I would take the liberty of drawing your Majesty's attention to the fact that I have not precisely the honor of being your subject; after the death of Duke Albert, the Emperor Henri III. gave the duchy of Upper Lorraine to Gerald of Alsace, first hereditary duke and founder of our house. I received this duchy from my father, and he from his. By the grace of God, what I received from my father I shall leave to my son. If great things may be compared with small, it is what you do, sire, with the kingdom of France."

"Do you know, cousin," said Henri, wishing to give the conversation an ironical turn, "that what you have said inspires me with a certain fear?"

"Fear of what, sire?" asked the duke.

"Fear that France may one day have a war with Lorraine."

The duke bit his lips.

"Sire," he replied, "the fear is more than improbable; but if such a thing should happen, and, as a sovereign prince, I was forced to defend my patrimony against your Majesty, I swear to you it would be only on the breach of my last fortress that I should sign a treaty as disastrous as that to which you have consented."

"M. le Duc!" exclaimed Henri, throwing back his head and raising his voice.

"Sire," replied M. de Guise, "let me tell you what I think and what all of us think who belong to the *noblesse*. The authority of a constable is such, it is claimed, that in a case of extreme necessity, he may pledge a third of the kingdom. Well, without other necessity than that of leaving a prison of which he is tired, M. le Connétable costs you more than a third of your realm, sire. Yes, of your realm,—for I consider as of your realm all that conquered land of Piedmont which has cost the crown of France more than forty millions of gold, and the soil of France more than a hundred thousand of its children; for I consider of your realm those fine parliaments of Turin and Chambéry which, as well as many others, the late king, your lord and father, instituted there after the French manner; for I consider as of your realm all those fair Transalpine cities in which so many of your subjects had established their households and taken such root that gradually the inhabitants were abandoning their corrupted Italian, and speaking as good French as is spoken in Lyons or Tours."

"Well," asked Henri, embarrassed at having to answer such arguments, "for whom do I abandon all this? For my father's daughter, for my sister Marguerite."

"No, sire; you abandon it for Duke Emmanuel Philibert, her husband, your most cruel enemy, your most inveterate antagonist. Once married, the Princess Marguerite is no longer the daughter of the king your father; the Princess Marguerite is no longer your sister; the Princess Marguerite is Duchess of Savoy. Now, do you wish me to tell you what will happen, sire? This is what will happen: the Duke of Savoy will no sooner be restored to his dominions than he will tear up all your father has planted there; and this he will do so effectively that all the glory acquired by France in Italy during the last twenty-six or thirty years will be completely extinguished, and you may abandon forever the hope of conquering the duchy of Milan. And yet it is not that which disturbs my mind and afflicts my soul most; it is the fact that you offer such advantages to the lieutenant general of King Philip, to the representative of that Spanish house which is our most fatal enemy. Just think of it, sire! by means of the Alps, all the passes of which Emmanuel Philibert holds, Spain is at the gates of Lyons!—Lyons, which, before this peace, was in

the center of your kingdom, and which to-day is a frontier city."

"Oh, with regard to that matter," replied Henri, "you have no reason at all to be disturbed, cousin. Duke Emmanuel Philibert, in virtue of an arrangement made between us, passes from the Spanish service into ours. Should M. le Connétable die, his sword is promised to the Duke of Savoy."

"And doubtless that is why," replied François de Guise, bitterly, "Duke Emmanuel Philibert took it from him in advance at Saint-Quentin?"

Then as the king made an impatient gesture,—

"Pardon me, sire," continued the duke; "I am wrong, and such questions ought to be treated more seriously. So Duke Emmanuel Philibert is to succeed M. de Montmorency? So M. de Savoie is to hold in his hands the *fleur-de-lis* sword? Well, sire, take care that on the day you place that sword in his possession he does not use it as the Count of Saint-Paul did, who, like the Duke of Savoy, was also a foreigner, being of the house of Luxembourg. King Louis XI. and the Duke of Burgundy also made a peace one fine day, as you wish to do, or have already done, with the King of Spain; one of the conditions of this peace was that the Count of Saint-Paul should be Constable of France, and he was; but he was hardly constable when he began to treacherously support the Duke of Burgundy, his first master, and marched on from treason to treason, as may be read in the 'Memoirs of Philippe de Comines.'"

"Good!" replied Henri; "since you refer me to the 'Memoirs of Philippe de Comines,' I am willing to base my answer on these Memoirs. What was the result of all the treasons of Saint-Paul? that he lost his head, was it not? Well, listen to this, cousin, on the first treason of Duke Emmanuel, I swear to you,—and you hear this from my own lips,—that he shall be dealt with exactly as was the Constable of Saint-Paul by my predecessor Louis XI. But, thank God! no such necessity will arise," continued the king. "Duke Emmanuel Philibert, far from forgetting what he owes us, will always have before his eyes the position we have made for him. Besides, we retain the marquisate of Saluces in the midst of his territories, as a mark of honor for the crown of France, and in order that the Duke of Savoy, his children and his posterity, may never forget that our kings formerly conquered and possessed all Piedmont and Savoy, but that, in favor of a daughter of France

who married into their house, all these conquests and possessions on both sides of the mountains were restored, or rather made over as a gift, to the said house, to render it, by this boundless liberality, more obedient and devoted to the crown of France."

Then as the king saw that M. de Guise did not seem to set a very high value on this marquisate of Saluces reserved to the crown of France, he added: —

"Moreover, if you will have the goodness to reflect on the matter, you must see as well as I that the seizure of the territories of the poor prince who was father of the present Duke of Savoy was a very tyrannical usurpation on the part of the late king, my lord and father; for he really had not any right at all on his side, and to banish a son in this way from the duchy of his father and strip him of everything, was surely not acting as a good Christian; and though I had no other motive than that of relieving the soul of the king my father from such a sin, I would restore to Emmanuel Philibert what belongs to him."

The duke bowed.

"Well," asked Henri, "you do not answer, M. de Guise?"

"Yes, sire. But since the excitement of your Majesty has led you to accuse even the king your father of tyranny, it is no longer, — I who esteem King François I. a great king and not a tyrant,—it is no longer to King Henri II., it is to King François I. that I have to render an account of my conduct. Just as you have judged your father, sire, your father shall judge me; *and as I believe the judgment of the dead more infallible* than the judgment of the living, being condemned by the living, I appeal to the dead."

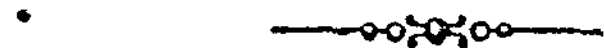
Thereupon, approaching that fine portrait of François I. by Titian which is to-day one of the glories of the Museum of the Louvre, but which then was the chief ornament of the room in which this discussion took place, and which we have just related, with the object of proving to our readers that it was not the edge of the sword, but the fascinating graces of a woman which led to the signing of the fatal treaty of Câteau-Cambrésis, —

"O King François!" said the duke, "you who were armed by Bayard, and called the Knightly King, — a title that contained all the glorious characteristics of the kings your predecessors, — you loved sieges and battles too much during your

life, and were too much attached to your fair realm of France not to view from on high what is passing amongst us! You know what I have done and what I wished to do still; but I am arrested in my career, O my king! and they prefer a peace, the signing of which costs us more than would thirty years of reverses! The sword of a lieutenant general of the kingdom is, then, useless; and as I do not wish it to be said that such a peace was consented to as long as the Duc de Guise had his sword by his side, I, François de Lorraine, who never yet surrendered his sword, surrender it now to you, my king, the first for whom I have drawn it, and who knows its value!"

At these words, the duke loosened the sword from his belt, hung it up as a trophy on the frame of the picture, bowed and went from the room, leaving the King of France furious, the cardinal utterly depressed, and Catherine triumphant.

In fact, the vindictive Florentine saw but one thing in all this: it was the insult offered by François de Guise to Madame de Valentinois, her rival, and to the constable, her enemy.



THE MISCHIEVOUS APE.

By MATTEO BANDELLO.

(Translated by Thomas Roscoe)

[MATTEO BANDELLO: A Piedmontese story-writer, born 1480, died 1562. He was a Dominican friar, and became bishop of Agen, France, in 1550. He wrote two hundred and fourteen "novelle."]

IN the time of Lodovico Sforza, the unfortunate Duke of Milan, there was kept, among other living curiosities in the ducal palace, a large and beautiful ape, whose amusing yet harmless manners, full of practical jests and witticisms, had long obtained for him the liberty of going at large. Such indeed was his reputation for prudence and good conduct, that he was not merely permitted the range of the whole palace, but frequently visited the outskirts, in the vicinity of Maine, of Cusano, and San Giovanni, and was not unfrequently seen conversing with some friend upon the walls. In fact most people were eager to show their respect for him by presenting him with fruits and other dainties, no less from regard to his ducal

patron, than to his own intrinsic merits. The singular pleasure he afforded to all classes of society, by his happy talents of various kinds, was always a sufficient passport from place to place. But his favorite resort, among many others, was the house of an ancient gentlewoman, situated in the parish of San Giovanni, upon the walls; where he cultivated the society of her two sons, one of whom in particular, though at the head of a family, invariably received his monkey guest in the most amiable manner, making him as much at home as if he had been the lady's favorite lapdog. These young men, perceiving their aged mother amused with the animal's unequaled exhibitions of his art, vied with each other in paying the most gratifying attentions to his monkeyship; and would certainly, had he not happened to have been ducal property, either have purchased or stolen him, merely out of regard to their mother. The whole household, likewise, received orders to treat him with the same invariable kindness and respect, studying what appeared most agreeable to his taste, so as to give him an affection for the old lady's house This last motive weighed so greatly with his apeship, that he almost deserted his other neighbors, in order to enjoy more of the society of these very agreeable friends; although he was careful to return to his own ducal residence at the castle in the evening. During this time the aged lady becoming very infirm, no longer left her chamber, where she was affectionately attended by her whole family, who supplied her with every alleviation in the power of medical advice to bestow. Thither, occasionally, our facetious hero was also introduced for the purpose of awakening a smile on the wan features of the patient, by his strange and amusing manners, receiving some delicate morsels in return from the poor lady's own hand. As he possessed a natural taste, in common with most of his race, for every kind of sweets, he was in the habit of besieging the old lady's room with great perseverance and assiduity, feasting upon the best confectionery with far higher zest than the poor patient herself. Worn out at length, by long infirmities and age, she soon after departed this world, having first with becoming piety confessed herself, and received the holy sacraments of our church, with the communion and extreme unction at the final close.

While the funeral ceremonies were preparing, and the last offices rendered to the deceased, the monkey appeared to pay remarkable attention to all that was going forward. The

corpse being dressed, and placed on the funeral bier, the holy sisterhood then attended with the usual ceremonies, offering up hymns and aves to the Virgin for the soul of the deceased. The body was afterwards borne to the parish church not far distant, not unobserved by the monkey, who watched the procession depart. But he soon turned his attention to the state of things around him; and after feasting on the cake and wine, being a little elevated, he began to empty the boxes and drawers, and examine the contents. Having observed the deceased in her last habiliments, and the form of her head-dress when she was laid out, the facetious ape immediately began to array himself in the cast-off garments, exactly in the manner he had witnessed; and so perfect was the resemblance, that when he had covered himself up in bed, the physician himself would have been puzzled to detect the cheat. Here the false patient lay, when the domestics entered the chamber; and suddenly perceiving the monkey thus dexterously laid out, they ran back in the utmost terror and surprise, believing that they had really seen either the corpse or the spirit of the deceased. After recovering sufficient presence of mind to speak, they declared, as they hoped to be saved, that they had seen their mistress reposing upon her sick couch as usual. On the return of the two brothers with their friends and relatives from church, they directly resolved to ascend in a body into the sick chamber, and night already approaching, they all felt, in spite of their affected indifference, an unpleasant sensation on entering the room. Drawing near the bedside, they not only fancied they saw and heard a person breathe, but observing the coverings move, as if the patient were about to spring from the couch, they retreated with the utmost precipitation and alarm. When they had recovered their spirits a little, the guests requested that a priest might be sent for, to whom, on his arrival, they proceeded to explain the case. On hearing the nature of it, the good friar, being of a truly prudent and pious turn, dispatched a person back for his clerk, with orders to bring him the large ivory crucifix, and the illuminated psalter. These, with the help of holy water, the wafer, and the priest's stole, were judged a sufficient match for the devices of the Evil One; and thus armed, repeating the seven psalms, with due ejaculations to the Virgin, they once more ascended the stairs, the clerk, in obedience to the friar, bearing the huge ivory crucifix at their head. He had pre-

viously exhorted the brothers to have no fears for the fin salvation of their parent, as the number and excellence of h confessions were an effectual preservative against the mo diabolical efforts of the adversary. He maintained that the was not the least cause for alarm, for what the servants h beheld were merely Satanic illusions, which he had frequent been in the habit of dispelling with singular success; and th having made use of his exorcisms, he would then bless t house, and with the Lord's help, lay such a curse upon the b spirits, as would deprive them of the least inclination to retur

When they arrived at the chamber door, all the guests, spite of these encouraging exhortations and the sprinkling holy water, drew back, while the bold friar ordered his cle to advance in the name of the Lord; which he did, followe only by his superior. Approaching the sick bed, they perceiv Monna Bertuccia, our facetious ape, laid out as we have sai in perfect personification of the deceased. After mumbli some prayers, and flourishing the cross in vain, for some tim they began to entertain doubts of their success, though at t same time they felt ashamed to retreat. So sprinkling the ho water with a more liberal hand, crying: "*Asperges me, domin asperges me;*" they complimented the ape with a portion of in his face. Expecting upon this to be next saluted with blow of the huge cross, he suddenly began to grin and chatt in so horrible a manner that the sacred vessel fell from t priest's hands, and the clerk at the same time dropping t crucifix, they both fled together. Such was their haste th they stumbled, one over the other, down the stairs, the prie falling upon his clerk, when they reached the bottom.

On hearing the sudden crash, and the terrified exclamatio of the good friar, "*Jesus, Jesus, Domine, adjuva me,*" the brot ers, followed by the rest of the party, rushed towards the spo eagerly inquiring what dreadful accident had occurred. Bot of the holy personages gazed on the guests, without being ab to utter a word; but their pallid looks spoke volumes sufficie to answer all demands. The poor clerk fainted away, no le from excess of fear than from the terrible fall he had ju received. Having obliged both to partake of some restor tives, the priest at length summoned courage enough to say "It is true, my dear children, I have indeed seen your po departed mother in the form of a fierce demon;" when just he had finished these words, the cause of all their disturban

desirous of securing the remnants of the feast, was heard approaching at a pretty brisk and clattering pace down the unlucky stairs. Without giving any of the party time to discover a fresh place of refuge, or even to prepare their minds for his reception, he bounced suddenly into the room, armed cap-a-pie, in the fearful petticoats of the deceased. His head was dressed to a nicety exactly in the same manner as the old lady's, and his whole body very decently arrayed in her late habiliments. He placed himself in the midst of the company, all of whom stood rooted to the spot, silent and awe-stricken, awaiting the dreadful scene that might ensue. The wrinkles in his countenance certainly bore no small resemblance to those in the features of the deceased, to which his very serious demeanor added not a little. Yet after a few secret ejaculations for divine protection on the part of the guests, the facetious visitor was soon recognized by one of the brothers, the only person who had possessed courage to look the monkey in the face, on his sudden entrance into the room. Momentary prayers and exclamations were then as suddenly converted into bursts of laughter; and in a few minutes, the author of all their sufferings began to resume the usual hilarity of his disposition, to exhibit his best maneuvers in the saltic art, and with the greatest politeness, severally to accost the company. He evinced, however, the utmost aversion to disrobing himself of his new honors, snapping at any one who ventured to approach him, while he performed his antics in the ablest and most whimsical manner. In full dress he thus set out on his return to the castle, meeting with reiterated plaudits, as he passed along the streets. In this state, he was welcomed home by the domestics of the castle, producing infinite diversion among the courtiers, and all those who witnessed his exploits. Nor did the two brothers punish him for his involuntary fault; rather kindly permitting him to return to his old haunts, where he feasted and frolicked away his days, until he attained to a happy and respectable old age.

A LOVER OF LIES.

BY ORTENSIO LANDO.

(From "The Italian Novelists": translated by Thomas Roscoe)

It was said of Messer Leandro de' Traversari, canon of Ravenna, that, from the opening to the close of his mortal career, he invariably evinced the most decided enmity to truth. He had such a total disregard for this invaluable quality that if he ever happened to stumble upon the truth, he betrayed as much melancholy and regret as if he had actually sinned against the Holy Ghost. Besides, he was not merely the most notorious asserter of "the thing which is not" himself, but the cause of falsehood in others, compelling his very friends and dependents to confirm his wicked statements, under penalty of incurring his most severe spiritual displeasure.

There was a certain Florentine, who had lately entered into his service, and who, perceiving his master's peculiarity in this respect, resolved not merely to humor him in it, but to add something further on his own part, in order the better to recommend himself to his notice. He one day availed himself of an opportunity, when walking with the good canon in the gardens of the archbishop, near the city, to give his master a specimen of his inventive powers. Observing the gardener employed in planting cauliflowers, the prelate happened to remark, "These cauliflowers grow to a surprising size; their bulk is quite prodigious; I believe no one can bring them to such rare perfection as my gardener." As the latter did not care to contradict this testimony, so favorable to his character, Messer Leandro subjoined to the observation of his superior, "Yes, my lord; but if you had ever seen those that grow in Cucagna, you would not think these so very extraordinary in point of size." "Why, how large may they grow?" inquired the archbishop. "How large?" returned Messer Leandro, "I can scarcely give your lordship an idea of it. In those parts I hear it is no uncommon thing for twenty knights on horseback to take shelter together under their huge cabbage leaves." The archbishop expressing no slight astonishment at these words, the wily Florentine stepped forward to his master's relief, saying: "Your excellency will not be so much surprised,

when I inform your excellency that I have myself seen these magnificent cabbages growing in that strange country; and I have seen the immense caldrons in which they are boiled, of such a vast construction that twenty workmen are engaged in framing them at once; and it is said that the sound of their hammers cannot be heard from opposite sides, as they sit in the huge vessel to complete their work." The noble prelate, whose intellect was not of the highest order, opened his eyes still wider upon the Florentine, exclaiming, that he fancied such a capacious saucepan would contain sufficient food, were it rightly calculated, for the whole people of Cairo at one meal.

While they were thus engaged, a person made his approach, with an ape upon his shoulders, intended as a present for the venerable archbishop, who, turning towards the canon, with a smiling countenance, noticed the very singular resemblance between the human figure and that of the sagacious animal before them. "It is my serious opinion," continued he, "that if the beast had only a little more intellect, there would not be so much difference between him and ourselves, as some people imagine."—"I trust," replied the worthy canon, "your lordship would not mean to insinuate that monkeys really want sense; for, if so, I can soon, I think, convince your lordship of the contrary, by a story pretty apposite to the purpose.

"The noble lord Almerico was one day feasting the good bishop of Vicenza, having given orders to his cook to prepare all the varieties and delicacies of the season. Now the cook was in possession of an excellent method of guarding the treasures of his kitchen; for which purpose he kept an invaluable ape, excellently tutored to the business. No man, not even the boldest, ventured to steal the least thing in his presence, until a certain footman, from Savignano, more greedy than a horse-leech, and unable to check his thieving propensities, hit upon what he considered a safe means of eluding the monkey's observation. He began to cultivate his acquaintance by performing all kinds of amusing tricks, and bribing him to be in good humor. The moment he perceived the ape busily engaged in imitating what he saw, the rogue, binding a handkerchief over his own eyes, in a short time handed it likewise to the mimic, and with secret pleasure beheld him fastening it over his face; during which time he contrived to lay his hands upon a fat capon, which the ape, though too late, soon afterwards perceived. The head cook upon this occasion gave his monkey-

ship so severe a flogging that, being doubly cautious, the next time the thievish footman repeated the same tricks, and proceeded to bandage his eyes, the wily animal, instead of imitating him, stared around him with all his eyes, pointing at the same time to his paws, as if advising him to keep his hands from picking and stealing; so that the rogue was, this time, compelled to depart with his hands as empty as they came. Finding that all his arts were of no avail——" The archbishop, here overpowered with wonder and delight, exclaimed, "If this be only true, it is one of the most astonishing things I ever heard." The assiduous Florentine upon this again interposed in his master's behalf, crying out with singular force of gesticulation: "As I hope to be saved at the last day, please your grace, what my honored patron has just advanced is every particle of it true; and as your grace appears to take a particular pleasure in listening to strange and almost unaccountable events, I will now beg leave to add a single story in addition to those of my noble patron, however inferior in point of excellence:—

"During the last vintage, I was in the service of a gentleman at Ferrara, of the name of Libanoro, who took singular pleasure in fishing, and used frequently to explore the recesses of the vale of Santo Appollinare. This master of mine had also an ape in his possession, considerably larger than your excellency's, and, while he was in the country, he commissioned me to take along with me to Ferrara this said ape, a barrel of white wine, and a fat pig; in order to present them to a certain convenient ruffian, whom he kept in his service. So I took a boat, and plying oars and sail, while we were bounding along the waters, I gave the skiff a sudden jerk, which made the pig's fat sides shake, and he went round like a turnspit, performing the strangest antics. So loud and vehement were his lamentations, that they seemed to annoy his apeship excessively, who after in vain trying to stop his ears and nose, at length seized the plug out of the barrel that stood near him, and fairly thrust it down the pig's throat, just as he was opening it to give another horrible cry. Both the wine and the pig were in extreme jeopardy, the one actually choking, and the other running all away. I tried to save as much of it as I could; but my immoderate laughter almost prevented me, so much was I amused at his ingenious contrivance. So that your grace may perceive," continued the mendacious Floren-

tine, "that my master speaks the simple truth, in asserting that these animals are possessed of great acuteness of intellect." Now, on returning home, the good canon thus addressed his servant: "I thought, sirrah, there was no man living who could tell a lie with a bolder and better face than myself; but you have undeceived me: you are the very prince of liars and impostors; the father of lies himself could not surpass you!" —"Your reverence," replied the Florentine, "need not be surprised at that, when I inform you of the advantages I have enjoyed in the society of tailors, millers, and bargemen, who live upon the profit they bring. But if from this time forth, you insist upon my persevering in confirming so many monstrous untruths as you utter, I trust that you will consent to increase my wages, in consideration of so abominable a business."—"Well then, listen to me," replied his master; "when it is my intention to come out with some grand and extraordinary falsehood, I will take care to tell you the evening before, and at the same time I will always give you such a gratuity as shall make it worth your while. And if I should happen to tell a good story after dinner, as you stand behind my chair, and you swear to having seen it, very innocently, you may depend upon it you shall be no loser." This his servant agreed to do, upon condition that he would observe some bounds, and keep up some show, at least, of reason and probability; which the honest canon said, so far as he was able, he would try to do; adding that if they were not reasonable lies, the servant should not be bound by the contract, and might return the gift.

Thus the most wonderful adventures continued to be related at the good canon's table, and what is more extraordinary, they were all very dexterously confirmed. So going on very amicably together, the canon, one evening intending to impose a monstrous lie upon one of his friends, took down a pair of old breeches, and presented them to his servant as the requisite gift. In the morning, attending his master to church as usual, he heard him, after service, relating a story to one of the holy brotherhood, who stood swallowing it all, with a very serious face, how in the island of Pastinaca the magpies are accustomed to get married in proper form and ceremony; and how, after laying, and sitting upon their eggs for the space of a month, they bring forth little men, not larger than ants, but astonishingly bold and clever. The Florentine upon this could no longer restrain his feelings, crying out before the whole com-

pany: "No, no, I cannot swear to this neither; so you may take back your breeches, master, and get somebody else in my place."



STORIES FROM THE "HEPTAMERON."

BY MARGARET OF NAVARRE

[MARGARET OF NAVARRE, daughter of Charles of Orleans (Duke of Angoulême) and sister of Francis I of France, was born at Angoulême, April, 1492 In 1509 she married the Duke of Alençon, who was killed in the battle of Pavia, and in 1527 Henri d'Albret, king of Navarre, to whom she bore a daughter, Jeanne, mother of the great French monarch, Henry IV. After the death of her second husband (1544) she assumed the direction of the kingdom of Navarre. She encouraged agriculture, the arts, and to a certain extent embraced the cause of the Reformation The "Heptameron," modeled on Boccaccio's "Decameron," is her chief contribution to literature. She died in Bigorre, France, in 1549.]

A BAD GIFT TURNED TO TWO GOOD ENDS.

THERE was in the household of the regent, mother of King Francis, a very devout lady, married to a gentleman of the same character. Though her husband was old, and she young and fair, nevertheless she served him and loved him as though he had been the handsomest young man in the world. To leave him no cause of uneasiness, she made it her care to live with him like a woman of his own age, shunning all company, all magnificence in dress, all dances and diversions such as women are usually fond of, and making the service of God her sole pleasure and recreation. One day her husband told her that from his youth upwards he had longed to make the journey to Jerusalem, and he asked her what she thought of the matter. She, whose only thought was how to please him, replied: "Since God has deprived us of children, my dear, and has given us wealth enough, I should be strongly inclined to spend a part of it in performing that sacred journey; for, whether you go to Jerusalem or elsewhere, I am resolved to accompany, and never forsake you." The good man was so pleased with this reply that he fancied himself already standing on Mount Calvary.

Just at this time there arrived at court a gentleman who had served long against the Turks, and who was come to obtain

the king's approval for a projected enterprise against a fortress belonging to the Ottomans, the success of which was likely to be very advantageous to Christendom. The old devotee talked with him about his expedition, and learning from him that he was resolved upon it, asked him if he would be disposed, after it was accomplished, to make another journey to Jerusalem, which himself and his wife had a great desire to see. The captain, highly approving of so good a design, promised to accompany him, and to keep the thing secret. The old gentleman was impatient to see his wife, to tell her what he had done. As she had scarcely less longing than her husband to perform the journey, she talked of it often to the captain, who, paying more attention to her person than to her words, became so much in love with her that, in talking to her of the voyages he had made by sea, he often confounded the port of Marseilles with the Archipelago, and said horse when he meant to say ship, so much was he beside himself. He found her, however, of so single-minded a character that he durst not let her see that he loved her, much less tell her so in words. The fire of his passion became so violent by dint of his concealing it that it often made him ill.

The demoiselle, who regarded him as her guide, took as much care of him as of the cross, and sent to inquire after him so often that the interest she evinced for him cured the patient without the aid of physic. Several persons, who knew that the captain had always had a better reputation for valor than for devotion, were surprised at the great intercourse between him and this lady; and seeing that he had changed from white to black, that he frequented the churches, attended sermons, and performed all the devoirs of a devotee, they doubted not that he did so to ingratiate himself with the lady, and could not even help hinting as much to him. The captain, fearing lest this should come to the ears of the lady, withdrew from society, and told her husband and her, that, being on the point of receiving his orders and quitting the court, he had many things to say to them, but that, for the greater secrecy, he would only confer with them in private, to which end he begged they would send for him when they had both retired for the night.

This proposal was quite to the old gentleman's liking. After everybody had gone to rest, he used to send for the captain to talk about the journey to Jerusalem, in the course of which the good man often fell asleep devoutly. On these



MARGARET OF NAVARRE

occasions, the captain, seeing the old gentleman sleeping like the blessed, and himself seated in a chair at the bedside, close to her whom he thought the most charming woman in the world, felt his heart so hard pressed, between his fear and his desire to declare himself, that he often lost the use of his tongue. But that she might not perceive his perplexity, he launched out upon the holy places of Jerusalem, where are to be seen the memorials of the great love which Jesus Christ had for us. What he said of that love was only uttered to conceal his own; and while he expatiated upon it, he kept his eyes fixed on the lady, wept and sighed so apropos, that her heart was quite penetrated with piety. Believing from this outward appearance of devotion that he was quite a saint, she begged him to tell her how he had lived, and how he had come to love God with such fervor.

He told her he was a poor gentleman, who to acquire wealth and honors had forgotten his conscience, and married a lady who was too nearly related to him, one who was rich, but old and ugly, and whom he did not love at all; that after having drawn all his wife's money from her, he had gone to seek his fortune at sea, and had sped so well that he had become the captain of a galley; but that since he had had the honor of her acquaintance, her holy converse and her good example had so changed him that he was resolved, if by God's grace he came back alive from his expedition, to take her and her husband to Jerusalem, there to do penance for his great sins which he had forsaken, after which it would only remain for him to make reparation to his wife, to whom he hoped soon to be reconciled. This account which he gave of himself was very pleasing to the pious lady, who congratulated herself much on having converted a sinner of such magnitude.

These nocturnal confabulations continued every night until the departure of the captain, who never ventured to declare himself. Only he made the fair devotee a present of a crucifix from Our Lady of Pity, beseeching her, whenever she looked upon it, to think of him. The time of his departure being come, and having taken leave of the husband, who was falling asleep, he had last of all to take leave of the fair one, in whose eyes he saw tears, drawn forth by the kind feeling she entertained for him. His impassioned heart so thrilled at the sight that he almost fainted as he bade her farewell, and burst into such an extraordinary perspiration that he wept, so to speak,

not only with his eyes, but with every part of his body. Thus he departed without any explanation, and the lady, who never before had seen such tokens of regret, was quite astonished at his emotion. She had not the less good opinion of him for all that, and her prayers accompanied him on his way. A month afterwards, as she was returning to her own house one day, she was met by a gentleman, who delivered a letter to her from the captain, begging her to read it in private, and assuring her that he had seen him embark, fully resolved to perform an expedition which should be pleasing to the king and advantageous to the faith. At the same time the gentleman mentioned that he was going back to Marseilles to look after the captain's affairs. The lady went to the window and opened the letter, which consisted of two sheets of paper written all over. It was an elaborate declaration of the feelings which the writer had so carefully concealed, and in it was inclosed a large, handsome diamond, mounted in a black enameled ring, which the lady was supplicated to put on her fair finger.

Having read the enormously long letter from beginning to end, the lady was the more astonished as she had never suspected the captain's love for her. The diamond caused her much perplexity, for she knew not what to do with it. After thinking over the matter all that day, and dreaming of it at night, she rejoiced that she could abstain from replying for want of a messenger, saying to herself that as the bearer of the letter had taken such pains on the writer's behalf, she ought to spare him the mortification of such a reply as she had resolved to give him, but which she now thought fit to reserve till the captain's return. The diamond was still a cause of much embarrassment to her, as it was not her custom to adorn herself at any one's expense but her husband's. At last her good sense suggested to her that she could not employ it better than for the relief of the captain's conscience, and she instantly dispatched it, by the hands of one of her servants, to the captain's forlorn wife, to whom she wrote as follows, in the assumed character of a nun of Tarrascon:—

MADAM,—Your husband passed this way a little before he embarked. He confessed, and received his Creator like a good Christian, and declared to me a fact which lay heavy on his conscience, namely, his regret for not having loved you as he ought. He begged me at his departure to send you this letter with this diamond,

which he begs you to keep for his sake, assuring you that if God brings him back safe and sound, he will make amends for the past by all the love that you can desire. This diamond will be for you a pledge of his word. I ask of you on his behalf the aid of your good prayers; for all my life he shall have part in mine.

When the captain's wife received this letter and the diamond, it may well be imagined how she wept with joy and sorrow: joy at being loved by her husband, and sorrow at being deprived of his presence. She kissed the ring a thousand times, washing it with her tears, and praised God for having restored her husband's affection to her at the close of her days, and when she least expected it. The nun who under God had wrought such a blessing for her was not forgotten in her grateful acknowledgments. She replied to her by the same man, who made his mistress laugh heartily when he told her how the captain's wife had received her communication. The fair devotee congratulated herself on having got rid of the diamond in so pious a manner, and was as much rejoiced at having re-established the good understanding between the husband and wife as though she had gained a kingdom.

Some time afterwards news arrived of the defeat and death of the poor captain. He had been abandoned by those who ought to have supported him, and the Rhodians, who had most interest in concealing his design, were the first to make it known. Nearly eighty men who had made a descent on the land were cut off almost to a man. Among them there was a gentleman named Jean, and a converted Turk, for whom the fair devotee had been godmother, and whom she had given to the captain to accompany him on his expedition. Jean fell along with the captain; the Turk, wounded in fifteen places with arrows, escaped by swimming to the French vessels, and it was from his report that it was known exactly how the thing had happened. A certain gentleman whom the captain believed to be his friend, and whose interests he had advanced with the king and the greatest personages in France, after the captain had landed stood offshore with his vessels. The captain, seeing that his scheme was discovered, and that he was opposed by four thousand Turks, set about retreating. But the gentleman in whom he put such confidence, considering that after his death he himself would have the command and the profit of that great fleet, represented to the officers that it was not right

to risk the king's vessels and the lives of so many brave men on board them in order to save eighty or a hundred persons. The officers, as spiritless as himself, coincided with him in opinion. The captain, seeing that the more he called to them the more they drew off from the shore, faced round against his foes, and though he was up to his knees in sand, he defended himself so valiantly that it almost seemed as if his single arm would defeat the assailants. But at last he received so many wounds from the arrows of those who durst not approach him within less than bowshot distance, that he began to grow weak from loss of blood. The Turks, seeing that the Christians were nearly spent, fell upon them with the scimitars; but notwithstanding the overwhelming numbers of the foe, the Christians defended themselves as long as they had breath.

The captain called to him the gentleman named Jean, and the Turk whom the devotee had given him, and planting his sword in the ground, kissed and embraced the cross on his knees, saying, "Lord, receive the soul of him who has not spared his life for the exaltation of thy name." Jean, seeing him droop as he uttered these words, took him and his sword in his arms, wishing to succor him; but a Turk cut both his thighs to the bone from behind. "Come, captain," he cried, as he received the stroke, "let us go to Paradise to see him for whose sake we die." As he had been united with the captain in life, so was he also in death. The Turk, seeing that he could be of no use to either of them, and that he was pierced with arrows, made his way to the vessels by swimming: and though he was the only one who had escaped out of eighty, the perfidious commander would not receive him. But being a good swimmer, he went from vessel to vessel, till at last he was taken on board a small one, where, in the course of a little time, he was cured of his wounds.

It was through this foreigner that the truth became known respecting this event, glorious to the captain, and shameful to his companion in arms. The king, and all good people who heard of it, deemed the act of the latter so black towards God and man that there was no punishment too bad for him. But on his return he told so many lies, and made so many presents, that not only did his crime remain unpunished, but he succeeded to the post of him whose lackey he was not worthy to be. When the sad news reached the court, the regent mother, who highly esteemed the captain, greatly mourned his loss. So

did the king and all who had known him. When she, whom he had so passionately loved, heard of his strange, piteous, and Christian end, the obduracy she had felt towards him melted into tears, and her lamentations were shared by her husband, whose pilgrim hopes were frustrated by the catastrophe.

I must not forget to mention that a demoiselle belonging to this lady, who loved the gentleman Jean better than herself, told her mistress, the very day the captain and he were killed, that she had seen in a dream him whom she loved so much, that he had come to her in white raiment to bid her farewell, and told her that he was going to Paradise with his captain. But when she learned that her dream was true, she made such piteous moans that her mistress had enough to do to console her. Some time after, the court went into Normandy, of which province the captain was a native, and his wife failed not to come and pay her respects to the regent mother, intending to be introduced by the lady with whom her husband had been so much in love. Whilst waiting for the hour when she could have audience, the two ladies entered a church, where the widow began to laud her husband and make lamentations over his death. "I am, madam, the most unhappy of women," she said. "God has taken my husband from me at the time when he loved me more than ever he had done." So saying she showed the diamond she wore on her finger as a pledge of his perfect affection. This was not said without a world of tears; and the other lady, who saw that her good-natured fraud had produced so excellent an effect, was so strongly tempted to laugh, in spite of her grief, that, not being able to present the widow to the regent, she handed her over to another, and retired into a chapel, where she had her laugh out.

Methinks, ladies, that those of our sex to whom presents are made ought to be glad to employ them as usefully as did this good lady; for they would find there is pleasure and joy in doing good. We must by no means accuse her of fraud, but praise her good sense, which enabled her to extract good out of a bad thing.

"You mean to say, then," said Nomerfide, "that a fine diamond, worth two hundred crowns, is a bad thing? I assure you, if it had fallen into my hands, neither his wife nor his relations would ever have set eyes on it. Nothing is more one's own than a thing that is given. The captain was dead, no one knew anything of the matter, and she might well have abstained from making the poor old woman cry."

"Good faith, you are right," said Hircan, "for there is many a woman who, to show that she is better than others, does acts contrary to her nature. In fact, do we not all know that nothing is more covetous than a woman? Yet vanity often prevails with them over avarice, and makes them do things in which their hearts have no share. In my opinion, the lady who set so little store by the diamond did not deserve it."

"Gently, gently," said Oisille; "I think I know her, and I pray you not to condemn her unheard."

"I do not condemn her, madam," replied Hircan, "but if the gentleman was so gallant a man as he has been represented to have been, it was a glorious thing for her to have a lover of such merit, and to wear his ring. But perhaps some one less worthy to be loved held her so fast by the finger that the ring could not be placed on it."

"Truly," said Ennasuite, "she might fairly keep it, since no one knew anything about it."

"What!" exclaimed Geburon, "is everything allowable for those who love, provided nobody knows of it?"

"I have never," said Saffredent, "seen anything punished as a crime except imprudence; in fact, no murderer, robber, or adulterer is ever punished by justice, or blamed amongst men, provided they are as cunning as they are wicked. But wickedness often blinds them so that they become witless. Thus it may be truly said that it is only fools who are punished, and not the vicious."

"You may say what you will," said Oisille, "but it is for God to judge the heart of the lady. For my part, I see nothing in her conduct but what is comely and virtuous."

Curing a Fever by its Cause.

At Pampelune there was a lady who was reputed fair and virtuous, and at the same time the most devout and chaste in the country. She loved her husband much, and was so obsequious to him that he had entire confidence in her. She was wholly occupied with God's service, and never missed a single sermon, and omitted nothing by which she could hope to persuade her husband and her children to be as devout as herself, who was but thirty years old, an age at which women commonly resign the pretensions of beauties for those of new she-sages.

On the first day of Lent this lady went to church to receive the ashes which are a memorial of death. A Cordelier, whose austerity of life had gained him the reputation of a saint, and who, in spite of his austerity and his macerations, was neither

so meager nor so pale but that he was one of the handsomest men in the world, was to preach the sermon. The lady listened to him with great devotion, and gazed no less intently on the preacher. Her ears and her eyes lost nothing that was presented to them, and both alike found wherewithal to be gratified. The preacher's words penetrated to her heart through her ears; and the charms of his countenance, passing through her eyes, insinuated themselves so deeply into her mind that she felt as it were in an ecstasy. The sermon being ended, the Cordelier celebrated mass, at which the lady was present, and she took the ashes from his hand, which was as white and shapely as that of any lady. The devotee paid much more attention to the monk's hand than to the ashes he gave her, persuading herself that this spiritual love could not hurt her conscience, whatever pleasure she received from it. She failed not to go every day to the sermon, and to take her husband with her; and both so highly admired the preacher, that at table and elsewhere they talked of nothing but him.

This fire, for all its spirituality, at last became so corporeal that the heart of this poor lady, which was first kindled by it, consumed all the rest. Banishing all fear, and the shame she ought to have felt in exposing her wild fantasy to one so saintly and virtuous, she resolved to acquaint him in writing of the love she cherished for him; which she did as modestly as she could, and gave her letter to a little page, with instructions as to what he was to do, especially enjoining him to take good care that her husband did not see him go to the Cordelier's.

The page, taking the shortest road, passed through a street where his master happened, by the merest chance, to be sitting in a shop. The gentleman, seeing him pass, stepped forward to see which way he was going; and the page, perceiving this, hid himself with some trepidation. His master saw this, followed him, and seizing him by the arm, asked him whither he was going. His embarrassed and unmeaning replies, and his manifest fright, aroused the suspicions of the gentleman, who threatened to beat him if he did not tell the truth. "Oh, sir," said the little page, "if I tell you, my mistress will kill me." The gentleman, no longer doubting that his wife was making a bargain without him, encouraged the page, and assured him that nothing should befall him if he spoke the truth — on the contrary, he should be well re-

warded; but if he told a lie, he should be imprisoned for life. Thus urged by fear and hope, the page acquainted him with the real fact, and showed him the letter his mistress had written to the preacher, whereat the husband was the more shocked, as he had been all his life assured of the fidelity of his wife, in whom he had never seen a fault.

Being a wise man, however, he dissembled his anger, and further to try his wife, he answered her letter in the preacher's name, thanking her for her gracious inclination, and assuring her that it was fully reciprocated. The page, after being sworn by his master to manage the affair discreetly, carried this letter to his mistress, who was so transported with joy that her husband perceived it by the change in her countenance; for instead of her fastings in Lent having emaciated her, she looked handsomer and fresher than ever. It was now Mid Lent, but the lady, without concerning herself about the Lord's Passion or the Holy Week, wrote as usual to the preacher. When he turned his eyes in her direction, or spoke of the love of God, she always imagined that he addressed himself covertly to her; and, so far as her eyes could explain what was passing in her heart she did not suffer them to be idle.

The husband, who regularly replied to her in the name of the Cordelier, wrote to her after Easter, begging she would contrive to give him a meeting in private; and she, impatiently longing for an opportunity to do so, advised her husband to go see some land they had near Pampelune. He said he would do so, and went and concealed himself in the house of one of his friends; whereupon, the lady wrote to the Cordelier that her husband was in the country and that he might come and see her.

The gentleman, wishing to prove his wife's heart thoroughly, went and begged the preacher to lend him his robe. The Cordelier, who was a good man, replied that his rule forbade him to do so, and that for no consideration would he lend his robe to go masking in. The gentleman assured him it was not for any idle diversion he wanted it, but for an important matter, and one necessary to his salvation; whereupon the Cordelier, who knew him to be a worthy, pious man, lent him the robe. The gentleman then procured a false beard and a false nose, put cork in his shoes to make himself as tall as the monk, put on the robe, which covered the greater part of his face, so that his eyes were barely seen, and, in a word, dressed himself up

so that he might easily be mistaken for the preacher. Thus disguised, he stole by night into his wife's chamber, where she was expecting him in great devotion. The poor creature did not wait for him to come to her, but ran to embrace him like a woman out of her senses. Keeping his head down to avoid being recognized, he began to make the sign of the cross, pretending to shun her, and crying, "Temptation! temptation!"

She made great efforts to embrace him, while he kept dodging her in all directions, still making great signs of the cross, and crying, "Temptation! temptation!" But when he found that she was pressing him too closely, he drew a stout stick from under his robe, and thrashed her so soundly that he put an end to the temptation. This done, he left the house without being known, and immediately returned his borrowed robe, assuring the owner that he had used it to great advantage. Next day he returned home as if from a journey, and found his wife in bed. Pretending not to know the nature of her malady, he asked her what ailed her. She replied that she was troubled with a kind of catarrh, and that she could neither move hand nor foot. The husband, who had a great mind to laugh, pretended to be very sorry, and by way of cheering her, said that he had invited the pious preacher to supper. "Oh, my dear!" said she, "don't think of inviting such people, for they bring ill luck wherever they go."

"Why, my love," replied the husband, "you know how much you have said to me in praise of this good father. For my part, I believe, if there is a holy man on earth, it is he."

"They are all very well at church and in the pulpit," she rejoined, "but in private houses they are antichrists. Don't let me see him, my dear, I entreat you, for, ill as I am, it would be the death of me."

"Well, you shall not see him, since you do not choose to do so; but I cannot help having him to supper."

"Do as you please," said she; "only, for mercy's sake, let me not set eyes on him, for I cannot endure such folk."

After entertaining the Cordelier at supper, the husband said to him, "I look upon you, father, as a man so beloved by God, that I am sure he will grant any prayer of yours. I entreat you, then, to have pity on my poor wife. She has been possessed these eighteen days by an evil spirit, so that she wants to bite and scratch everybody, and neither cross nor holy water does she care for one bit; but I believe, firmly, that if you put your

hand on her, the devil will go away. From my heart, I beseech you to do so."

"All things are possible to him who believes, my son," replied the good father. "Are you not well assured that God never refuses his grace to those who ask for it with faith?"

"I am assured of this, father."

"Be assured also, my son, that He is able and willing, and that He is not less mighty than munificent. Let us strengthen ourselves in faith to resist this roaring lion, and snatch from him his prey, which God has made his own by the blood of his Son Jesus Christ."

Thereupon the gentleman conducted the excellent man into the room where his wife was resting on a couch. Believing that it was he who had beaten her, she was roused to a prodigious degree of fury at the sight of him, but her husband's presence made her hang down her head and hold her tongue. "As long as I am present," said the husband to the good father, "the devil does not torment; but as soon as I leave her, you will sprinkle her with holy water, and then you will see how violently the evil spirit works her." So saying, the husband left him alone with his wife, and stopped outside the door to see what would ensue.

When she found herself alone with the Cordelier, she began to scream at him like a mad woman, "Villain! cheat! monster! murderer!" The Cordelier, believing in good faith that she was possessed, wanted to take hold of her head, in order to pray over it; but she scratched and bit him so fiercely that he was obliged to stand further off, throwing plenty of holy water over her, and saying many good prayers. The husband, seeing it was time to put an end to the farce, entered the room again, and thanked the Cordelier for the pains he had taken. The moment he appeared there was an end to the wife's termagant behavior, and she meekly kissed the cross for fear of her husband. The pious Cordelier, who had seen her in such a fury, believed firmly that our Lord had expelled the devil at his prayer, and went away praising God for this miracle. The husband, seeing his wife so well cured of her folly, would never tell her what he had done, contenting himself with having brought her back to the right way by his prudence, and having put her into such a frame of mind that she mortally hated what she had so unwisely loved, and was filled with detestation for her own infatuation. Thenceforth she was weaned from all

superstition, and devoted herself to her husband and her family in a very different way from what she had done before.

"Here you may see, ladies, the good sense of the husband, and the weakness of one who was regarded as a woman of strict propriety. If you attend well to this example, I am persuaded that, instead of relying on your own strength, you will learn to turn to Him on whom your honor depends."

"I am very glad," said Parlamente, "that you are become the ladies' preacher; you would be so with better right if you would address the same sermons to all those you hold discourse with."

"Whenever you please to hear me," he replied, "I assure you I will speak the same language to you."

"That is to say," observed Simontault, "that when you are not by he will talk to a different purpose."

"He will do as he pleases," said Parlamente, "but, for my own satisfaction, I would have him always speak thus. The example he has adduced will at least be of service to those women who think that spiritual love is not dangerous; but to me it seems that it is more so than any other."

"I cannot think, however," remarked Oisille, "that one should scorn to love a man who is virtuous and fears God, for, in my opinion, one cannot but be the better for it."

"I pray you to believe, madam," rejoined Parlamente, "that nothing can be more simple-willed and easy to deceive than a woman who has never loved; for love is a passion which takes possession of the heart before one is aware of it. Besides, this passion is so pleasing that, provided one can wrap one's self up in virtue as in a cloak, it will be scarcely known before some mischief will come of it."

"What mischief can come of loving a good man?" said Oisille.

"There are plenty, madam," replied Parlamente, "who pass for good men as far as ladies are concerned; but there are few who are so truly good before God that one may love them without any risk of honor or conscience. I do not believe that there is one such man living. Those who are of a different opinion, and trust in it, become its dupes. They begin this sort of tender intimacy with God, and often end it with the devil. I have seen many a one who, under color of talking about divine things, began an intimacy which at last they wished to break off, but could not, so fast were they held by the fine cloak with which it was covered. A vicious love perishes and has no long abode in a good heart, but decorous love has bonds of silk so fine and delicate that one is caught in them before one perceives them."

"According to your views, then," said Ennasuite, "no woman ought ever to love a man. Your law is too violent; it will not last."

"I know that," replied Parlamente; "but for all that, it is desirable that every woman should be content with her own husband, as I am with mine."



A GHAZAL OF HAFIZ.[1]

(Literal prose translation by Lieutenant Colonel H. Wilberforce Clarke.)

[HAFIZ (Shems-ed-Din Muhammad), the greatest Persian lyrical poet, was born at Shiraz early in the fourteenth century; lived there, and died there about 1388. He was a Sufi, and wrote "ghazals," or odes on love, wine, flowers, etc., which sound very earthly, but are held by some to be allegorical of spiritual things.]

If that bold one of Shīrāz gain our heart,
For his dark mole I will give Samarkand and Bukhāra.

Saki! give the wine remaining, for in Paradise thou wilt not have
The bank of the water of Ruknābād nor the rose of the garden of
Musallā.

Alas! These saucy dainty ones, sweet of work, the torment of the
city,
Take patience from the heart even as the men of Tūrkistān take the
tray of plunder.

The beauty of the Beloved is in no need of our imperfect love;
Of luster and color and mole and tricked line (of eyebrow) what
need hath the lovely face?

By reason of that beauty daily increasing that Yūsuf had, I knew
that love for him would bring
Zulaikhā forth from the screen of chastity.

The tale of minstrel and of love utter; little seek the mystery of
time;
For this mystery, none solved by skill and shall not solve.

O Soul! hear the counsel of the Murshid (or pious wise man);
For dearer than the soul hold happy youths the counsel of the wise
old man.

O Murshid! thou spakest ill of me; and now I am happy.
God Most High forgive thee, thou spakest well:
The bitter reply suiteth the ruddy lip, sugar-eating.

[1] From Wilberforce Clarke's translation of Hafiz's Divan. Calcutta, 1891.

Thou utterest a ghazal, and threadest pearls (of verse). HAFIZ, come and sweetly sing,
That on thy verse the sky may scatter the cluster of the Pleiades

(The same: translated by Sir William Jones.)

Sweet maid, if thou would charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold,
That rosy cheek, that lily hand
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarkand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say·
Tell them their Eden cannot show,
A stream so clear as Ruknābād,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our dearest haunts infest,
Their dear, destructive charms display;
Each glance my tender heart invades
And robs my wounded soul of rest
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow;
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New luster to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of Art?

Speak not of Fate! Ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom.
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty hath such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But, ah! sweet maid! my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise,
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravished ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which naught but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay;
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet the damsels say;
But, oh! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.



MEDITATIONS.

By HAFIZ.

(Translated by E. H. Palmer.)

O Cupbearer! fill up the goblet, and hand it around to us all!
For to Love that seemed easy at first these unforeseen troubles befall.

In the hope that the breeze of the South will blow yon dark tresses apart
And diffuse their sweet perfume around, O what anguish is caused to the heart!

Ay! sully your prayer mat with wine, if the elder encourage such sin!
For the traveler surely should know all the manners and ways of the inn.

What rest or what comfort for me can there be in the Loved One's abode,
When the bell is incessantly tolling to bid us each pack up his load?

The darkness of night and the fear of the waves and the waters that roar:—
How should they be aware of our state, who are roaming in safety ashore?

A dark shade fell from her loose hair sweet
As jasmine over the rose of her feet.
A broad silver tablet her forehead displayed
For the heaven-set lessons of beauty made;
Under its edge two inverted Núns
Showed black as musk their splendid half-moons,
And beneath them lively and bright were placed
Two Sáds by the pen of her Maker traced.
From Nún to the ring of the Mim there rose
Pure as silver, like Alif, her nose.
To the cipher, her mouth, add Alif: then
She had ten strong spells for the conquest of men.
That laughing ruby to view exposed
A Sín when the knot of her lips unclosed
At the touch of her pure white teeth, and between
The lines of crimson their flash was seen.
Her face was the garden of Iram, where
Roses of every hue are fair.
The dusky moles that enhanced the red
Were like Moorish boys playing in each rose bed.
Of silver that paid no tithe, her chin
Had a well with the Water of Life therein.
If a sage in his thirst came near to drink,
He would feel the spray ere he reached the brink;
But lost were his soul if he nearer drew,
For it was a well and a whirlpool too.
Her neck was of ivory. Thither drawn,
Came with her tribute to beauty the fawn;
And the rose hung her head at the gleam of the skin
Of the shoulders fairer than jessamine
Her breasts were orbs of a light most pure,
Twin bubbles new risen from Fount Kafúr;
Two young pomegranates grown on one spray,
Where bold hope never a finger might lay.
The touchstone itself was proved false when it tried
Her arms' fine silver thrice purified;
But the pearl-pure amulets fastened there
Were the hearts of the holy absorbed in prayer.
The loveliest gave her their souls for rue;
And round the charm their own heartstrings drew.

To write on each heart love's characters
Each nail on those fingers so long and slim
Showed a new moon laid on a full moon's rim;
And her small closed hand made the moon confess
That she never might rival its loveliness
Two columns fashioned of silver upheld
That beauty which never was paralleled;
And, to make the tale of her charms complete,
They were matched by the shape of her exquisite feet,—
Feet so light and elastic no maid might show,
So perfectly fashioned from heel to toe,—
If on the eye of a lover she stepped,
Her foot would float on the tear he wept.

POEMS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON.[1]

[François Villon, one of the earliest of French poets, was born in Paris in 1431. Little is known of his life except what may be gathered from his writings, from which it is evident that he was a vagabond and a thief, was several times imprisoned for burglary or sacrilege, and was once condemned to death, but on appeal to Parliament managed to have the sentence commuted to banishment. He passed the summer of 1461 in the prison of the Bishop of Orleans at Meung This time he owed his escape to Louis XI., who passed through Meung, October 2, and ordered a jail delivery in honor of his accession. Villon's works consist of "The Great Testament"; "The Little Testament"; forty or fifty short pieces, chiefly ballads, such as "The Ballad of the Condemned" and "The Ladies of Bygone Days"; and a series of obscure slang rhymes, entitled "Le Jargon."

The Ballad of Dead Ladies.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

Tell me now in what hidden way is
  Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,
  Neither of them the fairer woman?
  Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
Only heard on river and mere,—
  She whose beauty was more than human?—
But where are the snows of yesteryear?

Where's Héloise, the learned nun,
  For whose sake Abeillard, I ween,
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
  (From Love he won such dule and teen!)
  And where, I pray you, is the Queen

[1] The Rossetti translations are used by permission of the publishers, Ellis & Elvey.

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Who willed that Buridan should steer
  Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine?—
But where are the snows of yesteryear?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
  With a voice like any mermaiden,—
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
  And Ermengarde the lady of Maine,—
  And that good Joan whom Englishmen
At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—
  Mother of God, where are they then?—
But where are the snows of yesteryear?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
  Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Except with this for an overword,—
  But where are the snows of yesteryear?

To Death, of his Lady.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

Death, of thee do I make my moan,
  Who hadst my lady away from me,
  Nor wilt assuage thine enmity
Till with her life thou hast mine own;
For since that hour my strength has flown
  Lo! what wrong was her life to thee,
                                        Death?

Two we were, and the heart was one;
  Which now being dead, dead I must be,
  Or seem alive as lifelessly
As in the choir the painted stone,
                                        Death!

His Mother's Service to Our Lady.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

Lady of Heaven and earth, and therewithal
  Crowned Empress of the nether clefts of Hell,—
I, thy poor Christian, on thy name do call,
  Commending me to thee, with thee to dwell,
  Albeit in naught I be commendable.
But all mine undeserving may not mar

Such mercies as thy sovereign mercies are;
Without the which (as true words testify)
No soul can reach thy Heaven so fair and far.
Even in this faith I choose to live and die.

Unto thy Son say thou that I am His,
And to me graceless make Him gracious.
Sad Mary of Egypt lacked not of that bliss,
Nor yet the sorrowful clerk Theophilus,
Whose bitter sins were set aside even thus
Though to the Fiend his bounden service was.
Oh help me, lest in vain for me should pass
(Sweet Virgin that shalt have no loss thereby!)
The blessed Host and sacring of the Mass.
Even in this faith I choose to live and die.

A pitiful poor woman, shrunk and old,
I am, and nothing learned in letter lore.
Within my parish cloister I behold
A painted Heaven where harps and lutes adore,
And eke an Hell whose damned folk see the full sore.
One bringeth fear, the other joy to me.
That joy, great Goddess, make thou mine to be,—
Thou of whom all must ask it even as I;
And that which faith desires, that let it see.
For in this faith I choose to live and die

O excellent Virgin Princess! thou didst bear
King Jesus, the most excellent comforter,
Who even of this our weakness craved a share
And for our sake stooped to us from on high,
Offering to death His young life sweet and fair.
Such as He is, Our Lord, I Him declare,
And in this faith I choose to live and die.

Ballads of Old-time Lords.[1]

(Translated by John Payne.)

I.

Where is Calixtus, third of the name,
That died in the purple, whiles ago,
Four years since he to the tiar came?
And the King of Aragon, Alfonso?
The Duke of Bourbon, sweet of show,
And the Duke Arthur of Brittaine?

[1] By permission of Mr. John Payne and the Villon Society.

And Charles the Seventh, the Good? Heigho!
But where is the doughty Charlemagne?

Likewise the King of Scots, whose shame
Was the half of his face (or folk say so),
Vermeil as amethyst held to the flame,
From chin to forehead all of a glow?
The King of Cyprus, of friend and foe
Renowned, and the gentle King of Spain,
Whose name, God 'ield me, I do not know?
But where is the doughty Charlemagne?

Of many more might I ask the same,
Who are but dust that the breezes blow;
But I desist, for none may claim
To stand against Death, that lays all low.
Yet one more question before I go
Where is Lancelot, King of Behaine?
And where are his valiant ancestors, trow?
But where is the doughty Charlemagne?

ENVOI.

Where is Du Guesclin, the Breton prow?
Where Auvergne's Dauphin, and where again
The late good Duke of Alençon? Lo!
But where is the doughty Charlemagne?

II.

Where are the holy Apostles gone,
Alb-clad and amice-tried and stoled
With the sacred tippet and that alone,
Wherewith, when he waxeth overbold,
The foul fiend's throttle they take and hold?
All must come to the selfsame bay;
Sons and servants, their days are told:
The wind carries their like away.

Where is he now that held the throne
Of Constantine, with the hands of gold?
And the King of France, o'er all kings known
For grace and worship that was extolled,

Who convents and churches manifold
Built for God's service? In their day
What of the honor they had? Behold,
The wind carries their like away.

Where are the champions every one,
The Dauphins, the counselors, young and old?
The barons of Salins, Dôl, Dijon,
Vienne, Grenoble? They all are cold.
Or take the folk under their banners enrolled, —
Pursuivants, trumpeters, heralds, (hey!
How they fed of the fat and the flagon trolled!)
The wind carries their like away.

ENVOI.

Princes to death are all foretold,
Even as the humblest of their array:
Whether they sorrow or whether they scold,
The wind carries their like away.

Seemly Lesson of Villon to the Good-for-naughts.

(Translated by John Payne)

Fair sons, you're wasting, ere you're old,
The fairest rose to you that fell
You, that like birdlime take and hold,
When to Montpippeau or Ruel
(My clerks) you wander, keep you well:
For of the tricks that there be played,
Thinking to 'scape a second spell,
Colin of Cayeulx lost his head.

No trifling game is this to play,
Where one stakes soul and body too:
If losers, no remorse can stay
A shameful death from ending you;
And even the winner, for his due,
Hath not a Dido to his wife
Foolish and lewd I hold him who
Doth for so little risk his life.

Now all of you to me attend:
  Even a load of wine, folk say,
With drinking at last comes to an end,
  By fire in winter, in woods in May.
  If you have money, it doth not stay,
But this way and that it wastes amain:
  What does it profit you, anyway?
Ill-gotten good is nobody's gain.

Ballad of Villon in Prison.

(Translated by John Payne.)

Have pity, friends, have pity now, I pray,
  If it so please you, at the least, on me!
I lie in fosse, not under holm or may,
  In this duresse, wherein, alas! I dree
  Ill fate, as God did thereanent decree.
Lasses and lovers, younglings manifold,
Dancers and mountebanks, alert and bold,
  Nimble as quarrel from a crossbow shot;
Singers, that troll as clear as bells of gold,—
  Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

Clerks, that go caroling the livelong day,
  Scant-pursed, but glad and frank and full of glee;
Wandering at will along the broad highway,
  Harebrained, perchance, but wit-whole too, perdie:
  Lo! now, I die, whilst that you absent be.
Song singers, when poor Villon's days are told,
You will sing psalms for him and candles hold;
  Here light nor air nor living enters not,
Where ramparts thick are round about him rolled,
  Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

Consider but his piteous array,
  High and fair lords, of suit and service free,
That nor to king nor kaiser homage pay,
  But straight from God in heaven hold your fee!
  Come fast or feast, all days alike fasts he,
Whence are his teeth like rake's teeth to behold;
No table hath he but the sheer black mold:
  After dry bread (not manchets), pot on pot
They empty down his throat of water cold:
  Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

ENVOI.

Princes and lords aforesaid, young and old,
Get me the king his letters sealed and scrolled
  And draw me from this dungeon; for, God wot,
Even swine, when one squeaks in the butcher's fold,
Flock round their fellow and do squeak and scold.
  Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

THE EPITAPH,

IN BALLAD FORM, THAT VILLON MADE FOR HIMSELF AND HIS COMPANIONS, EXPECTING NO BETTER THAN TO BE HANGED IN THEIR COMPANY.

Brothers, that after us on life remain,
  Harden your hearts against us not as stone;
For, if to pity us poor wights you're fain,
  God shall the rather grant you benison.
  You see us six, the gibbet hereupon:
As for the flesh that we too well have fed,
'Tis all devoured and rotted, shred by shred.
  Let none make merry of our piteous case,
Whose crumbling bones the life long since hath fled:
  The rather pray, God grant us of his grace!

Yea, we conjure you, look not with disdain,
  Brothers, on us, though we to death were done
By justice. Well you know, the saving grain
  Of sense springs not in every mother's son:
  Commend us, therefore, now we're dead and gone,
To Christ, the Son of Mary's maidenhead,
That he leave not his grace on us to shed
  And save us from the nether torture place.
Let no one harry us; for sooth, we're sped:
  The rather pray, God grant us of his grace!

We are whiles scoured and soddened of the rain,
  And whiles burnt up and blackened of the sun;
Corbies and pyets have our eyes out ta'en,
  And plucked our beard and hair out, one by one.
  Whether by night or day, rest have we none:

Now here, now there, as the wind shifts its stead,
We swing and creak and rattle overhead,
No thimble dinted like our bird-pecked face.
Brothers, have heed and shun the life we led:
The rather pray, God grant us of his grace.

ENVOI.

Prince Jesus, over all empowerèd,
Let us not fall into the Place of Dread,
But all our reckoning with the Fiend efface.
Folk, mock us not that are forspent and dead;
The rather pray, God grant us of his grace!



A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT.[1]

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson, cosmopolitan novelist, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1850. Intended for an engineer, and then studying law and called to the bar, he became a traveler and story-teller, settling in Samoa in 1889 and dying there December 3, 1894. He was warmly interested in, and greatly beloved by, the Samoan natives, and "A Footnote to History" is an account of an episode in the foreign handling of their politics. His novels, stories, travel sketches, and poems all contribute to a high literary fame, as instance "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," "The New Arabian Nights," "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," "A Child's Garden of Verse," "Prince Otto," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Catriona" (the same as "David Balfour"), and the unfinished "Weir of Hermiston," besides the "Life of Fleeming Jenkin," and others.]

It was late in November, 1456. The snow fell over Paris with rigorous, relentless persistence; sometimes the wind made a sally and scattered it in flying vortices; sometimes there was a lull, and flake after flake descended out of the black night air, silent, circuitous, interminable. To poor people, looking up under moist eyebrows, it seemed a wonder where it all came from. Master Francis Villon had propounded an alternative that afternoon, at a tavern window: was it only Pagan Jupiter plucking geese upon Olympus? or were the holy angels molting? He was only a poor Master of Arts, he went on; and as the question somewhat touched upon divinity, he durst not venture to conclude. A silly old priest from Montargis, who was among the company, treated the young rascal to a bottle

[1] Reprinted by permission of the executors.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S OLD HOME AT VAILIMA, SAMOA

of wine in honor of the jest and grimaces with which it was accompanied, and swore on his own white beard that he had been just such another irreverent dog when he was Villon's age.

The air was raw and pointed, but not far below freezing; and the flakes were large, damp, and adhesive. The whole city was sheeted up. An army might have marched from end to end and not a footfall given the alarm. If there were any belated birds in heaven, they saw the island like a large white patch, and the bridges like slim white spars, on the black ground of the river. High up overhead the snow settled among the tracery of the cathedral towers. Many a niche was drifted full; many a statue wore a long white bonnet on its grotesque or sainted head. The gargoyles had been transformed into great false noses, drooping towards the point. The crockets were like upright pillows swollen on one side. In the intervals of the wind, there was a dull sound of dripping about the precincts of the church.

The cemetery of St. John had taken its own share of the snow. All the graves were decently covered; tall white house tops stood around in grave array; worthy burghers were long ago in bed, be-nightcapped like their domiciles; there was no light in all the neighborhood but a little peep from a lamp that hung swinging in the church choir, and tossed the shadows to and fro in time to its oscillations. The clock was hard on ten when the patrol went by with halberds and a lantern, beating their hands; and they saw nothing suspicious about the cemetery of St. John.

Yet there was a small house, backed up against the cemetery wall, which was still awake, and awake to evil purpose, in that snoring district. There was not much to betray it from without,—only a stream of warm vapor from the chimney top, a patch where the snow melted on the roof, and a few half-obliterated footprints at the door. But within, behind the shuttered windows, Master Francis Villon the poet, and some of the thievish crew with whom he consorted, were keeping the night alive and passing round the bottle.

A great pile of living embers diffused a strong and ruddy glow from the arched chimney. Before this straddled Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk, with his skirts picked up and his fat legs bared to the comfortable warmth. His dilated shadow cut the room in half; and the firelight only escaped on either side of his broad person, and in a little pool between his outspread

feet. His face had the beery, bruised appearance of a continual drinker's; it was covered with a network of congested veins, purple in ordinary circumstances, but now pale violet, for even with his back to the fire the cold pinched him on the other side. His cowl had half fallen back, and made a strange excrescence on either side of his bull neck. So he straddled, grumbling, and cut the room in half with the shadow of his portly frame.

On the right, Villon and Guy Tabary were huddled together over a scrap of parchment, Villon making a ballade which he was to call the "Ballade of Roast Fish," and Tabary spluttering admiration at his shoulder. The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little, and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin black locks. He carried his four and twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes, evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord; and they were continually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomime. As for Tabary, a broad, complacent, admiring imbecility breathed from his squash nose and slobbering lips: he had become a thief, just as he might have become the most decent of burgesses, by the imperious chance that rules the lives of human geese and human donkeys.

At the monk's other hand, Montigny and Thevenin Pensete played a game of chance. About the first there clung some flavor of good birth and training, as about a fallen angel; something long, lithe, and courtly in the person; something aquiline and darkling in the face. Thevenin, poor soul, was in great feather: he had done a good stroke of knavery that afternoon in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and all night he had been gaining from Montigny. A flat smile illuminated his face; his bald head shone rosily in a garland of red curls; his little protuberant stomach shook with silent chucklings as he swept in his gains.

"Doubles or quits?" said Thevenin.

Montigny nodded grimly.

"*Some may prefer to dine in state*," wrote Villon, "*On bread and cheese on silver plate*. Or, or — help me out, Guido!"

Tabary giggled.

"*Or parsley on a golden dish*," scribbled the poet.

The wind was freshening without; it drove the snow before it, and sometimes raised its voice in a victorious whoop, and made sepulchral grumblings in the chimney. The cold was growing sharper as the night went on. Villon, protruding his lips, imitated the gust with something between a whistle and a groan. It was an eerie, uncomfortable talent of the poet's, much detested by the Picardy monk.

"Can't you hear it rattle in the gibbet?" said Villon. "They are all dancing the devil's jig on nothing, up there. You may dance, my gallants, you'll be none the warmer! Whew! what a gust! Down went somebody just now! A medlar the fewer on the three-legged medlar tree!—I say, Dom Nicolas, it'll be cold to-night on the St. Denis Road?" he asked.

Dom Nicolas winked both his big eyes, and seemed to choke upon his Adam's apple. Montfaucon, the great grisly Paris gibbet, stood hard by the St. Denis Road, and the pleasantry touched him on the raw. As for Tabary, he laughed immoderately over the medlars; he had never heard anything more light-hearted; and he held his sides and crowed. Villon fetched him a fillip on the nose, which turned his mirth into an attack of coughing.

"Oh, stop that row," said Villon, "and think of rhymes to 'fish.'"

"Doubles or quits," said Montigny, doggedly.

"With all my heart," quoth Thevenin.

"Is there any more in that bottle?" asked the monk.

"Open another," said Villon. "How do you ever hope to fill that big hogshead, your body, with little things like bottles? And how do you expect to get to heaven? How many angels, do you fancy, can be spared to carry up a single monk from Picardy? Or do you think yourself another Elias—and they'll send the coach for you?"

"*Hominibus impossibile*," replied the monk, as he filled his glass.

Tabary was in ecstasies.

Villon filliped his nose again.

"Laugh at my jokes, if you like," he said.

"It was very good," objected Tabary.

Villon made a face at him. "Think of rhymes to 'fish,'" he said. "What have you to do with Latin? You'll wish you knew none of it at the great assizes, when the devil calls for Guido Tabary, clericus—the devil with the humpback and

red-hot finger nails. Talking of the devil," he added in a whisper, "look at Montigny!"

All three peered covertly at the gamester. He did not seem to be enjoying his luck. His mouth was a little to a side; one nostril nearly shut, and the other much inflated. The black dog was on his back, as people say, in terrifying nursery metaphor; and he breathed hard under the grewsome burden.

"He looks as if he could knife him," whispered Tabary, with round eyes.

The monk shuddered, and turned his face and spread his open hands to the red embers. It was the cold that thus affected Dom Nicolas, and not any excess of moral sensibility.

"Come now," said Villon, "about this ballade. How does it run so far?" And beating time with his hand, he read it aloud to Tabary.

They were interrupted at the fourth rhyme by a brief and fatal movement among the gamesters. The round was completed, and Thevenin was just opening his mouth to claim another victory, when Montigny leaped up, swift as an adder, and stabbed him to the heart. The blow took effect before he had time to utter a cry, before he had time to move. A tremor or two convulsed his frame; his hands opened and shut, his heels rattled on the floor; then his head rolled backward over one shoulder with the eyes wide open; and Thevenin Pensete's spirit had returned to Him who made it.

Every one sprang to his feet; but the business was over in two twos. The four living fellows looked at each other in rather a ghastly fashion, the dead man contemplating a corner of the roof with a singular and ugly leer.

"My God!" said Tabary; and he began to pray in Latin.

Villon broke out into hysterical laughter. He came a step forward and ducked a ridiculous bow at Thevenin, and laughed still louder. Then he sat down suddenly, all of a heap, upon a stool, and continued laughing bitterly as though he would shake himself to pieces.

Montigny recovered his composure first.

"Let's see what he has about him," he remarked, and he picked the dead man's pockets with a practiced hand, and divided the money into four equal portions on the table. "There's for you," he said.

The monk received his share with a deep sigh, and a single

stealthy glance at the dead Thevenin, who was beginning to sink into himself and topple sideways off the chair.

"We're all in for it," cried Villon, swallowing his mirth. "It's a hanging job for every man jack of us that's here—not to speak of those who aren't." He made a shocking gesture in the air with his raised right hand, and put out his tongue and threw his head on one side, so as to counterfeit the appearance of one who has been hanged. Then he pocketed his share of the spoil, and executed a shuffle with his feet as if to restore the circulation.

Tabary was the last to help himself; he made a dash at the money, and retired to the other end of the apartment.

Montigny stuck Thevenin upright in the chair, and drew out the dagger, which was followed by a jet of blood.

"You fellows had better be moving," he said, as he wiped the blade on his victim's doublet.

"I think we had," returned Villon, with a gulp. "Damn his fat head!" he broke out. "It sticks in my throat like phlegm. What right has a man to have red hair when he is dead?" And he fell all of a heap again upon the stool, and fairly covered his face with his hands.

Montigny and Dom Nicolas laughed aloud, even Tabary feebly chiming in.

"Cry baby," said the monk.

"I always said he was a woman," added Montigny, with a sneer. "Sit up, can't you?" he went on, giving another shake to the murdered body. "Tread out that fire, Nick!"

But Nick was better employed; he was quietly taking Villon's purse, as the poet sat, limp and trembling, on the stool where he had been making a ballade not three minutes before. Montigny and Tabary dumbly demanded a share of the booty, which the monk silently promised as he passed the little bag into the bosom of his gown. In many ways an artistic nature unfits a man for practical existence.

No sooner had the theft been accomplished than Villon shook himself, jumped to his feet, and began helping to scatter and extinguish the embers. Meanwhile Montigny opened the door and cautiously peered into the street. The coast was clear; there was no meddlesome patrol in sight. Still it was judged wiser to slip out severally; and as Villon was himself in a hurry to escape from the neighborhood of the dead Thevenin, and the rest were in a still greater hurry to get rid of him

before he should discover the loss of his money, he was the first by general consent to issue forth into the street.

The wind had triumphed and swept all the clouds from heaven. Only a few vapors, as thin as moonlight, fleeted rapidly across the stars. It was bitter cold; and by a common optical effect, things seemed almost more definite than in the broadest daylight. The sleeping city was absolutely still; a company of white hoods, a field full of little alps, below the twinkling stars. Villon cursed his fortune. Would it were still snowing! Now, wherever he went, he left an indelible trail behind him on the glittering streets; wherever he went he was still tethered to the house by the cemetery of St. John; wherever he went he must weave, with his own plodding feet, the rope that bound him to the crime and would bind him to the gallows. The leer of the dead man came back to him with a new significance. He snapped his fingers as if to pluck up his own spirits, and choosing a street at random, stepped boldly forward in the snow.

Two things preoccupied him as he went: the aspect of the gallows at Montfaucon in this bright, windy phase of the night's existence, for one; and for another, the look of the dead man with his bald head and garland of red curls. Both struck cold upon his heart, and he kept quickening his pace as if he could escape from unpleasant thoughts by mere fleetness of foot. Sometimes he looked back over his shoulder with a sudden nervous jerk; but he was the only moving thing in the white streets, except when the wind swooped round a corner and threw up the snow, which was beginning to freeze, in spouts of glittering dust.

Suddenly he saw, a long way before him, a black clump and a couple of lanterns. The clump was in motion, and the lanterns swung as though carried by men walking. It was a patrol. And though it was merely crossing his line of march, he judged it wiser to get out of eyeshot as speedily as he could. He was not in the humor to be challenged, and he was conscious of making a very conspicuous mark upon the snow. Just on his left hand there stood a great hotel, with some turrets and a large porch before the door; it was half ruinous, he remembered, and had long stood empty; and so he made three steps of it, and jumped into the shelter of the porch. It was pretty dark inside, after the glimmer of the snowy streets, and he was groping forward with outspread hands, when he stumbled over

some substance which offered an indescribable mixture of resistances, hard and soft, firm and loose. His heart gave a leap, and he sprang two steps back and stared dreadfully at the obstacle. Then he gave a little laugh of relief. It was only a woman, and she dead. He knelt beside her to make sure upon this latter point. She was freezing cold, and rigid like a stick. A little ragged finery fluttered in the wind about her hair, and her cheeks had been heavily rouged that same afternoon. Her pockets were quite empty; but in her stocking, underneath the garter, Villon found two of the small coins that went by the name of whites. It was little enough, but it was always something; and the poet was moved with a deep sense of pathos that she should have died before she had spent her money. That seemed to him a dark and pitiable mystery; and he looked from the coins in his hand to the dead woman, and back again to the coins, shaking his head over the riddle of man's life. Henry V. of England, dying at Vincennes just after he had conquered France, and this poor jade cut off by a cold draught in a great man's doorway, before she had time to spend her couple of whites — it seemed a cruel way to carry on the world. Two whites would have taken such a little while to squander; and yet it would have been one more good taste in the mouth, one more smack of the lips, before the devil got the soul, and the body was left to birds and vermin. He would like to use all his tallow before the light was blown out and the lantern broken.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he was feeling, half mechanically, for his purse. Suddenly his heart stopped beating; a feeling of cold scales passed up the back of his legs, and a cold blow seemed to fall upon his scalp. He stood petrified for a moment; then he felt again with one feverish movement; and then his loss burst upon him, and he was covered at once with perspiration. To spendthrifts money is so living and actual — it is such a thin veil between them and their pleasures! There is only one limit to their fortune — that of time; and a spendthrift with only a few crowns is the Emperor of Rome until they are spent. For such a person to lose his money is to suffer the most shocking reverse, and fall from heaven to hell, from all to nothing, in a breath. And all the more if he has put his head in the halter for it; if he may be hanged to-morrow for that same purse, so dearly earned, so foolishly departed! Villon stood and cursed; he threw the

two whites into the street; he shook his fist at heaven; he stamped, and was not horrified to find himself trampling the poor corpse. Then he began rapidly to retrace his steps towards the house beside the cemetery. He had forgotten all fear of the patrol, which was long gone by at any rate, and had no idea but that of his lost purse. It was in vain that he looked right and left upon the snow: nothing was to be seen. He had not dropped it in the streets. Had it fallen in the house? He would have liked dearly to go in and see; but the idea of the grisly occupant unmanned him. And he saw besides, as he drew near, that their efforts to put out the fire had been unsuccessful; on the contrary, it had broken into a blaze, and a changeful light played in the chinks of door and window, and revived his terror for the authorities and Paris gibbet.

He returned to the hotel with the porch, and groped about upon the snow for the money he had thrown away in his childish passion. But he could only find one white; the other had probably struck sideways and sunk deeply in. With a single white in his pocket, all his projects for a rousing night in some wild tavern vanished utterly away. And it was not only pleasure that fled laughing from his grasp: positive discomfort, positive pain, attacked him as he stood ruefully before the porch. His perspiration had dried upon him; and although the wind had now fallen, a binding frost was setting in stronger with every hour, and he felt benumbed and sick at heart. What was to be done? Late as was the hour, improbable as was success, he would try the house of his adopted father, the chaplain of St. Benoît.

He ran there all the way, and knocked timidly. There was no answer. He knocked again and again, taking heart with every stroke; and at last steps were heard approaching from within. A barred wicket fell open in the iron-studded door, and emitted a gush of yellow light.

"Hold up your face to the wicket," said the chaplain from within.

"It's only me," whimpered Villon.

"Oh, it's only you, is it?" returned the chaplain; and he cursed him with foul unpriestly oaths for disturbing him at such an hour, and bade him be off to hell, where he came from.

"My hands are blue to the wrist," pleaded Villon; "my feet are dead and full of twinges; my nose aches with the sharp

air; the cold lies at my heart. I may be dead before morning. Only this once, father, and before God, I will never ask again!"

"You should have come earlier," said the ecclesiastic, coolly. "Young men require a lesson now and then." He shut the wicket and retired deliberately into the interior of the house.

Villon was beside himself; he beat upon the door with his hands and feet, and shouted hoarsely after the chaplain.

"Wormy old fox!" he cried. "If I had my hand under your twist, I would send you flying headlong into the bottomless pit."

A door shut in the interior, faintly audible to the poet down long passages. He passed his hand over his mouth with an oath. And then the humor of the situation struck him, and he laughed and looked lightly up to heaven, where the stars seemed to be winking over his discomfiture.

What was to be done? It looked very like a night in the frosty streets. The idea of the dead woman popped into his imagination, and gave him a hearty fright; what had happened to her in the early night might very well happen to him before morning. And he so young! and with such immense possibilities of disorderly amusement before him! He felt quite pathetic over the notion of his own fate, as if it had been some one else's, and made a little imaginative vignette of the scene in the morning when they should find his body.

He passed all his chances under review, turning the white between his thumb and forefinger. Unfortunately he was on bad terms with some old friends who would once have taken pity on him in such a plight. He had lampooned them in verses; he had beaten and cheated them; and yet now, when he was in so close a pinch, he thought there was at least one who might perhaps relent. It was a chance. It was worth trying at least, and he would go and see.

On the way, two little accidents happened to him which colored his musings in a very different manner. For, first, he fell in with the track of a patrol, and walked in it for some hundred yards, although it lay out of his direction. And this spirited him up; at least he had confused his trail; for he was still possessed with the idea of people tracking him all about Paris over the snow, and collaring him next morning before he was awake. The other matter affected him quite differently. He passed a street corner where, not so long before, a woman

and her child had been devoured by wolves. This was just the kind of weather, he reflected, when wolves might take it into their heads to enter Paris again; and a lone man in these deserted streets would run the chance of something worse than a mere scare. He stopped and looked upon the place with an unpleasant interest — it was a center where several lanes intersected each other; and he looked down them all, one after another, and held his breath to listen, lest he should detect some galloping black things on the snow or hear the sound of howling between him and the river. He remembered his mother telling him the story and pointing out the spot, while he was yet a child. His mother! If he only knew where she lived, he might make sure at least of shelter. He determined he would inquire upon the morrow; nay, he would go and see her, too, poor old girl! So thinking, he arrived at his destination — his last hope for the night.

The house was quite dark, like its neighbors; and yet after a few taps, he heard a movement overhead, a door opening, and a cautious voice asking who was there. The poet named himself in a loud whisper, and waited, not without some trepidation, the result. Nor had he to wait long. A window was suddenly opened, and a pailful of slops splashed down upon the doorstep. Villon had not been unprepared for something of the sort, and had put himself as much in shelter as the nature of the porch admitted; but for all that, he was deplorably drenched below the waist. His hose began to freeze almost at once. Death from cold and exposure stared him in the face; he remembered he was of phthisical tendency, and began coughing tentatively. But the gravity of the danger steadied his nerves. He stopped a few hundred yards from the door where he had been so rudely used, and reflected with his finger to his nose. He could see only one way of getting a lodging, and that was to take it. He had noticed a house not far away, which looked as if it might be easily broken into, and thither he betook himself promptly, entertaining himself on the way with the idea of a room still hot, with a table still loaded with the remains of supper, where he might pass the rest of the black hours and whence he should issue, on the morrow, with an armful of valuable plate. He even considered on what viands and what wines he should prefer; and as he was calling the roll of his favorite dainties, roast fish presented itself to his mind with an odd mixture of amusement and horror.

"I shall never finish that ballade," he thought to himself; and then, with another shudder at the recollection, "Oh, damn his fat head!" he repeated fervently, and spat upon the snow.

The house in question looked dark at first sight; but as Villon made a preliminary inspection in search of the handiest point of attack, a little twinkle of light caught his eye from behind a curtained window.

"The devil!" he thought. "People awake! Some student or some saint, confound the crew! Can't they get drunk and lie in bed snoring like their neighbors! What's the good of curfew, and poor devils of bell ringers jumping at a rope's end in bell towers? What's the use of day, if people sit up all night? The gripes to them!" He grinned as he saw where his logic was leading him. "Every man to his business, after all," added he, "and if they're awake, by the Lord, I may come by a supper honestly for once, and cheat the devil."

He went boldly to the door and knocked with an assured hand. On both previous occasions, he had knocked timidly and with some dread of attracting notice; but now, when he had just discarded the thought of a burglarious entry, knocking at a door seemed a mighty-simple and innocent proceeding. The sound of his blows echoed through the house with thin, phantasmal reverberations, as though it were quite empty; but these had scarcely died away before a measured tread drew near, a couple of bolts were withdrawn, and one wing was opened broadly, as though no guile or fear of guile were known to those within. A tall figure of a man, muscular and spare, but a little bent, confronted Villon. The head was massive in bulk, but finely sculptured; the nose blunt at the bottom, but refining upward to where it joined a pair of strong and honest eyebrows; the mouth and eyes surrounded with delicate markings, and the whole face based upon a thick white beard, boldly and squarely trimmed. Seen as it was by the light of a flickering hand lamp, it looked perhaps nobler than it had a right to do; but it was a fine face, honorable rather than intelligent, strong, simple, and righteous.

"You knock late, sir," said the old man, in resonant, courteous tones.

Villon cringed, and brought up many servile words of apology; at a crisis of this sort, the beggar was uppermost in him, and the man of genius hid his head with confusion.

"You are cold," repeated the old man, "and hungry?

Well, step in." And he ordered him into the house with a noble enough gesture.

"Some great seigneur," thought Villon, as his host, setting down the lamp on the flagged pavement of the entry, shot the bolts once more into their places.

"You will pardon me if I go in front," he said, when this was done; and he preceded the poet upstairs into a large apartment, warmed with a pan of charcoal and lit by a great lamp hanging from the roof. It was very bare of furniture: only some gold plate on a sideboard; some folios; and a stand of armor between the windows. Some smart tapestry hung upon the walls, representing the crucifixion of our Lord in one piece, and in another a scene of shepherds and shepherdesses by a running stream. Over the chimney was a shield of arms.

"Will you seat yourself," said the old man, "and forgive me if I leave you? I am alone in my house to-night, and if you are to eat I must forage for you myself."

No sooner was his host gone than Villon leaped from the chair on which he had just seated himself, and began examining the room, with the stealth and passion of a cat. He weighed the gold flagons in his hand, opened all the folios, and investigated the arms upon the shield, and the stuff with which the seats were lined. He raised the window curtains, and saw that the windows were set with rich stained glass in figures, so far as he could see, of martial import. Then he stood in the middle of the room, drew a long breath, and retaining it with puffed cheeks, looked round and round him, turning on his heels, as if to impress every feature of the apartment on his memory.

"Seven pieces of plate," he said. "If there had been ten, I would have risked it. A fine house, and a fine old master, so help me all the saints!"

And just then, hearing the old man's tread returning along the corridor, he stole back to his chair, and began humbly toasting his wet legs before the charcoal pan.

His entertainer had a plate of meat in one hand and a jug of wine in the other. He set down the plate upon the table, motioning Villon to draw in his chair, and going to the sideboard, brought back two goblets, which he filled.

"I drink your better fortune," he said, gravely touching Villon's cup with his own.

"To our better acquaintance," said the poet, growing bold.

A mere man of the people would have been awed by the courtesy of the old seigneur, but Villon was hardened in that matter; he had made mirth for great lords before now, and found them as black rascals as himself. And so he devoted himself to the viands with a ravenous gusto, while the old man, leaning backward, watched him with steady, curious eyes.

"You have blood on your shoulder, my man," he said.

Montigny must have laid his wet right hand upon him as he left the house. He cursed Montigny in his heart.

"It was none of my shedding," he stammered.

"I had not supposed so," returned his host, quietly. "A brawl?"

"Well, something of that sort," Villon admitted with a quaver.

"Perhaps a fellow murdered?"

"Oh, no, not murdered," said the poet, more and more confused. "It was all fair play — murdered by accident. I had no hand in it, God strike me dead!" he added fervently.

"One rogue the fewer, I dare say," observed the master of the house.

"You may dare to say that," agreed Villon, infinitely relieved. "As big a rogue as there is between here and Jerusalem. He turned up his toes like a lamb. But it was a nasty thing to look at. I dare say you've seen dead men in your time, my lord?" he added, glancing at the armor.

"Many," said the old man. "I have followed the wars, as you imagine."

Villon laid down his knife and fork, which he had just taken up again.

"Were any of them bald?" he asked.

"Oh yes, and with hair as white as mine."

"I don't think I should mind the white so much," said Villon. "His was red." And he had a return of his shuddering and tendency to laughter, which he drowned with a great draught of wine. "I'm a little put out when I think of it," he went on. "I knew him — damn him! And then the cold gives a man fancies — or the fancies give a man cold, I don't know which."

"Have you any money?" asked the old man.

"I have one white," returned the poet, laughing. "I got it out of a dead jade's stocking in a porch. She was as dead as Cæsar, poor wench, and as cold as a church, with bits of ribbon

sticking in her hair. This is a hard world in winter for wolves and wenches and poor rogues like me."

"I," said the old man, "am Enguerrand de la Feuillée, seigneur de Brisetout, bailly du Patatrac. Who and what may you be?"

Villon rose and made a suitable reverence. "I am called Francis Villon," he said, "a poor Master of Arts of this university. I know some Latin, and a deal of vice. I can make chansons, ballades, lais, virelais, and roundels, and I am very fond of wine. I was born in a garret, and I shall not improbably die upon the gallows. I may add, my lord, that from this night forward I am your lordship's very obsequious servant to command."

"No servant of mine," said the knight; "my guest for this evening, and no more."

"A very grateful guest," said Villon, politely, and he drank in dumb show to his entertainer.

"You are shrewd," began the old man, tapping his forehead, "very shrewd; you have learning; you are a clerk; and yet you take a small piece of money off a dead woman in the street. Is it not a kind of theft?"

"It is a kind of theft much practiced in the wars, my lord."

"The wars are the field of honor," returned the old man, proudly. "There a man plays his life upon the cast; he fights in the name of his lord the king, his Lord God, and all their lordships the holy saints and angels."

"Put it," said Villon, "that I were really a thief, should I not play my life also, and against heavier odds?"

"For gain, but not for honor."

"Gain?" repeated Villon, with a shrug. "Gain! The poor fellow wants supper, and takes it. So does the soldier in a campaign. Why, what are all these requisitions we hear so much about? If they are not gain to those who take them, they are loss enough to the others. The men at arms drink by a good fire, while the burgher bites his nails to buy them wine and wood. I have seen a good many plowmen swinging on trees about the country; ay, I have seen thirty on one elm, and a very poor figure they made; and when I asked some one how all these came to be hanged, I was told it was because they could not scrape together enough crowns to satisfy the men at arms."

"These things are a necessity of war, which the lowborn must endure with constancy. It is true that some captains

drive overhard; there are spirits in every rank not easily moved by pity; and, indeed, many follow arms who are no better than brigands."

"You see," said the poet, "you cannot separate the soldier from the brigand; and what is a thief but an isolated brigand with circumspect manners? I steal a couple of mutton chops, without so much as disturbing people's sleep; the farmer grumbles a bit, but sups none the less wholesomely on what remains. You come up blowing gloriously on a trumpet, take away the whole sheep, and beat the farmer pitifully into the bargain. I have no trumpet; I am only Tom, Dick, or Harry; I am a rogue and a dog, and hanging's too good for me — with all my heart; but just ask the farmer which of us he prefers, just find out which of us he lies awake to curse on cold nights."

"Look at us two," said his lordship. "I am old, strong, and honored. If I were turned from my house to-morrow, hundreds would be proud to shelter me. Poor people would go out and pass the night in the streets with their children, if I merely hinted that I wished to be alone. And I find you up, wandering homeless, and picking farthings off dead women by the wayside! I fear no man and nothing; I have seen you tremble and lose countenance at a word. I wait God's summons contentedly in my own house, or, if it please the king to call me out again, upon the field of battle. You look for the gallows; a rough, swift death, without hope or honor. Is there no difference between these two?"

"As far as to the moon," Villon acquiesced. "But if I had been born lord of Brisetout, and you had been the poor scholar Francis, would the difference have been any the less? Should not I have been warming my knees at this charcoal pan, and would not you have been groping for farthings in the snow? Should not I have been the soldier, and you the thief?"

"A thief?" cried the old man. "I a thief! If you understood your words, you would repent them."

Villon turned out his hands with a gesture of inimitable impudence. "If your lordship had done me the honor to follow my argument!" he said.

"I do you too much honor in submitting to your presence," said the knight. "Learn to curb your tongue when you speak with old and honorable men, or some one hastier than I may reprove you in a sharper fashion." And he rose and paced the lower end of the apartment, struggling with anger and antip-

athy. Villon surreptitiously refilled his cup, and settled himself more comfortably in the chair, crossing his knees and leaning his head upon one hand and the elbow against the back of the chair. He was now replete and warm; and he was in no wise frightened for his host, having gauged him as justly as was possible between two such different characters. The night was far spent, and in a very comfortable fashion after all; and he felt morally certain of a safe departure on the morrow.

"Tell me one thing," said the old man, pausing in his walk. "Are you really a thief?"

"I claim the sacred rights of hospitality," returned the poet. "My lord, I am."

"You are very young," the knight continued.

"I should never have been so old," replied Villon, showing his fingers, "if I had not helped myself with these ten talents. They have been my nursing mothers and my nursing fathers."

"You may still repent and change."

"I repent daily," said the poet. "There are few people more given to repentance than poor Francis. As for change, let somebody change my circumstances. A man must continue to eat, if it were only that he may continue to repent."

"The change must begin in the heart," returned the old man, solemnly.

"My dear lord," answered Villon, "do you really fancy that I steal for pleasure? I hate stealing, like any other piece of work or of danger. My teeth chatter when I see a gallows. But I must eat, I must drink, I must mix in society of some sort. What the devil! Man is not a solitary animal—*Cui Deus fœminam tradit.* Make me king's pantler—make me abbot of St. Denis; make me bailly of the Patatrac; and then I shall be changed indeed. But as long as you leave me the poor scholar Francis Villon, without a farthing, why, of course, I remain the same."

"The grace of God is all-powerful."

"I should be a heretic to question it," said Francis. "It has made you lord of Brisetout and bailly of the Patatrac; it has given me nothing but the quick wits under my hat and these ten toes upon my hands. May I help myself to wine? I thank you respectfully. By God's grace, you have a very superior vintage."

The lord of Brisetout walked to and fro with his hands behind his back. Perhaps he was not yet quite settled in his

mind about the parallel between thieves and soldiers; perhaps Villon had interested him by some cross thread of sympathy; perhaps his wits were simply muddled by so much unfamiliar reasoning; but whatever the cause, he somehow yearned to convert the young man to a better way of thinking, and could not make up his mind to drive him forth again into the street.

"There is something more than I can understand in this," he said at length. "Your mouth is full of subtleties, and the devil has led you very far astray; but the devil is only a very weak spirit before God's truth, and all his subtleties vanish at a word of true honor, like darkness at morning. Listen to me once more. I learned long ago that a gentleman should live chivalrously and lovingly to God, and the king, and his lady; and though I have seen many strange things done, I have still striven to command my ways upon that rule. It is not only written in all noble histories, but in every man's heart, if he will take care to read. You speak of food and wine, and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure; but you do not speak of other wants; you say nothing of honor, of faith to God and other men, of courtesy, of love without reproach. It may be that I am not very wise — and yet I think I am — but you seem to me like one who has lost his way and made a great error in life. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring toothache on the Judgment Day. For such things as honor and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but indeed I think we desire them more, and suffer more sharply for their absence. I speak to you as I think you will most easily understand me. Are you not, while careful to fill your belly, disregarding another appetite in your heart, which spoils the pleasure of your life and keeps you continually wretched?"

Villon was sensibly nettled under all this sermonizing. "You think I have no sense of honor!" he cried. "I'm poor enough, God knows! It's hard to see rich people with their gloves, and you blowing in your hands. An empty belly is a bitter thing, although you speak so lightly of it. If you had had as many as I, perhaps you would change your tune. Any way I'm a thief — make the most of that — but I'm not a devil from hell, God strike me dead. I would have you to know I've an honor of my own, as good as yours, though I don't prate about it all day long, as if it was a God's miracle to have any.

It seems quite natural to me; I keep it in its box till it's wanted. Why now, look you here, how long have I been in this room with you? Did you not tell me you were alone in the house? Look at your gold plate! You're strong, if you like, but you're old and unarmed, and I have my knife. What did I want but a jerk of the elbow and here would have been you with the cold steel in your bowels, and there would have been me, linking in the streets, with an armful of golden cups! Did you suppose I hadn't wit enough to see that? And I scorned the action. There are your damned goblets, as safe as in a church; there are you, with your heart ticking as good as new; and here am I, ready to go out again as poor as I came in, with my one white that you threw in my teeth! And you think I have no sense of honor — God strike me dead!"

The old man stretched out his right arm. "I will tell you what you are," he said. "You are a rogue, my man, an impudent and black-hearted rogue and vagabond. I have passed an hour with you. Oh! believe me, I feel myself disgraced! And you have eaten and drunk at my table. But now I am sick at your presence; the day has come, and the night bird should be off to his roost. Will you go before, or after?"

"Which you please," returned the poet, rising. "I believe you to be strictly honorable." He thoughtfully emptied his cup. "I wish I could add you were intelligent," he went on, knocking on his head with his knuckles. "Age! age! the brains stiff and rheumatic."

The old man preceded him from a point of self-respect; Villon followed, whistling, with his thumbs in his girdle.

"God pity you," said the lord of Brisetout at the door.

"Good-by, papa," returned Villon, with a yawn. "Many thanks for the cold mutton."

The door closed behind him. The dawn was breaking over the white roofs. A chill, uncomfortable morning ushered in the day. Villon stood and heartily stretched himself in the middle of the road.

"A very dull old gentleman," he thought. "I wonder what his goblets may be worth."

THE SACK OF ROME BY THE CONSTABLE OF BOURBON.

BY LORD BYRON.

[LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON: A famous English poet, born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

Scene: Before the Walls of Rome. — The assault: the army in motion, with ladders to scale the walls; BOURBON, *with a white scarf over his armor, foremost.*

Chorus of Spirits in the air.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.
Whither flies the silent lark?
Whither shrinks the clouded sun?
Is the day indeed begun?
Nature's eye is melancholy
O'er the city high and holy:
But without there is a din
Should arouse the saints within,
And revive the heroic ashes
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.
Oh ye seven hills! awaken,
Ere your very base be shaken!

Hearken to the steady stamp!
Mars is in their every tramp!
Not a step is out of tune,
As the tides obey the moon!
On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank
Hearken to the armor's clank!

Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
How he glares upon the barrier:
Look on each step of each ladder,
As the stripes that streak an adder.

Look upon the bristling wall,
Manned without an interval!
Round and round, and tier on tier,
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,
Lit match, bell-mouthed musquetoon,
Gaping to be murderous soon;
All the warlike gear of old,
Mixed with what we now behold,
In this strife 'twixt old and new,
Gather like a locusts' crew.
Shade of Remus! 'tis a time
Awful as thy brother's crime!
Christians war against Christ's shrine:—
Must its lot be like to thine?

Near—and near—and nearer still,
As the earthquake saps the hill,
First with trembling, hollow motion,
Like a scarce-awakened ocean,
Then with stronger shock and louder,
Till the rocks are crushed to powder,—
Onward sweeps the rolling host!
Heroes of the immortal boast!
Mighty chiefs! eternal shadows!
First flowers of the bloody meadows
Which encompass Rome, the mother
Of a people without brother!
Will you sleep when nations' quarrels
Plow the root up of your laurels?
Ye who weep o'er Carthage burning,
Weep not—*strike!* for Rome is mourning!

Onward sweep the varied nations!
Famine long hath dealt their rations.
To the wall, with hate and hunger,
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,
On they sweep. Oh! glorious city,
Must thou be a theme for pity?
Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!
Alaric was a gentle foeman,



BYRON

From a painting by P. Kramer. By permission of F. Bruckmann, Munich

Matched with Bourbon's black banditti!
Rouse thee, thou eternal city;
Rouse thee! Rather give the torch
With thine own hand to thy porch,
Than behold such hosts pollute
Your worst dwelling with their foot.

Ah! behold yon bleeding specter!
Ilion's children find no Hector;
Priam's offspring loved their brother;
Rome's great sire forgot his mother,
When he slew his gallant twin,
With inexpiable sin.
See the giant shadow stride
O'er the ramparts high and wide!
When the first o'erleapt thy wall,
Its foundation mourned thy fall.
Now, though towering like a Babel,
Who to stop his steps are able?
Stalking o'er thy highest dome,
Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

Now they reach thee in their anger:
Fire and smoke and hellish clangor
Are around thee, thou world's wonder!
Death is in thy walls and under.
Now the meeting steel first clashes,
Downward then the ladder crashes,
With its iron load all gleaming,
Lying at its foot blaspheming!
Up again! for every warrior
Slain, another climbs the barrier
Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches
Europe's mingling gore enriches
Rome! although thy wall may perish,
Such manure thy fields will cherish,
Making gay the harvest home;
But thy hearths, alas! oh, Rome!—
Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

Yet once more, ye old Penates!
Let not your quenched hearths be Até's!
Yet again ye shadowy heroes,
Yield not to these stranger Neros!

Though the son who slew his mother
Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother:
'Twas the Roman curbed the Roman;—
Brennus was a baffled foeman.
Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,
Rise! for yours are holier charters!
Mighty gods of temples falling,
Yet in ruin still appalling!
Mightier founders of those altars,
True and Christian,—strike the assaulters!
Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent
Show even nature's self abhorrent.
Let each breathing heart dilated
Turn, as doth the lion baited!
Rome be crushed to one wide tomb,
But be still the Roman's Rome!



BENVENUTO CELLINI'S EARLY LIFE.[1]

(From his "Life": translated by J. A. Symonds.)

[BENVENUTO CELLINI, the Italian goldsmith, sculptor, and autobiographer, was born in Florence, November 10, 1500; died February 13, 1571. He worked at his trade of goldsmith in Rome under the patronage of Popes Clement VII. and Paul III.; assisted in the defense of the castle of San Angelo (1527); and in 1538 at the instigation of his inveterate enemy, Pier Luigi Farnese, was confined in a loathsome underground dungeon of the same castle, from which he made a marvelous escape. According to his own account he was as expert with sword and dagger as with goldsmiths' tools, and declares that he killed the Constable of Bourbon and wounded the Prince of Orange during the siege of Rome. He was at the court of Francis I. of France (1540–1544), and on his return to Florence worked under the patronage of Cosimo I. and the Medici family. He executed among other pieces of sculpture in metal and marble the famous bronze of Perseus with the head of Medea, in the Loggia dei Lanzi. In 1558 he began to write his autobiography, one of the most interesting works of its kind in literature, and also valuable as a picture of Italian society in the sixteenth century.]

MY father was the devoted servant and attached friend of the house of Medici; and when Piero was banished, he intrusted him with many affairs of the greatest possible importance. Afterwards, when the magnificent Piero Soderini was elected, and my father continued in his office of musician, Soderini, perceiving his wonderful talent, began to employ him in many matters of great importance as an engineer. So long as Soderini remained in Florence, he showed the utmost good will to

[1] By permission of Mr. John C. Nimmo. (Fifth edition, crown 8vo, price 7s 6d.)



BENVENUTO CELLINI IN HIS STUDIO

From a painting by Robert Fleury. Salon, 18[illegible]

my father; and in those days, I being still of tender age, my father had me carried, and made me perform upon the flute; I used to play treble in concert with the musicians of the palace before the Signory, following my notes: and a beadle used to carry me upon his shoulders. The Gonfalonier, that is, Soderini, whom I have already mentioned, took much pleasure in making me chatter, and gave me comfits, and was wont to say to my father: "Maestro Giovanni, besides music, teach the boy those other arts which do you so much honor." To which my father answered: "I do not wish him to practice any art but playing and composing; for in this profession I hope to make him the greatest man of the world, if God prolongs his life." To these words one of the old counselors made answer: "Ah! Maestro Giovanni, do what the Gonfalonier tells you! for why should he never become anything more than a good musician?"

Thus some time passed, until the Medici returned. When they arrived, the Cardinal, who afterwards became Pope Leo, received my father very kindly. During their exile the scutcheons which were on the palace of the Medici had had their balls erased, and a great red cross painted over them, which was the bearing of the Commune. Accordingly, as soon as they returned, the red cross was scratched out, and on the scutcheon the red balls and the golden field were painted in again, and finished with great beauty. My father, who possessed a simple vein of poetry, instilled in him by nature, together with a certain touch of prophecy, which was doubtless a divine gift in him, wrote these four verses under the said arms of the Medici, when they were uncovered to the view: —

> These arms, which have so long from sight been laid
> Beneath the holy cross, that symbol meek,
> Now lift their glorious glad face, and seek
> With Peter's sacred cloak to be arrayed.

This epigram was read by all Florence. A few days afterwards Pope Julius II. died. The Cardinal de' Medici went to Rome, and was elected Pope against the expectation of everybody. He reigned as Leo X., that generous and great soul. My father sent him his four prophetic verses. The Pope sent to tell him to come to Rome, for this would be to his advantage. But he had no will to go; and so, in lieu of reward, his place in the palace was taken from him by Jacopo Salviati,

upon that man's election as Gonfalonier. This was the reason why I commenced goldsmith; after which I spent part of my time in learning that art, and part in playing, much against my will.

When my father spoke to me in the way I have above described, I entreated him to let me draw a certain fixed number of hours in the day; all the rest of my time I would give to music, only with the view of satisfying his desire. Upon this he said to me: "So then, you take no pleasure in playing?" To which I answered, "No"; because that art seemed too base in comparison with what I had in my own mind. My good father, driven to despair by this fixed idea of mine, placed me in the workshop of Cavaliere Bandinello's father, who was called Michel Agnolo, a goldsmith from Pinzi di Monte, and a master excellent in that craft. He had no distinction of birth whatever, but was the son of a charcoal seller. This is no blame to Bandinello, who has founded the honor of the family — if only he had done so honestly! However that may be, I have no cause now to talk about him. After I had stayed there some days, my father took me away from Michel Agnolo, finding himself unable to live without having me always under his eyes. Accordingly, much to my discontent, I remained at music till I reached the age of fifteen. If I were to describe all the wonderful things that happened to me up to that time, and all the great dangers to my own life which I ran, I should astound my readers; but, in order to avoid prolixity, and having very much to relate, I will omit these incidents.

When I reached the age of fifteen, I put myself, against my father's will, to the goldsmith's trade with a man called Antonio, son of Sandro, known commonly as Marcone the goldsmith. He was a most excellent craftsman and a very good fellow to boot, high-spirited and frank in all his ways. My father would not let him give me wages like the other apprentices; for having taken up the study of this art to please myself, he wished me to indulge my whim for drawing to the full. I did so willingly enough; and that honest master of mine took marvelous delight in my performances. He had an only son, a bastard, to whom he often gave his orders, in order to spare me. My liking for the art was so great, or, I may truly say, my natural bias, both one and the other, that in a few months I caught up the good, nay, the best young craftsmen in our business, and began to reap the fruits of my labors. I

did not, however, neglect to gratify my good father from time to time by playing on the flute or cornet. Each time he heard me, I used to make his tears fall accompanied with deep-drawn sighs of satisfaction. My filial piety often made me give him that contentment, and induced me to pretend that I enjoyed the music too.

At that time I had a brother, younger by two years, a youth of extreme boldness and fierce temper. He afterwards became one of the great soldiers in the school of that marvelous general Giovannino de' Medici, father of Duke Cosimo. The boy was about fourteen, and I two years older. One Sunday evening, just before nightfall, he happened to find himself between the gate San Gallo and the Porta a Pinti; in this quarter he came to duel with a young fellow of twenty or thereabouts. They both had swords; and my brother dealt so valiantly that, after having badly wounded him, he was upon the point of following up his advantage. There was a great crowd of people present, among whom were many of the adversary's kinsfolk. Seeing that the thing was going ill for their own man, they put hand to their slings, a stone from one of which hit my poor brother in the head. He fell to the ground at once in a dead faint. It so chanced that I had been upon the spot alone, and without arms; and I had done my best to get my brother out of the fray by calling to him: "Make off; you have done enough." Meanwhile, as luck would have it, he fell, as I have said, half dead to earth. I ran up at once, seized his sword, and stood in front of him, bearing the brunt of several rapiers and a shower of stones. I never left his side until some brave soldiers came from the gate San Gallo and rescued me from the raging crowd; they marveled much, the while, to find such valor in so young a boy.

Then I carried my brother home for dead, and it was only with great difficulty that he came to himself again. When he was cured, the Eight, who had already condemned our adversaries and banished them for a term of years, sent us also into exile for six months at a distance of ten miles from Florence. I said to my brother: "Come along with me;" and so we took leave of our poor father; and instead of giving us money, for he had none, he bestowed on us his blessing. I went to Siena, wishing to look up a certain worthy man called Maestro Francesco Castoro. On another occasion, when I had run

away from my father, I went to this good man, and stayed some time with him, working at the goldsmith's trade until my father sent for me back. Francesco, when I reached him, recognized me at once, and gave me work to do. While thus occupied, he placed a house at my disposal for the whole time of my sojourn in Siena. Into this I moved, together with my brother, and applied myself to labor for the space of several months. My brother had acquired the rudiments of Latin, but was still so young that he could not yet relish the taste of virtuous employment, but passed his time in dissipation.

The Cardinal de' Medici, who afterwards became Pope Clement VII., had us recalled to Florence at the entreaty of my father. A certain pupil of my father's, moved by his own bad nature, suggested to the Cardinal that he ought to send me to Bologna, in order to learn to play well from a great master there. The name of this master was Antonio, and he was in truth a worthy man in the musician's art. The Cardinal said to my father that, if he sent me there, he would give me letters of recommendation and support. My father, dying with joy at such an opportunity, sent me off; and I being eager to see the world, went with good grace.

When I reached Bologna, I put myself under a certain Maestro Ercole del Piffero, and began to earn something by my trade. In the mean time I used to go every day to take my music lesson, and in a few weeks made considerable progress in that accursed art. However, I made still greater in my trade of goldsmith; for the Cardinal having given me no assistance, I went to live with a Bolognese illuminator who was called Scipione Cavalletti (his house was in the street of our Lady del Baraccan); and while there I devoted myself to drawing and working for one Graziadio, a Jew, with whom I earned considerably.

At the end of six months I returned to Florence, where that fellow Pierino, who had been my father's pupil, was greatly mortified by my return. To please my father, I went to his house and played the cornet and the flute with one of his brothers, who was named Girolamo, several years younger than the said Piero, a very worthy young man, and quite the contrary of his brother. On one of those days my father came to Piero's house to hear us play, and in ecstasy at my performance exclaimed: "I shall yet make you a marvelous musician against the will of all or any one who may desire to prevent

me." To this Piero answered and spoke the truth: "Your Benvenuto will get much more honor and profit if he devotes himself to the goldsmith's trade than to this piping." These words made my father so angry, seeing that I too had the same opinion as Piero, that he flew into a rage and cried out at him: "Well did I know that it was you, *you*, who put obstacles in the way of my cherished wish; you are the man who had me ousted from my place at the palace, paying me back with that black ingratitude which is the usual recompense of great benefits. I got you promoted, and you have got me cashiered; I taught you to play with all the little art you have, and you are preventing my son from obeying me; but bear in mind these words of prophecy: not years or months, I say, but only a few weeks will pass before this dirty ingratitude of yours shall plunge you into ruin." To these words answered Pierino and said: "Maestro Giovanni, the majority of men, when they grow old, go mad at the same time; and this has happened to you. I am not astonished at it, because most liberally have you squandered all your property, without reflecting that your children had need of it. I mind to do just the opposite, and to leave my children so much that they shall be able to succor yours."

To this my father answered: "No bad tree ever bore good fruit; quite the contrary; and I tell you further that you are bad, and that your children will be mad and paupers, and will cringe for alms to my virtuous and wealthy sons." Thereupon we left the house, muttering words of anger on both sides. I had taken my father's part; and when we stepped into the street together, I told him I was quite ready to take vengeance for the insults heaped on him by that scoundrel, provided you permit me to give myself up to the art of design. He answered: "My dear son, I too in my time was a good draughtsman; but for recreation, after such stupendous labors, and for the love of me who am your father, who begat you and brought you up and implanted so many honorable talents in you, for the sake of recreation, I say, will not you promise sometimes to take in hand your flute and that seductive cornet, and to play upon them to your heart's content, inviting the delight of music?" I promised I would do so, and very willingly for his love's sake. Then my good father said that such excellent parts as I possessed would be the greatest vengeance I could take for the insults of his enemies.

Not a whole month had been completed after this scene before

the man Pierino happened to be building a vault in a house of his, which he had in the Via dello Studio; and being one day in a ground-floor room above the vault which he was making, together with much company around him, he fell to talking about his old master, my father. While repeating the words which he had said to him concerning his ruin, no sooner had they escaped his lips than the floor where he was standing (either because the vault had been badly built, or rather through the sheer mightiness of God, who does not always pay on Saturday) suddenly gave way. Some of the stones and bricks of the vault, which fell with him, broke both his legs. The friends who were with him, remaining on the border of the broken vault, took no harm, but were astounded and full of wonder, especially because of the prophecy which he had just contemptuously repeated to them. When my father heard of this, he took his sword, and went to see the man. There, in the presence of his father, who was called Niccolaio da Volterra, a trumpeter of the Signory, he said: "O Piero, my dear pupil, I am sorely grieved at your mischance; but if you remember it was only a short time ago that I warned you of it; and as much as I then said will come to happen between your children and mine." Shortly afterwards, the ungrateful Piero died of that illness. He left a wife of bad character and one son, who after the lapse of some years came to me to beg for alms in Rome. I gave him something, as well because it is my nature to be charitable, as also because I recalled with tears the happy state which Pierino held when my father spake those words of prophecy, namely, that Pierino's children should live to crave succor from his own virtuous sons. Of this perhaps enough is now said; but let none ever laugh at the prognostications of any worthy man whom he has wrongfully insulted; because it is not he who speaks, nay, but the very voice of God through him.

All this while I worked as a goldsmith, and was able to assist my good father. His other son, my brother Cecchino, had, as I said before, been instructed in the rudiments of Latin letters. It was our father's wish to make me, the elder, a great musician and composer, and him, the younger, a great and learned jurist. He could not, however, put force upon the inclinations of our nature, which directed me to the arts of design, and my brother, who had a fine and graceful person, to the profession of arms. Cecchino, being still quite a lad, was returning from

his first lesson in the school of the stupendous Giovannino de' Medici. On the day when he reached home, I happened to be absent; and he, being in want of proper clothes, sought out our sisters, who, unknown to my father, gave him a cloak and doublet of mine, both new and of good quality. I ought to say that, beside the aid I gave my father and my excellent and honest sisters, I had bought those handsome clothes out of my own savings. When I found I had been cheated, and my clothes taken from me, and my brother from whom I should have recovered them was gone, I asked my father why he suffered so great a wrong to be done me, seeing that I was always ready to assist him. He replied that I was his good son, but that the other, whom he thought to have lost, had been found again; also that it was a duty, nay, a precept from God Himself, that he who hath should give to him who hath not; and that for his sake I ought to bear this injustice, for God would increase me in all good things. I, like a youth without experience, retorted on my poor afflicted parent; and taking the miserable remnants of my clothes and money, went toward a gate of the city. As I did not know which gate would start me on the road to Rome, I arrived at Lucca, and from Lucca reached Pisa.

When I came to Pisa (I was about sixteen years of age at the time), I stopped near the middle bridge, by what is called the Fish-stone, at the shop of a goldsmith, and began attentively to watch what the master was about. He asked me who I was, and what was my profession. I told him that I worked a little in the same trade as his own. This worthy man bade me come into his shop, and at once gave me work to do, and spoke as follows: "Your good appearance makes me believe you are a decent honest youth." Then he told me out gold, silver, and gems; and when the first day's work was finished, he took me in the evening to his house, where he dwelt respectably with his handsome wife and children. Thinking of the grief which my good father might be feeling for me, I wrote him that I was sojourning with a very excellent and honest man, called Maestro Ulivieri della Chiostra, and was working with him at many things of beauty and importance. I bade him be of good cheer, for that I was bent on learning, and hoped by my acquirements to bring him back both profit and honor before long. My good father answered the letter at once in words like these: "My son, the love I bear you is so great, that if it were not for the

honor of our family, which above all things I regard, I should immediately have set off for you; for indeed it seems like being without the light of my eyes, when I do not see you daily, as I used to do. I will make it my business to complete the training of my household up to virtuous honesty; do you make it yours to acquire excellence in your art; and I only wish you to remember these four simple words, obey them, and never let them escape your memory: —

"In whatever house you be,
Steal not, and live honestly."

This letter fell into the hands of my master Ulivieri, and he read it unknown to me. Afterwards he avowed that he had read it, and added: "So then, my Benvenuto, your good looks did not deceive me, as a letter from your father which has come into my hands gives me assurance, which proves him to be a man of notable honesty and worth. Consider yourself then to be at home here, and as though in your own father's house."

While I stayed at Pisa, I went to see the Campo Santo, and there I found many beautiful fragments of antiquity, that is to say, marble sarcophagi. In other parts of Pisa also I saw many antique objects, which I diligently studied whenever I had days or hours free from the labor of the workshop. My master, who took pleasure in coming to visit me in the little room which he had allotted me, observing that I spent all my time in studious occupations, began to love me like a father. I made great progress in the one year that I stayed there, and completed several fine and valuable things in gold and silver, which inspired me with a resolute ambition to advance in my art.

My father, in the mean while, kept writing piteous entreaties that I should return to him, and in every letter bade me not to lose the music he had taught me with such trouble. On this, I suddenly gave up all wish to go back to him, so much did I hate that accursed music; and I felt as though of a truth I were in paradise the whole year I stayed at Pisa, where I never played the flute.

At the end of the year my master Ulivieri had occasion to go to Florence, in order to sell certain gold and silver sweepings which he had; and inasmuch as the bad air of Pisa had given me a touch of fever, I went with the fever hanging still

about me, in my master's company, back to Florence. There my father received him most affectionately, and lovingly prayed him, unknown by me, not to insist on taking me again to Pisa. I was ill about two months, during which time my father had me most kindly treated and cured, always repeating that it seemed to him a thousand years till I got well again, in order that he might hear me play a little. But when he talked to me of music, with his fingers on my pulse, seeing he had some acquaintance with medicine and Latin learning, he felt it change so much if he approached that topic, that he was often dismayed and left my side in tears. When I perceived how greatly he was disappointed, I bade one of my sisters bring me a flute; for though the fever never left me, that instrument is so easy that it did not hurt me to play upon it; and I used it with such dexterity of hand and tongue that my father, coming suddenly upon me, blessed me a thousand times, exclaiming that while I was away from him I had made great progress, as he thought; and he begged me to go forwards, and not to sacrifice so fine an accomplishment.

When I had recovered my health, I returned to my old friend Marcone, the worthy goldsmith, who put me in the way of earning money, with which I helped my father and our household. About that time there came to Florence a sculptor named Piero Torrigiani; he arrived from England, where he had resided many years; and being intimate with my master, he daily visited his house; and when he saw my drawings and the things which I was making, he said: "I have come to Florence to enlist as many young men as I can; for I have undertaken to execute a great work for my king, and want some of my own Florentines to help me. Now your method of working and your designs are worthy rather of a sculptor than a goldsmith; and since I have to turn out a great piece of bronze, I will at the same time turn you into a rich and able artist." This man had a splendid person and a most arrogant spirit, with the air of a great soldier more than of a sculptor, especially in regard to his vehement gestures and his resonant voice, together with a habit he had of knitting his brows, enough to frighten any man of courage. He kept talking every day about his gallant feats among those beasts of Englishmen.

In course of conversation he happened to mention Michel Agnolo Buonarroti, led thereto by a drawing I had made from

a cartoon of that divinest painter. This cartoon was the first masterpiece which Michel Agnolo exhibited, in proof of his stupendous talents. He produced it in competition with another painter, Lionardo da Vinci, who also made a cartoon; and both were intended for the council hall in the palace of the Signory. They represented the taking of Pisa by the Florentines; and our admirable Lionardo had chosen to depict a battle of horses, with the capture of some standards, in as divine a style as could possibly be imagined. Michel Agnolo in his cartoon portrayed a number of foot soldiers, who, the season being summer, had gone to bathe in Arno. He drew them at the very moment the alarm is sounded, and the men all naked run to arms,—so splendid in their action that nothing survives of ancient or of modern art which touches the same lofty point of excellence; and as I have already said, the design of the great Lionardo was itself most admirably beautiful. These two cartoons stood, one in the palace of the Medici, the other in the hall of the Pope. So long as they remained intact, they were the school of the world. Though the divine Michel Agnolo in later life finished that great chapel of Pope Julius, he never rose halfway to the same pitch of power; his genius never afterwards attained to the force of those first studies.

Now let us return to Piero Torrigiani, who, with my drawing in his hand, spoke as follows: "This Buonarroti and I used, when we were boys, to go into the Church of the Carmine, to learn drawing from the chapel of Masaccio. It was Buonarroti's habit to banter all who were drawing there; and one day, among others, when he was annoying me, I got more angry than usual, and clenching my fist, gave him such a blow on the nose, that I felt bone and cartilage go down like biscuit beneath my knuckles; and this mark of mine he will carry with him to the grave." These words begat in me such hatred of the man, since I was always gazing at the masterpieces of the divine Michel Agnolo, that although I felt a wish to go with him to England, I now could never bear the sight of him.

All the while I was at Florence, I studied the noble manner of Michel Agnolo, and from this I have never deviated. About that time I contracted a close and familiar friendship with an amiable lad of my own age, who was also in the goldsmith's trade. He was called Francesco, son of Filippo, and grandson of Fra Lippo Lippi, that most excellent painter. Through intercourse together, such love grew up between us that, day or

night, we never stayed apart. The house where he lived was still full of the fine studies which his father had made, bound up in several books of drawings by his hand, and taken from the best antiquities of Rome. The sight of these things filled me with passionate enthusiasm; and for two years or thereabouts we lived in intimacy. At that time I fashioned a silver bas-relief of the size of a little child's hand. It was intended for the clasp to a man's belt; for they were then worn as large as that. I carved on it a knot of leaves in the antique style, with figures of children and other masks of great beauty. This piece I made in the workshop of one Francesco Salimbene; and on its being exhibited to the trade, the goldsmiths praised me as the best young craftsman of their art.

There was one Giovan Battista, surnamed Il Tasso, a wood carver, precisely of my own age, who one day said to me that if I was willing to go to Rome, he should be glad to join me. Now we had this conversation together immediately after dinner; and I being angry with my father for the same old reason of the music, said to Tasso: "You are a fellow of words, not deeds." He answered: "I too have come to anger with my mother; and if I had cash enough to take me to Rome, I would not turn back to lock the door of that wretched little workshop I call mine." To these words I replied that if that was all that kept him in Florence I had money enough in my pockets to bring us both to Rome. Talking thus and walking onwards, we found ourselves at the gate San Piero Gattolini without noticing that we had got there; whereupon I said: "Friend Tasso, this is God's doing that we have reached this gate without either you or me noticing that we were there; and now that I am here, it seems to me that I have finished half the journey.' And so, being of one accord, we pursued our way together, saying, "Oh, what will our old folks say this evening?" We then made an agreement not to think more about them till we reached Rome. So we tied our aprons behind our backs, and trudged almost in silence to Siena. When we arrived at Siena, Tasso said (for he had hurt his feet) that he would not go farther, and asked me to lend him money to get back. I made answer: "I should not have enough left to go forward; you ought indeed to have thought of this on leaving Florence; and if it is because of your feet that you shirk the journey, we will find a return horse for Rome, which will deprive you of the excuse." Accordingly I hired a horse; and

seeing that he did not answer, I took my way toward the gate of Rome. When he knew that I was firmly resolved to go, muttering between his teeth, and limping as well as he could, he came on behind me very slowly and at a great distance. On reaching the gate, I felt pity for my comrade, and waited for him, and took him on the crupper, saying: "What would our friends speak of us to-morrow, if, having left for Rome, we had not pluck to get beyond Siena?" Then the good Tasso said I spoke the truth; and as he was a pleasant fellow, he began to laugh and sing; and in this way, always singing and laughing, we traveled the whole way to Rome. I had just nineteen years then, and so had the century.

When we reached Rome, I put myself under a master who was known as Il Firenzuola. His name was Giovanni, and he came from Firenzuola in Lombardy,—a most able craftsman in large vases and big plate of that kind. I showed him part of the model for the clasp which I had made in Florence at Salimbene's. It pleased him exceedingly; and turning to one of his journeymen, a Florentine called Giannotto Giannotti, who had been several years with him, he spoke as follows: "This fellow is one of the Florentines who know something, and you are one of those who know nothing." Then I recognized the man, and turned to speak with him; for before he went to Rome, we often went to draw together, and had been very intimate comrades. He was so put out by the words his master flung at him, that he said he did not recognize me or know who I was; whereupon I got angry, and cried out: "O Giannotto, you who were once my friend—for have we not been together in such and such places, and drawn, and ate, and drunk, and slept in company at your house in the country? I don't want you to bear witness on my behalf to this worthy man, your master, because I hope my hands are such that without aid from you they will declare what sort of a fellow I am."

When I had thus spoken, Firenzuola, who was a man of hot spirit and brave, turned to Giannotto, and said to him: "You vile rascal, aren't you ashamed to treat a man who has been so intimate a comrade with you in this way?" And with the same movement of quick feeling, he faced round and said to me: "Welcome to my workshop; and do as you have promised; let your hands declare what man you are."

He gave me a very fine piece of silver plate to work on for a cardinal. It was a little oblong box, copied from the por-

phyry sarcophagus before the door of the Rotonda. Besides what I copied, I enriched it with so many elegant masks of my invention, that my master went about showing it through the art, and boasting that so good a piece of work had been turned out from his shop. It was about half a cubit in size, and was so constructed as to serve for a saltcellar at table. This was the first earning that I touched at Rome, and part of it I sent to assist my good father; the rest I kept for my own use, living upon it while I went about studying the antiquities of Rome, until my money failed, and I had to return to the shop for work. Battista del Tasso, my comrade, did not stay long in Rome, but went back to Florence.

After undertaking some new commissions, I took it into my head, as soon as I had finished them, to change my master; I had indeed been worried into doing so by a certain Milanese, called Pagolo Arsago. My first master, Firenzuola, had a great quarrel about this with Arsago, and abused him in my presence, whereupon I took up speech in defense of my new master. I said that I was born free, and free I meant to live, and that there was no reason to complain of him, far less of me, since some few crowns of wages were still due to me; also that I chose to go, like a free journeyman, where it pleased me, knowing I did wrong to no man. My new master then put in with his excuses, saying that he had not asked me to come, and that I should gratify him by returning with Firenzuola. To this I replied that I was not aware of wronging the latter in any way, and as I had completed his commissions, I chose to be my own master and not the man of others, and that he who wanted me must beg me of myself. Firenzuola cried: "I don't intend to beg you of yourself; I have done with you; don't show yourself again upon my premises." I reminded him of the money he owed me. He laughed me in the face; on which I said that if I knew how to use my tools in handicraft as well as he had seen, I could be quite as clever with my sword in claiming the just payment of my labor. While we were exchanging these words, an old man happened to come up, called Maestro Antonio, of San Marino. He was the chief among the Roman goldsmiths, and had been Firenzuola's master. Hearing what I had to say, which I took good care that he should understand, he immediately espoused my cause, and bade Firenzuola pay me. The dispute waxed warm, because Firenzuola was an admirable swordsman, far better than he was a goldsmith.

Yet reason made itself heard; and I backed my cause with the same spirit, till I got myself paid. In course of time Firenzuola and I became friends, and at his request I stood godfather to one of his children.

I went on working with Pagolo Arsago, and earned a good deal of money, the greater part of which I always sent to my good father. At the end of two years, upon my father's entreaty, I returned to Florence, and put myself once more under Francesco Salimbene, with whom I earned a great deal, and took continual pains to improve in my art. I renewed my intimacy with Francesco di Filippo; and though I was too much given to pleasure, owing to that accursed music, I never neglected to devote some hours of the day or night to study. At that time I fashioned a silver heart's key (*chiavaquore*), as it was then called. This was a girdle three inches broad, which used to be made for brides, and was executed in half-relief with some small figures in the round. It was a commission from a man called Raffaello Lapaccini. I was very badly paid; but the honor which it brought me was worth far more than the gain I might have justly made by it. Having at this time worked with many different persons in Florence, I had come to know some worthy men among the goldsmiths, as, for instance, Marcone, my first master; but I also met with others reputed honest, who did all they could to ruin me, and robbed me grossly. When I perceived this, I left their company, and held them for thieves and blackguards. One of the goldsmiths, called Giovanbattista Sogliani, kindly accommodated me with part of his shop, which stood at the side of the New Market near the Landi's bank. There I finished several pretty pieces, and made good gains, and was able to give my family much help. This roused the jealousy of the bad men among my former masters, who were called Salvadore and Michele Guasconti. In the guild of the goldsmiths they had three big shops, and drove a thriving trade. On becoming aware of their evil will against me, I complained to certain worthy fellows, and remarked that they ought to have been satisfied with the thieveries they practiced on me under the cloak of hypocritical kindness. This coming to their ears, they threatened to make me sorely repent of such words; but I, who knew not what the color of fear was, paid them little or no heed.

It chanced one day that I was leaning against a shop of one

of these men, who called out to me, and began partly reproaching, partly bullying. I answered that had they done their duty by me, I should have spoken of them what one speaks of good and worthy men: but as they had done the contrary, they ought to complain of themselves and not of me. While I was standing there and talking, one of them, named Gherardo Guasconti, their cousin, having perhaps been put up to it by them, lay in wait till a beast of burden went by. It was a load of bricks. When the load reached me, Gherardo pushed it so violently on my body that I was very much hurt. Turning suddenly round and seeing him laughing, I struck him such a blow on the temple that he fell down, stunned, like one dead. Then I faced round to his cousins, and said: "That's the way to treat cowardly thieves of your sort;" and when they wanted to make a move upon me, trusting to their numbers, I, whose blood was now well up, laid hands to a little knife I had, and cried: "If one of you comes out of the shop, let the other run for the confessor, because the doctor will have nothing to do here." These words so frightened them that not one stirred to help their cousin. As soon as I had gone, the fathers and sons ran to the Eight, and declared that I had assaulted them in their shops with sword in hand, a thing which had never yet been seen in Florence. The magistrates had me summoned. I appeared before them; and they began to upbraid and cry out upon me — partly, I think, because they saw me in my cloak, while the others were dressed like citizens in mantle and hood; but also because my adversaries had been to the houses of those magistrates, and had talked with all of them in private, while I, inexperienced in such matters, had not spoken to any of them, trusting in the goodness of my cause. I said that, having received such outrage and insult from Gherardo, and in my fury having only given him a box on the ear, I did not think I deserved such a vehement reprimand. I had hardly time to finish the word "box," before Prinzivalle della Stufa, who was one of the Eight, interrupted me by saying: "You gave him a blow, and not a box, on the ear." The bell was rung and we were all ordered out, when Prinzivalle spoke thus in my defense to his brother judges: "Mark, sirs, the simplicity of this poor young man, who has accused himself of having given a box on the ear, under the impression that this is of less importance than a blow; whereas a box on the ear in the New Market carries a fine of

twenty-five crowns, while a blow costs little or nothing. He is a young man of admirable talents, and supports his poor family by his labor in great abundance; I would to God that our city had plenty of this sort, instead of the present dearth of them."

Among the magistrates were some Radical fellows with turned-up hoods, who had been influenced by the entreaties and the calumnies of my opponents, because they all belonged to the party of Fra Girolamo; and these men would have had me sent to prison and punished without too close a reckoning. But the good Prinzivalle put a stop to that. So they sentenced me to pay four measures of flour, which were to be given as alms to the nunnery of the Murate. I was called in again; and he ordered me not to speak a word under pain of their displeasure, and to perform the sentence they had passed. Then, after giving me another sharp rebuke, they sent us to the chancellor, I muttering all the while, "It was a slap and not a blow," with which we left the Eight bursting with laughter. The chancellor bound us over upon bail on both sides; but only I was punished by having to pay the four measures of meal. Albeit just then I felt as though I had been massacred, I sent for one of my cousins, called Maestro Annibale, the surgeon, father of Messer Librodoro Librodori, desiring that he should go bail for me. He refused to come, which made me so angry, that, fuming with fury and swelling like an asp, I took a desperate resolve.

At this point one may observe how the stars do not so much sway as force our conduct. When I reflected on the great obligations which this Annibale owed my family, my rage grew to such a pitch that, turning wholly to evil, and being also by nature somewhat choleric, I waited till the magistrates had gone to dinner; and when I was alone, and observed that none of their officers were watching me, in the fire of my anger, I left the palace, ran to my shop, seized a dagger, and rushed to the house of my enemies, who were at home and shop together. I found them at table; and Gherardo, who had been the cause of the quarrel, flung himself upon me. I stabbed him in the breast, piercing doublet and jerkin through and through to the shirt, without however grazing his flesh or doing him the least harm in the world. When I felt my hand go in, and heard the clothes tear, I thought that I had killed him; and seeing him fall terror-struck to earth, I cried; "Traitors, this day is the

day on which I mean to murder you all." Father, mother, and sisters, thinking the last day had come, threw themselves upon their knees, screaming out for mercy with all their might; but I perceiving that they offered no resistance, and that he was stretched for dead upon the ground, thought it too base a thing to touch them. I ran storming down the staircase; and when I reached the street, I found all the rest of the household, more than twelve persons; one of them had seized an iron shovel, another a thick iron pipe, one had an anvil, some of them hammers, and some cudgels. When I got among them, raging like a mad bull, I flung four or five to the earth, and fell down with them myself, continually aiming my dagger now at one and now at another. Those who remained upright plied both hands with all their force, giving it me with hammers, cudgels, and anvil; but inasmuch as God does sometimes mercifully intervene, He so ordered that neither they nor I did any harm to one another. I only lost my cap, on which my adversaries seized, though they had run away from it before, and struck at it with all their weapons. Afterwards, they searched among their dead and wounded, and saw that not a single man was injured.

I went off in the direction of Santa Maria Novella, and stumbling up against Fra Alessio Strozzi, whom by the way I did not know, I entreated this good friar for the love of God to save my life, since I had committed a great fault. He told me to have no fear; for had I done every sin in the world, I was yet in perfect safety in his little cell.

After about an hour, the Eight, in an extraordinary meeting, caused one of the most dreadful bans which ever were heard of to be published against me, announcing heavy penalties against who should harbor me or know where I was, without regard to place or to the quality of my protector. My poor afflicted father went to the Eight, threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for mercy for his unfortunate young son. Thereupon one of those Radical fellows, shaking the crest of his twisted hood, stood up and addressed my father with these insulting words: "Get up from there, and begone at once, for to-morrow we shall send your son into the country with the lances." My poor father had still the spirit to answer: "What God shall have ordained, that will you do, and not a jot or tittle more." Whereto the same man replied that for certain God had ordained as he had spoken. My father said: "The thought

consoles me that you do not know for certain;" and quitting their presence, he came to visit me, together with a young man of my own age, called Piero di Giovanni Landi—we loved one another as though we had been brothers.

Under his mantle the lad carried a first-rate sword and a splendid coat of mail; and when they found me, my brave father told me what had happened, and what the magistrates had said to him. Then he kissed me on the forehead and both eyes, and gave me his hearty blessing, saying: "May the power and goodness of God be your protection;" and reaching me the sword and armor, he helped me with his own hands to put them on. Afterwards he added: "Oh, my good son, with these arms in thy hand thou shalt either live or die." Pier Landi, who was present, kept shedding tears; and when he had given me ten golden crowns, I bade him remove a few hairs from my chin, which were the first down of my manhood. Frate Alessio disguised me like a friar and gave me a lay brother to go with me. Quitting the convent, and issuing from the city by the gate of Prato, I went along the walls as far as the Piazza di San Gallo. Then I ascended the slope of Montui, and in one of the first houses there I found a man called Il Grassuccio, own brother to Messer Benedetto da Monte Varchi. I flung off my monk's clothes, and became once more a man. Then we mounted two horses, which were waiting there for us, and went by night to Siena. Grassuccio returned to Florence, sought out my father, and gave him the news of my safe escape. In the excess of his joy, it seemed a thousand years to my father till he should meet that member of the Eight who had insulted him; and when he came across the man, he said: "See you, Antonio, that it was God who knew what had to happen to my son, and not yourself?" To which the fellow answered: "Only let him get another time into our clutches!" And my father: "I shall spend my time in thanking God that He has rescued him from that fate."

At Siena I waited for the mail to Rome, which I afterwards joined; and when we passed the Paglia, we met a courier carrying news of the new Pope, Clement VII. Upon my arrival in Rome, I went to work in the shop of the master goldsmith Santi. He was dead, but a son of his carried on the business. He did not work himself, but intrusted all his commissions to a young man named Lucagnolo from Iesi, a

country fellow, who while yet a child had come into Santi's service. This man was short but well proportioned, and was a more skillful craftsman than any one whom I had met with up to that time, — remarkable for facility and excellent in design. He executed large plate only, that is to say, vases of the utmost beauty, basins, and such pieces. Having put myself to work there, I began to make some candelabra for the Bishop of Salamanca, a Spaniard. They were richly chased, so far as that sort of work admits. A pupil of Raffaello da Urbino called Gian Francesco, and commonly known as Il Fattore, was a painter of great ability; and being on terms of friendship with the Bishop, he introduced me to his favor, so that I obtained many commissions from that prelate, and earned considerable sums of money.

During that time I went to draw, sometimes in Michel Agnolo's chapel, and sometimes in the house of Agostino Chigi of Siena, which contained many incomparable paintings by the hand of that great master Raffaello. This I did on feast days, because the house was then inhabited by Messer Gismondo, Agostino's brother. They plumed themselves exceedingly when they saw young men of my sort coming to study in their palaces. Gismondo's wife, noticing my frequent presence in that house — she was a lady as courteous as could be, and of surpassing beauty — came up to me one day, looked at my drawings, and asked me if I was a sculptor or a painter; to whom I said I was a goldsmith. She remarked that I drew too well for a goldsmith; and having made one of her waiting maids bring a lily of the finest diamonds set in gold, she showed it to me, and bade me value it. I valued it at 800 crowns. Then she said that I had very nearly hit the mark, and asked me whether I felt capable of setting the stones really well. I said that I should much like to do so, and began before her eyes to make a little sketch for it, working all the better because of the pleasure I took in conversing with so lovely and agreeable a gentlewoman.

When the sketch was finished, another Roman lady of great beauty joined us; she had been above, and now descending to the ground floor, asked Madonna Porzia what she was doing there. She answered with a smile: "I am amusing myself by watching this worthy young man at his drawing; he is as good as he is handsome." I had by this time acquired a trifle of assurance, mixed, however, with some honest bashfulness; so

I blushed and said: "Such as I am, lady, I shall ever be most ready to serve you." The gentlewoman, also slightly blushing, said: "You know well that I want you to serve me;" and reaching me the lily, told me to take it away; and gave me besides twenty golden crowns which she had in her bag, and added: "Set me the jewel after the fashion you have sketched, and keep for me the old gold in which it is now set." On this the Roman lady observed: "If I were in that young man's body, I should go off without asking leave." Madonna Porzia replied that virtues rarely are at home with vices, and that if I did such a thing, I should strongly belie my good looks of an honest man. Then turning round, she took the Roman lady's hand, and with a pleasant smile said: "Farewell, Benvenuto." I stayed on a short while at the drawing I was making, which was a copy of a Jove by Raffaello. When I had finished it and left the house, I set myself to making a little model of wax, in order to show how the jewel would look when it was completed. This I took to Madonna Porzia, whom I found with the same Roman lady. Both of them were highly satisfied with my work, and treated me so kindly that, being somewhat emboldened, I promised the jewel should be twice as good as the model. Accordingly I set hand to it, and in twelve days I finished it in the form of a fleur-de-lis, as I have said above, ornamenting it with little masks, children, and animals, exquisitely enameled, whereby the diamonds which formed the lily were more than doubled in effect.

While I was working at this piece, Lucagnolo, of whose ability I have before spoken, showed considerable discontent, telling me over and over again that I might acquire far more profit and honor by helping him to execute large plate, as I had done at first. I made him answer that, whenever I chose, I should always be capable of working at great silver pieces; but that things like that on which I was now engaged were not commissioned every day; and besides their bringing no less honor than large silver plate, there was also more profit to be made by them. He laughed me in the face, and said: "Wait and see, Benvenuto; for by the time that you have finished that work of yours, I will make haste to have finished this vase, which I took in hand when you did the jewel; and then experience shall teach you what profit I shall get from my vase, and what you will get from your ornament." I answered that I was very glad indeed to enter into such a competition with so good

a craftsman as he was, because the end would show which of us was mistaken. Accordingly both the one and the other of us, with a scornful smile upon our lips, bent our heads in grim earnest to the work, which both were now desirous of accomplishing; so that after about ten days, each had finished his undertaking with great delicacy and artistic skill.

Lucagnolo's was a huge silver piece, used at the table of Pope Clement, into which he flung away bits of bone and the rind of divers fruits, while eating,—an object of ostentation rather than necessity. The vase was adorned with two fine handles, together with many masks, both small and great, and masses of lovely foliage, in as exquisite a style of elegance as could be imagined; on seeing which I said it was the most beautiful vase that ever I set eyes on. Thinking he had convinced me, Lucagnolo replied: "Your work seems to me no less beautiful, but we shall soon perceive the difference between the two." So he took his vase and carried it to the Pope, who was very well pleased with it, and ordered at once that he should be paid at the ordinary rate of such large plate. Meanwhile I carried mine to Madonna Porzia, who looked at it with astonishment, and told me I had far surpassed my promise. Then she bade me ask for my reward whatever I liked; for it seemed to her my desert was so great that if I craved a castle she could hardly recompense me; but since that was not in her hands to bestow, she added, laughing, that I must beg what lay within her power. I answered that the greatest reward I could desire for my labor was to have satisfied her ladyship. Then, smiling in my turn, and bowing to her, I took my leave, saying I wanted no reward but that. She turned to the Roman lady and said: "You see that the qualities we discerned in him are companied by virtues, and not vices." They both expressed their admiration, and then Madonna Porzia continued: "Friend Benvenuto, have you never heard it said that when the poor give to the rich, the devil laughs?" I replied: "Quite true! and yet, in the midst of all his troubles, I should like this time to see him laugh;" and as I took my leave, she said that this time she had no will to bestow on him that favor.

When I came back to the shop, Lucagnolo had the money for his vase in a paper packet; and on my arrival he cried out: "Come and compare the price of your jewel with the price of my plate." I said that he must leave things as they were till the next day, because I hoped that even as my work in its kind

was not less excellent than his, so I should be able to show him quite an equal price for it.

On the day following, Madonna Porzia sent a major domo of hers to my shop, who called me out, and putting into my hands a paper packet full of money from his lady, told me that she did not choose the devil should have his whole laugh out: by which she hinted that the money sent me was not the entire payment merited by my industry, and other messages were added worthy of so courteous a lady. Lucagnolo, who was burning to compare his packet with mine, burst into the shop; then in the presence of twelve journeymen and some neighbors, eager to behold the result of this competition, he seized his packet, scornfully exclaiming "Ou! ou!" three or four times, while he poured his money on the counter with a great noise. They were twenty-five crowns in giulios; and he fancied that mine would be four or five crowns *di moneta*. I for my part, stunned and stifled by his cries, and by the looks and smiles of the bystanders, first peeped into my packet; then, after seeing that it contained nothing but gold, I retired to one end of the counter, and, keeping my eyes lowered and making no noise at all, I lifted it with both hands suddenly above my head, and emptied it like a mill hopper. My coin was twice as much as his, which caused the onlookers, who had fixed their eyes on me with some derision, to turn round suddenly to him and say: "Lucagnolo, Benvenuto's pieces, being all of gold and twice as many as yours, make a far finer effect." I thought for certain that, what with jealousy and what with shame, Lucagnolo would have fallen dead upon the spot; and though he took the third part of my gain, since I was a journeyman (for such is the custom of the trade, two thirds fall to the workman and one third to the masters of the shop), yet inconsiderate envy had more power in him than avarice: it ought indeed to have worked quite the other way, he being a peasant's son from Iesi. He cursed his art and those who taught it him, vowing that thenceforth he would never work at large plate, but give his whole attention to those whoreson gewgaws, since they were so well paid. Equally enraged on my side, I answered that every bird sang its own note; that he talked after the fashion of the hovels he came from; but that I dared swear that I should succeed with ease in making his lubberly lumber, while he would never be successful in my whoreson gewgaws. Thus I flung off in a passion, telling him that I would soon show him that

I spoke truth. The bystanders openly declared against him, holding him for a lout, as indeed he was, and me for a man, as I had proved myself.

Next day, I went to thank Madonna Porzia, and told her that her ladyship had done the opposite of what she said she would; for that while I wanted to make the devil laugh, she had made him once more deny God. We both laughed pleasantly at this, and she gave me other commissions for fine and substantial work.

Meanwhile, I contrived, by means of a pupil of Raffaello da Urbino, to get an order from the Bishop of Salamanca for one of those great water vessels called *acquereccia*, which are used for ornaments to place on sideboards. He wanted a pair made of equal size; and one of them he intrusted to Lucagnolo, the other to me. Giovan Francesco, the painter I have mentioned, gave us the design. Accordingly I set hand with marvelous good will to this piece of plate, and was accommodated with a part of his workshop by a Milanese named Maestro Giovan Piero della Tacca. Having made my preparations, I calculated how much money I should need for certain affairs of my own, and sent all the rest to assist my poor father.

It so happened that just when this was being paid to him in Florence, he stumbled upon one of those Radicals who were in the Eight at the time when I got into that little trouble there. It was the very man who had abused him so rudely, and who swore that I should certainly be sent into the country with the lances. Now this fellow had some sons of very bad morals and repute; wherefore my father said to him: "Misfortunes can happen to anybody, especially to men of choleric humor when they are in the right, even as it happened to my son; but let the rest of his life bear witness how virtuously I have brought him up. Would God, for your well-being, that your sons may act neither worse nor better toward you than mine do to me. God rendered me able to bring them up as I have done; and where my own power could not reach, 'twas He who rescued them, against your expectation, out of your violent hands." On leaving the man, he wrote me all this story, begging me for God's sake to practice music at times, in order that I might not lose the fine accomplishment which he had taught me with such trouble. The letter so overflowed with expressions of the tenderest fatherly affection, that I was moved to tears of filial

piety, resolving, before he died, to gratify him amply with regard to music. Thus God grants us those lawful blessings which we ask in prayer, nothing doubting.



THE LOST HATCHET.

By RABELAIS.

[François Rabelais, French satirist and humanist, was born at Chinon, 1483 or 1495. He was a Benedictine monk, left the order in a quarrel, became a physician, and finally rector of Meudon. He was a disinterested and charitable man, and a zealous teacher, and his house was the resort of the learned. He died at Paris, 1553 or 1559. His one remembered work is the extravaganza, "The Lives, Heroic Deeds, and Sayings of Gargantua and Pantagruel," in which deep thoughts and ideas of enlarged common sense are imbedded in masses of fantastic romance, horseplay, and other matter.]

There once lived a poor honest country fellow of Gravot, Tom Wellhung by name, a wood cleaver by trade, who in that low drudgery made shift so to pick up a sorry livelihood. It happened that he lost his hatchet. Now, tell me, who ever had more cause to be vexed than poor Tom? Alas, his whole estate and life depended on his hatchet; by his hatchet he earned many a fair penny of the best woodmongers or log merchants, among whom he went a jobbing; for want of his hatchet he was like to starve; and had Death but met him six days after without a hatchet, the grim fiend would have mowed him down in the twinkling of a bedstaff. In this sad case he began to be in a heavy taking, and called upon Jupiter with most eloquent prayers (for, you know, Necessity was the mother of Eloquence). With the whites of his eyes turned up towards heaven, down on his marrowbones, his arms reared high, his fingers stretched wide, and his head bare, the poor wretch without ceasing was roaring out by way of Litany at every repetition of his supplications, "My hatchet, Lord Jupiter, my hatchet, my hatchet, only my hatchet, O Jupiter, or money to buy another, and nothing else; alas, my poor hatchet!"

Jupiter happened then to be holding a grand council about certain urgent affairs, and old Gammer Cybele was just giving her opinion, or, if you had rather have it so, it was young Phœbus the Beau; but, in short, Tom's outcry and lamentations were so loud that they were heard with no small amaze-



RABELAIS

Original in Royal Museum of France

ment at the council board by the whole consistory of the gods. "What a devil have we below," quoth Jupiter, "that howls so horridly? By the mud of Styx, haven't we had all along, and haven't we here still, enough to do to set to rights a world of puzzling business of consequence? . . . Let us, however, dispatch this howling fellow below: you, Mercury, go see who it is, and know what he wants." Mercury looked out at heaven's trapdoor, through which, as I am told, they hear what's said here below; by the way, one might well enough mistake it for the scuttle of a ship; though Icaromenippus said it was like the mouth of a well. The light-heeled deity saw it was honest Tom, who asked for his lost hatchet; and accordingly he made his report to the Synod. "Marry," said Jupiter, "we are finely holped up, as if we had now nothing else to do here but to restore lost hatchets. Well, he must then have it for all this, for so 'tis written in the Book of Fate (do you hear?), as well as if it was worth the whole duchy of Milan. The truth is, the fellow's hatchet is as much to him as a kingdom to a king. Come, come, let no more words be scattered about it; let him have his hatchet again. Run down immediately, and cast at the poor fellow's feet three hatchets, — his own, another of gold, and a third of massy silver, all of one size: then, having left it to his will to take his choice, if he take his own, and be satisfied with it, give him t'other two. If he take another, chop his head off with his own; and henceforth serve me all those losers of hatchets after that manner." Having said this, Jupiter, with an awkward turn of his head, like a jackanapes swallowing of pills, made so dreadful a phiz that all the vast Olympus quaked again. Heaven's foot messenger, thanks to his low-crowned, narrow-brimmed hat, and plume of feathers, heelpieces, and running stick with pigeon wings, flings himself out at heaven's wicket, through the empty deserts of the air, and in a trice nimbly alights on the earth, and throws at friend Tom's feet the three hatchets, saying to him, "Thou hast bawled long enough to be a-dry; thy prayers and requests are granted by Jupiter: see which of these three is thy hatchet, and take it away with thee."

Wellhung lifts up the golden hatchet, peeps upon it, and finds it very heavy, then, staring at Mercury, cries, "Codszouks, this is none of mine; I won't ha' 't!" The same he did with the silver one, and said, "'Tis not this, either: you may e'en take them again." At last he takes up his own

hatchet, examines the end of the helve, and finds his mark there; then, ravished with joy, like a fox that meets some straggling poultry, and sneering from the top of his nose, he cried, "By the mass, this is my hatchet! Master god, if you will leave it me, I will sacrifice to you a very good and huge pot of milk, brimful, covered with fine strawberries, next Ides (*i.e.* the 15th) of March."

"Honest fellow," said Mercury, "I leave it thee; take it; and because thou hast wished and chosen moderately, in point of hatchet, by Jupiter's command I give thee these two others. Thou hast now wherewith to make thyself rich; be honest." Honest Tom gave Mercury a whole cart load of thanks, and revered the most great Jupiter. His old hatchet he fastens close to his leathern girdle, and girds it about his breech like Martin of Cambray; the two others, being more heavy, he lays on his shoulder. Thus he plods on, trudging over the fields, keeping a good countenance among his neighbors and fellow-parishioners with one merry saying or other after Patelin's way. The next day, having put on a clean white jacket, he takes on his back the two precious hatchets, and comes to Chinon, the famous city, noble city, ancient city, yea, the first city of the world, according to the judgment and assertion of the most learned Massoreths. In Chinon he turned his silver hatchet into fine testons, crown pieces, and other white cash; his golden hatchet into fine angels, curious ducats, substantial ridders, spankers, and rose nobles. Then with them he purchases a good number of farms, barns, houses, outhouses, thatch houses, stables, meadows, orchards, fields, vineyards, woods, arable lands, pastures, ponds, mills, gardens, nurseries, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, swine, hogs, asses, horses, hens, cocks, capons, chickens, geese, ganders, ducks, drakes, and a world of other necessaries, and in a short time became the richest man in all the country. His brother bumpkins, and the yeomen and other country-puts thereabouts, perceiving his good fortune, were not a little amazed, insomuch that their former pity of poor Tom was soon changed into an envy of his so great and unexpected rise; and, as they could not for their souls devise how this came about, they made it their business to pry up and down, and lay their heads together, to inquire, seek, and inform themselves by what means, in what place, on what day, what hour, how, why, and wherefore, he had come by this great treasure.

last, hearing it was by losing his hatchet, "Ha! ha!"
ey, "was there no more to do but lose a hatchet, to make
?" With this they all fairly lost their hatchets out of
The devil a one that had a hatchet left; he was not his
's son that did not lose his hatchet. No more was wood
or cleared in that country, through want of hatchets.
he Æsopian apologue even saith that certain petty coun-
its of the lower class, who had sold Wellhung their little
d little field to have wherewithal to make a figure at the
uster, having been told that this treasure was come to
that means only, sold the only badge of their gentility,
words, to purchase hatchets to go to lose them, as the
.odpates did, in hopes to gain store of chink by that

ı would have truly sworn they had been a parcel of your
piritual usurers, Rome-bound, selling their all, and bor-
of others to buy store of mandates, a pennyworth of a
ade pope.

v they cried out and brayed, and prayed and bawled,
nented and invoked Jupiter: "My hatchet! my hatchet!
r, my hatchet!" on this side, "My hatchet!" on that
My hatchet! Ho, ho, ho, ho, Jupiter, my hatchet!"
r round about rang again with the cries and howlings of
ascally losers of hatchets.

rcury was nimble in bringing them hatchets,—to each
g that which he had lost, as also another of gold and a
of silver.

erywhere he still was for that of gold, giving thanks in
ınce to the great giver, Jupiter; but, in the very nick of
ıat they bowed and stooped to take it from the ground,
n a trice Mercury lopped off their heads, as Jupiter had
nded; and of heads thus cut off the number was just
o that of the lost hatchets.

u see how it is now; you see how it goes with those
n the simplicity of their hearts wish and desire with
ation. Take warning by this, all you greedy, fresh-water
who scorn to wish for anything under ten thousand
s; and do not, for the future, run on impudently, as I
ometimes heard you wishing, "Would to God I had now
ındred and seventy-eight millions of gold! oh, how I
tickle it off!" The deuce on you, what more might a
n emperor, or a pope wish for? For that reason, indeed,

you see that after you have made such hopeful wishes all the good that comes to you of it is the itch or scab, and not a cross in your breeches to scare the devil that tempts you to make these wishes; no more than those two mumpers, one of whom only wished to have in good old gold as much as hath been spent, bought, and sold in Paris, since its first foundations were laid, to this hour, all of it valued at the price, sale, and rate of the dearest year in all that space of time. Do you think the fellow was bashful? had he eaten sour plums unpeeled? were his teeth on edge, I pray you? The other wished Our Lady's church brimful of steel needles, from the floor to the top of the roof, and to have as many ducats as might be crammed into as many bags as might be sewed with each and every one of those needles, till they were all either broke at the point or eye. This is to wish with a vengeance! What think you of it? What did they get by it, in your opinion? Why, at night both my gentlemen had kibed heels, a tetter in the chin, a church-yard cough in the lungs, a catarrh in the throat, a swingeing boil at the rump, and the devil of one musty crust of a brown George the poor dogs had to scour their grinders with. Wish, therefore, for mediocrity, and it shall be given unto you, and over and above yet; that is to say, provided you bestir yourselves manfully and do your best in the mean time.



ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS.

By Rabelais.

This year there will be so many eclipses of the sun and moon that I fear (not unjustly) our pockets will suffer inanition, be full empty, and our feeling at a loss. Saturn will be retrograde, Venus direct, Mercury as unfixed as quicksilver. And a pack of planets won't go as you would have them.

For this reason the crabs will go sidelong, and the rope makers backward; the little stools will get upon the benches, and the spits on the racks, and the bands on the hats; fleas will be generally black; bacon will run away from peas in Lent; there won't be a bean left in a twelfth cake, nor an ace in a flush; the dice won't run as you wish, though you cog them, and the chance that you desire will seldom come; brutes shall speak in several places; Shrovetide will have its day; one

part of the world will disguise itself to gull and chouse the other, and run about the streets like a parcel of addle-pated animals and mad devils; such hurly-burly was never seen since the devil was a little boy; and there will be above seven and twenty irregular verbs made this year, if Priscian don't hold them in. If God don't help us, we shall have our hands and hearts full.

This year the stone-blind shall see but very little; the deaf shall hear but scurvily; the dumb shan't speak very plain; the rich shall be somewhat in a better case than the poor, and the healthy than the sick. Whole flocks, herds, and droves of sheep, swine, and oxen, cocks and hens, ducks and drakes, geese and ganders, shall go to pot; but the mortality will not be altogether so great among apes, monkeys, baboons, and dromedaries. As for old age, 'twill be incurable this year, because of the years past. Those who are sick of the pleurisy will feel a plaguy stitch in their sides; catarrhs this year shall distill from the brain on the lower parts; sore eyes will by no means help the sight; ears shall be at least as scarce and short in Gascony, and among knights of the post, as ever; and a most horrid and dreadful, virulent, malignant, catching, perverse, and odious malady shall be almost epidemical, insomuch that many shall run mad upon it, not knowing what nails to drive to keep the wolf from the door, very often plotting, contriving, cudgeling, and puzzling their weak, shallow brains, and syllogizing and prying up and down for the philosopher's stone, *though they only get Midas' lugs by the bargain.* I quake for very fear when I think on't; for, I assure you, few will escape this disease, which Averroes calls lack of money; and by consequence of the last year's comet, and Saturn's retrogradation, there will be a horrid clutter between the cats and the rats, hounds and hares, hawks and ducks, and eke between the monks and the eggs.

I find by the calculations of Albumazar in his book of the great conjunction, and elsewhere, that this will be a plentiful year of all manner of good things to those who have enough; but your hops of Picardy will go near to fare the worse for the cold. As for oats, they'll be a great help to horses. I dare say, there won't be much more bacon than swine. Pisces having the ascendant, 'twill be a mighty year for mussels, cockles, and periwinkles. Mercury somewhat threatens our parsley beds, yet parsley will be to be had for money. Hemp

will grow faster than the children of this age, and some will find there's but too much on't. There will be very few *bon-chretiens*, but choke pears in abundance. As for corn, wine, fruit, and herbs, there never was such plenty as will be now, if poor folks may have their wish.



POEMS BY RONSARD.

[PIERRE DE RONSARD, one of the greatest of French lyric poets, was born at the Château de La Poissonnière, Vendômois, September 11, 1524. He was educated at the French court as page to the Duke of Orleans; spent several years in the service of James V. of Scotland; and on his return to France was employed on various diplomatic missions to Flanders, Holland, Germany, etc. Having become afflicted with deafness in consequence of a severe illness, he withdrew from court and devoted seven years to the study of the classics at the Collège de Coqueret. Here he became the head of a group of poets, styling themselves "La Pléiade," who aimed at the regeneration of their native tongue and the creation of a new literature in the image of the classical models. Ronsard's popularity and prosperity during his life were very great. Henry II. and Francis II. covered him with honors and pensions, Charles IX. added priories and abbacies, and Queen Elizabeth presented him with a set of diamonds His works comprise: "Odes," "Hymnes," "Amours," "La Franciade" (an unfinished epic), sonnets, elegies, etc. He died at his priory St.-Côme, Touraine, December 27, 1585.]

TO HIS YOUNG MISTRESS.

(Translated by Andrew Lang)

FAIR Flower of fifteen Springs! that still
Art scarcely blossomed from the bud,
Yet hast such store of evil will,
A heart so full of hardihood,—
Seeking to hide in friendly wise
The mischief of your mocking eyes:

If you have pity, Child! give o'er,
Give back the heart you stole from me,
Pirate! setting so little store
On this your captive from Love's sea,
Holding his misery for gain,
And making pleasure of his pain.

Another, not so fair of face,
But far more pitiful than you,
Would take my heart, if of his grace
My heart would give her of Love's due;

And she shall have it, since I find
That you are cruel and unkind.

Nay! I would rather that it died
Within your white hand's prisoning,
Would rather that it still abide
In your ungentle comforting,
Than change its faith, and seek to her
That is more kind, but not so fair.

The Rose.

(Translated by Andrew Lang.)

See, Mignonne! hath not the Rose,
That this morning did unclose
  Her purple mantle to the light,
Lost, before the day be dead,
The glory of her raiment red,
  Her color, bright as yours is bright?

Ah, Mignonne! in how few hours
The petals of her purple flowers
  All have faded, fallen, died!
Sad Nature! mother ruinous!
That seest thy fair child perish thus
  'Twixt matin song and eventide.

Hear me, Darling! speaking sooth:
Gather the fleet flower of your youth!
  Take ye your pleasure at the best!
Be merry ere your beauty flit!
For length of days will tarnish it,
  Like roses that were loveliest.

Welcome to Spring.

(Translated by H. F. Cary)

God shield ye, heralds of the spring,
Ye faithful swallows fleet of wing,
  Hoops, cuckoos, nightingales,
Turtles and every wilder bird,
That make your hundred chirpings heard
  Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,
Fair roses, buds and blossoms small;
  And ye, whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm and mint
  I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroidered train
Of butterflies, that, on the plain,
  Of each sweet herblet sip;
And ye new swarm of bees that go
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow
  To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call—
A hearty welcome on ye all:
  This season how I love!
This merry din on every shore,
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar
  Forbade my steps to rove.

To the Hawthorn.

Fair hawthorn flowering,
With green shade bowering
Along this lovely shore;
To thy foot around
With his long arms wound
A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

In armies twain,
Red ants have ta'en
Their fortress beneath thy stock;
And, in clefts of thy trunk,
Tiny bees have sunk
A cell where their honey they lock.

In merry springtide,
When to woo his bride
The nightingale comes again,
Thy boughs among,
He warbles the song
That lightens a lover's pain.

'Mid thy topmost leaves,
His nest he weaves
Of moss and satin fine,
When his callow brood
Shall chirp at their food,
Secure from each hand but mine.

Gentle hawthorn, thrive,
And forever alive
Mayst thou blossom as now in thy prime;
By the wind unbroke,
And the thunderstroke,
Unspoiled by the ax or time.



MARY OF SCOTS' DEPARTURE FROM FRANCE.

(From the "Lives of Celebrated Women.")

BY THE ABBÉ DE BRANTÔME

[SEIGNEUR DE BRANTÔME (Pierre de Bourdeilles), the French chronicler, was born of a noble family in Périgord, Gascony, about 1540 He was made Abbé de Brantôme at sixteen, without taking orders; served in the army in Italy, Barbary, and Malta; and passed some years at the court of Charles IX. Upon retirement into private life he wrote his "Memoirs" (1665–1666), which contain valuable information regarding the chief historical persons and events of his time. He died July 15, 1614.]

WHEN autumn came, the Queen, who had delayed too long, was compelled to leave France. She traveled by land to Calais, accompanied by all her uncles and the greater part of the lords and ladies of the court, who all grieved and wept bitterly at the departure of such a queen. At the port she found two galleys, with two freight boats as her only defense and escort. Six days after her arrival at Calais, having said pitiful and grievous farewells to all that company, from the greatest down to the least, she embarked, with us of the nobility, in the better of the two galleys. When she was thus about to set out from the port, and the oars were ready to dip, she saw coming in from the open sea a vessel, which suddenly, before her eyes, struck and went down, and most of the sailors drowned, because they had not known the current and the depth. On see-

ing this she cried out, "Great heavens! what an omen is this for our voyage!"

When the galley had left the harbor, a fresh breeze sprang up, so that they began to set the sails, and the convict rowers rested. The Queen, without a thought of anything else, leaned her arms on the stern of the galley, near the rudder, and burst out in passionate tears, keeping her beautiful eyes fixed on the harbor, and the place she had left, and uttering continually these sad words: "Farewell France! farewell France!" She indulged her grief in this way for almost five hours, until the daylight began to fade, and her attendants begged her to leave her post and partake of food. Then, redoubling her sorrow, she cried, "It is indeed at this time, my beloved France, that I lose thee completely from sight, since the dark night is jealous of my pleasure in having seen thee so long, and now spreads a black veil before my eyes to deprive me of such a joy. Farewell, beloved France! I shall see thee nevermore." Then she withdrew, saying that she had reversed the conduct of Dido, who did nothing but watch the sea after Æneas had left her, while she herself kept her eyes fixed upon the land. She wished to retire, having eaten only a salad, but would not go below into her cabin; so a couch was prepared for her on the deck near the stern. There, however, she rested little, being absorbed in sighs and tears. She ordered the helmsman, as soon as it should be light, to wake her, and not fear to call her, in case he could still descry the land of France. In this regard fortune favored her, for as the wind fell, and we had recourse to oars, we made hardly any progress that night, so that when day dawned the coast of France was still visible. The helmsman did not neglect her command, and she arose from her couch, and continued to gaze at France again, as long as she could. But as the shore vanished her pleasure vanished too, when she could no longer see her beloved land. Then she uttered again these words, "Farewell France, I think never to see thee again." She even desired that the English army, which threatened us seriously, should appear, and constrain her to return for safety to the port she had left. But God in this did not favor her wishes, for without any hindrance we reached Little Leith.

On the journey the following incident occurred, the first evening that we were on board. The Seigneur de Chastelard, who was afterwards executed in Scotland for his overweening



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

Engraved by Frederick Delaunay

conceit and not for any crime, a gentle cavalier and a good swordsman, when he saw the lanterns lighted made this polite speech: "There will be no need of lanterns nor of torches to light us on the sea, for the Queen's bright eyes are brilliant and shining enough to illumine all the sea, with their clear light, and even, if need were, to set it on fire."

On Sunday morning, the day before we landed in Scotland, a great mist arose, so that from the stern one could not see the mast of the galley. The pilots and sailors were greatly astonished at the mist, and we were compelled to anchor in the open sea, and to take our soundings to find out where we were. The fog lasted all day and all night, until eight o'clock the next morning, when we found ourselves surrounded by numerous rocks, so that if we had gone forward or to one side we should surely have struck, and all would have perished. On seeing this the Queen said that for her own part she was not at all troubled, nor wished anything so much as death, but she would not have wished nor desired it for the others, nor for the kingdom of Scotland. When the fog rose in the morning, and we could recognize the Scottish coast, there were some who augured from this fog that we were to land among a people quarrelsome, blundering, and unpleasant.

We were about to land at Little Leith when suddenly the chiefs of that place and of Isleboro' came out to greet their queen, and after a stay of two hours at Little Leith we all went to Isleboro', a short distance away. The Queen went on horseback, and her ladies and lords on the hackneys and geldings of the country, such as they were, badly harnessed and equipped. Hereupon the Queen began to weep and to say that these were not the superb steeds of France, nor was this the pomp and luxury to which she had long been accustomed. But since she had to exchange her Paradise for an Inferno, it was necessary for her to be patient.

What is worse, that evening, when she wished to retire, there came under her window five or six hundred knaves of the town, to serenade her with wretched violins, and little rebecks, which are abundant in that country. They also sang psalms, so badly and so out of tune that no noise could have been worse. Alas! what music, and what repose for her night!

MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS.

[MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE, French essayist, was born of a distinguished family at the Château Montaigne in Périgord, February 28, 1533 In accordance with his father's eccentric ideas on education, he was taught and allowed to speak no language but Latin till the age of six, and was then sent to the Collège de Guienne at Bordeaux, among his instructors being George Buchanan, the Scottish poet and historian He was afterwards a judge in the Parliament of Bordeaux, twice mayor of that city, and when at Blois, in 1588, was chosen to negotiate a treaty between the Duke of Guise and Henry of Navarre. The greater part of his life, however, was spent in peaceful study and meditation at his ancestral château, where he died September 13, 1592. Montaigne's "Essays" (published 1580 and 1588) had an immense influence on French authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and have been widely read outside of France. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson possessed English translations.]

VIRTUES OF THE LOWER ANIMALS.

WHAT is there in us that we do not see in the operations of animals? The swallows that we see at the return of the spring, searching all the corners of our houses for the most commodious places wherein to build their nest; do they seek without judgment, and amongst a thousand choose out the most proper for their purpose, without discretion? And in that elegant and admirable contexture of their buildings, can birds rather make choice of a square figure than a round, of an obtuse than of a right angle, without knowing their properties and effects? Do they bring water, and then clay, without knowing that the hardness of the latter grows softer by being wet? Do they mat their palace with moss or down without foreseeing that their tender young will lie more safe and easy? Do they secure themselves from the wet and rainy winds, and place their lodgings against the east, without knowing the different qualities of the winds, and considering that one is more wholesome than another? Why does the spider make her web tighter in one place, and slacker in another; why now make one sort of knot and then another, if she has not deliberation, thought, and conclusion? We sufficiently discover in most of their works how much animals excel us, and how unable our art is to imitate them. We see, nevertheless, in our rougher performances, that we employ all our faculties, and apply the utmost power of our souls; why do we not conclude the same

of them? Why should we attribute to I know not what natural and servile inclination the works that excel all we can do by nature and art? wherein, without being aware, we give them a mighty advantage over us in making nature, with maternal gentleness and love, accompany and lead them, as it were, by the hand to all the actions and commodities of their life, whilst she leaves us to chance and fortune, and to seek out by art the things that are necessary to our conservation, at the same time denying us the means of being able, by any instruction or effort of understanding, to arrive at the natural sufficiency of beasts; so that their brutish stupidity surpasses, in all conveniences, all that our divine intelligence can do. Really, at this rate, we might with great reason call her an unjust stepmother; but it is nothing so, our polity is not so irregular and unformed.

For instance, take the fox, the people of Thrace make use of when they wish to pass over the ice of some frozen river, and turn him out before them to that purpose; when we see him lay his ear upon the bank of the river, down to the ice, to listen if from a more remote or nearer distance he can hear the noise of the waters' current, and, according as he finds by that the ice to be of a less or greater thickness, to retire or advance,—have we not reason to believe thence that the same rational thoughts passed through his head that we should have upon the like occasions; and that it is a ratiocination and consequence, drawn from natural sense, that that which makes a noise runs, that which runs is not frozen, what is not frozen is liquid, and that which is liquid yields to impression?

I must not omit what Plutarch says he saw of a dog at Rome with the Emperor Vespasian, the father, at the theater of Marcellus. This dog served a player, that played a farce of several parts and personages, and had therein his part. He had, amongst other things, to counterfeit himself for some time dead, by reason of a certain drug he was supposed to eat. After he had swallowed a piece of bread, which passed for the drug, he began after a while to tremble and stagger, as if he was taken giddy; at last, stretching himself out stiff, as if dead, he suffered himself to be drawn and dragged from place to place, as it was his part to do; and afterward, when he knew it to be time, he began first gently to stir, as if awaking out of a profound sleep, and lifting up his head

looked about him after such a manner as astonished all the spectators.

The oxen that served in the royal gardens of Susa, to water them, and turn certain great wheels to draw water for that purpose, to which buckets were fastened (such as there are many in Languedoc), being ordered every one to draw a hundred turns a day, they were so accustomed to this number that it was impossible by any force to make them draw one turn more; but, their task being performed, they would suddenly stop and stand still. We are almost men before we can count a hundred, and have lately discovered nations that have no knowledge of numbers at all.

"I have formerly seen," says Arrian, "an elephant having a cymbal hung at each leg, and another fastened to his trunk, at the sound of which all the others danced round about him, rising and bending at certain cadences, as they were guided by the instrument; and 'twas delightful to hear this harmony." In the spectacles of Rome there were ordinarily seen elephants taught to move and dance, to the sound of the voice, dances wherein were several changes and cadences very hard to learn. And some have been known so intent upon their lesson as privately to practice it by themselves, that they might not be chidden or beaten by their masters.

But this other story of the pie, of which we have Plutarch himself for a warrant, is very strange. She lived in a barber's shop at Rome, and did wonders in imitating with her voice whatever she heard. It happened one day that certain trumpeters stood a good while sounding before the shop. After that, and all the next day, the pie was pensive, dumb, and melancholic; which everybody wondered at, and thought the noise of the trumpets had so stupefied and astonished her that her voice was gone with her hearing. But they found at last that it was a profound meditation and a retiring into herself, her thoughts exercising and preparing her voice to imitate the sound of those trumpets, so that the first voice she uttered was perfectly to imitate their strains, stops, and changes,—having by this new lesson quitted and taken in disdain all she had learned before.

I will not omit this other example of a dog, also, which the same Plutarch (I am sadly confounding all order, but I do not propose arrangement here any more than elsewhere throughout my book) which Plutarch says he saw on board a ship. This

that office, commanded that the body should be buried, and took the dog along with him. One day, as he was at a general muster of his army, this dog, seeing his master's murderers, with great barking and extreme signs of anger flew upon them, and by this first accusation awakened the revenge of this murder, which was soon after perfected by form of justice. As much was done by the dog of the wise Hesiod, who convicted the sons of Ganictor of Naupactus of the murder committed on the person of his master. Another dog being to guard a temple at Athens, having spied a sacrilegious thief carrying away the finest jewels, fell to barking at him with all his force, but the warders not awaking at the noise, he followed him, and day being broke, kept off at a little distance, without losing sight of him; if he offered him anything to eat he would not take it, but would wag his tail at all the passengers he met, and took whatever they gave him; and if the thief lay down to sleep, he likewise stayed upon the same place. The news of this dog being come to the warders of the temple, they put themselves upon the pursuit, inquiring of the color of the dog, and at last found him in the city of Cromyon, and the thief also, whom they brought back to Athens, where he got his reward; and the judges, in consideration of this good office, ordered a certain measure of corn for the dog's daily sustenance, at the public charge, and the priests to take care of it. Plutarch delivers this story for a certain truth, and that it happened in the age wherein he lived.

As to gratitude (for I think we need bring this word into a little repute), this one example, which Apion reports himself to have been an eyewitness of, shall suffice. "One day," says he, "at Rome, they entertained the people with the sight of the fighting of several strange beasts, and principally of lions of an unusual size; there was one amongst the rest who, by his furious deportment, by the strength and largeness of his limbs, and by his loud and dreadful roaring, attracted the eyes of all the spectators. Amongst other slaves that were presented to the people in this combat of beasts there was one Androdus, of Dacia, belonging to a Roman lord of consular dignity. This lion, having seen him at a distance, first made a sudden stop, as it were in a wondering posture, and then softly approached nearer in a gentle and peaceable manner, as if it were to enter into acquaintance with him. This being done, and being now assured of what he sought for, he began to wag

his tail, as dogs do when they flatter their masters, and to kiss and lick the hands and thighs of the poor wretch, who was beside himself, and almost dead with fear. Androdus being by this kindness of the lion a little come to himself, and having taken so much heart as to consider and know him, it was a singular pleasure to see the joy and caresses that passed betwixt them. At which the people breaking into loud acclamations of joy, the emperor caused the slave to be called, to know from him the cause of so strange an event; who thereupon told him a new and a very strange story: "My master," said he, "being proconsul in Africa, I was constrained, by his severity and cruel usage, being daily beaten, to steal from him and run away; and, to hide myself secretly from a person of so great authority in the province, I thought it my best way to fly to the solitudes, sands, and uninhabitable parts of that country, resolving that in case the means of supporting life should chance to fail me, to make some shift or other to kill myself. The sun being excessively hot at noon, and the heat intolerable, I lit upon a private and almost inaccessible cave, and went into it. Soon after there came in to me this lion, with one foot wounded and bloody, complaining and groaning with the pain he endured. At his coming I was exceeding afraid; but he, having spied me hidden in the corner of his den, came gently to me, holding out and showing me his wounded foot, as if he demanded my assistance in his distress. I then drew out a great splinter he had got there, and, growing a little more familiar with him, squeezing the wound thrust out the matter, dirt, and gravel which was got into it, and wiped and cleansed it the best I could. He, finding himself something better, and much eased of his pain, laid him down to rest, and presently fell asleep with his foot in my hand. From that time forward he and I lived together in this cave three whole years upon one and the same diet; for of the beasts that he killed in hunting he always brought me the best pieces, which I roasted in the sun for want of fire, and so ate it. At last, growing weary of this wild and brutish life, the lion being one day gone abroad to hunt for our ordinary provision, I departed thence, and the third day after was taken by the soldiers, who brought me from Africa to this city to my master, who presently condemned me to die, and to be thus exposed to the wild beasts. Now, by what I see, this lion was also taken soon after, who has now sought to recompense me

for the benefit and cure that he received at my hands." This is the story that Androdus told the emperor, which he also conveyed from hand to hand to the people; wherefore, at the general request, he was absolved from his sentence and set at liberty, and the lion was, by order of the people, presented to him. "We afterwards saw," says Apion, "Androdus leading this lion, in nothing but a small leash, from tavern to tavern at Rome, and receiving what money everybody would give him, the lion being so gentle as to suffer himself to be covered with the flowers that the people threw upon him, every one that met him saying, 'There goes the lion that entertained the man; there goes the man that cured the lion.'"

As to magnanimity, it will be hard to exhibit a better instance of it than in the example of the great dog sent to Alexander the Great from the Indies. They first brought him a stag to encounter, next a boar, and after that a bear, all which he slighted, and disdained to stir from his place; but when he saw a lion he then immediately roused himself, evidently manifesting that he declared that alone worthy to enter the lists with him. Touching repentance and the acknowledgment of faults, 'tis reported of an elephant that, having in the impetuosity of his rage killed his keeper, he fell into so extreme a sorrow that he would never after eat, but starved himself to death. And as to clemency, 'tis said of a tiger, the most cruel of all beasts, that a kid having been put in to him, he suffered a two days' hunger rather than hurt it, and the third broke the grate he was shut up in, to seek elsewhere for prey; so unwilling he was to fall upon the kid, his familiar and his guest. And as to the laws of familiarity and agreement, formed by conversation, it ordinarily happens that we bring up cats, dogs, and hares, tame together.

Not to Counterfeit being Sick.

There is an epigram in Martial of very good sense, for he has of all sorts, where he pleasantly tells the story of Cælius, who to avoid making his court to some great men of Rome, to wait their rising, and to attend them abroad, pretended to have the gout; and, the better to color this pretense, anointed his legs, and had them wrapped up in a great many clouts and swathings, and perfectly counterfeited both the gesture and

countenance of a gouty person, till in the end fortune did him the kindness to make him gouty indeed.

> Tantum cura potest, et ars doloris!
> Desit fingere Cælius podagram.
>
> So much has counterfeiting brought about,
> Cælius has ceased to counterfeit the gout.

I think I have read somewhere in Appian a story like this, of one who, to escape the proscriptions of the Triumviri of Rome, and the better to be concealed from the discovery of those who pursued him, having shaded himself in a disguise, would yet add this invention, to counterfeit having but one eye; but when he came to have a little more liberty, and went to take off the plaster he had a great while worn over his eye, he found he had totally lost the sight of it indeed, and that it was absolutely gone. 'Tis possible that the action of sight was dulled for having been so long without exercise, and that the optic power was wholly retired into the other eye; for we evidently perceive that the eye we keep shut sends some part of its virtue to its fellow, so that the remaining eye will swell and grow bigger; as also idleness, with the heat of ligatures and plasters, might very well have brought some gouty humor upon this dissembler in Martial.

Reading in Froissard the vow of a troop of young English gallants, to carry their left eyes bound up till they were arrived in France, and had performed some notable exploit upon us, I have oft been tickled with the conceit of its befalling them as it did the before-named Roman, and that they had returned with but an eye apiece to their mistresses, for whose sakes they had entered into this vow.

Mothers have reason to rebuke their children when they counterfeit having but one eye, squinting, lameness, or any other personal defect; for, besides that their bodies being then so tender may be subject to take an ill bent, fortune, I know not how, sometimes seems to take a delight to take us at our word; and I have heard several examples related of people who have become really sick by only feigning to be so. I have always used, whether on horseback or on foot, to carry a stick in my hand, and so as to affect doing it with a grace; many have threatened that this trick would one day be turned

into necessity; that is, that I should be the first of my family that should have the gout.

But let us a little lengthen this chapter, and vary it with a piece of another color, concerning blindness. Pliny reports of one that, once dreaming he was blind, found himself in the morning so indeed, without any preceding infirmity in his eyes. The force of imagination might assist in this case, as I have said elsewhere, and Pliny seems to be of the same opinion; but it is more likely that the motions which the body felt within (of which physicians, if they please, may find out the cause), which took away his sight, were the occasion of his dream.

Against Idleness.

The Emperor Vespasian, being sick with the disease whereof he died, did not for all that neglect to inquire after the state of the empire, and even in bed continually dispatched very many affairs of great consequence; for which, being reproved by his physician, as a thing prejudicial to his health, "An emperor," said he, "should die standing." A fine saying, in my opinion, and worthy of a great prince. The Emperor Adrian since made use of words to the same purpose; and kings should be often put in mind of it, to make them know that the great office conferred upon them, of the command of so many men, is not an employment of ease; and that there is nothing can so justly disgust a subject, and make him unwilling to expose himself to labor and danger for the service of his prince, as to see him in the mean time devoted to his ease and unmanly delights; or to be solicitous of his preservation, who so much neglects that of his people.

Whoever will take upon him to maintain that 'tis better for a prince to carry on his wars by others than in his own person, fortune will furnish him with examples enough of those whose lieutenants have brought great enterprises to a happy issue, and of those also whose presence had done more hurt than good. But no virtuous and valiant prince can with patience endure such dishonorable advice. Under color of saving his head, like the statue of a saint, for the happiness of his kingdom, they degrade him from, and declare him incapable of, his office, which is military throughout. I know one who would much rather be beaten, than to sleep whilst another fights for him; and who never without jealousy heard of any brave thing done,

even by his own officers in his absence. And Selim I. said, with very good reason, in my opinion, "That victories obtained without the master were never complete;" much more would he have said that that master ought to blush for shame to pretend to any share in the honor, having contributed nothing to the work but his voice and thought; nor even so much as those, considering that, in such works as that, the direction and command that deserve honor are only such as are given upon the place, and in the heat of the business. No pilot performs his office by standing still. The princes of the Ottoman family, the first in the world in military fortune, have warmly embraced this opinion; and Bajazet the Second, with his son, that swerved from it, spending their time in sciences and other indoor employments, gave great blows to their empire; and Amurath the Third, now reigning, following their example, begins to find the same. Was it not Edward the Third, king of England, who said this of our Charles the Fifth? "There never was king who so seldom put on his armor, and yet never king who cut me out so much work." He had reason to think it strange, as an effect of chance more than of reason. And let those seek out some other to join with them than me, who will reckon the kings of Castile and Portugal amongst warlike and magnanimous conquerors, because, at the distance of twelve hundred leagues from their lazy abode, by the conduct of their captains, they made themselves masters of both Indies; of which it remains to be seen if they have but the courage to go in person to enjoy them.

The Emperor Julian said yet further, that "a philosopher and a brave man ought not so much as to breathe;" that is to say, not to allow any more to bodily necessities than what we cannot refuse, keeping the soul and body still intent and busy about honorable, great, and virtuous things. He was ashamed if any one in public saw him spit or sweat (which is said also of the Lacedemonian young men, and by Xenophon of the Persians), forasmuch as he conceived that exercise, continual labor, and sobriety ought to have dried up all those superfluities. What Seneca says will not be inapt for this place, that the ancient Romans kept their youth always standing. They taught them nothing, says he, that they were to learn sitting.

'Tis a generous desire to wish to die usefully and like a man, but the effect lies not so much in our resolution as in good fortune. A thousand have proposed to themselves in battle, either

to overcome or die, who have failed both in the one and the other,—wounds and imprisonment crossing their design, and compelling them to live against their will. There are diseases that overthrow even our desires and our knowledge. Fortune was not bound to second the vanity of the Roman legions, who bound themselves by oath either to overcome or die. "I will return, Marcus Fabius, a conqueror from the army. If I fail, I invoke the indignation of Father Jove, Mars, and the other offended gods, upon me." The Portuguese say that, in a certain place of their conquest of the Indies, they met with soldiers who had condemned themselves with horrible execrations to enter into no composition but either to cause themselves to be slain, or to remain victorious; and had their heads and beards shaved in token of this vow. 'Tis to much purpose to hazard ourselves and to be obstinate; it seems as if blows avoided those that present themselves too briskly to danger, and do not willingly fall upon those who too willingly seek them, but defeat them of their design. Such there have been who, after having tried all ways, not having been able, with all their endeavor, to obtain the favor of dying by the hand of the enemy, have been constrained, to make good their resolution of bringing home the honor of victory, or of losing their lives, to kill themselves even in the heat of battle. Of which there are other examples; but this is one: Philistus, general of the naval army of Dionysius the Younger against those of Syracuse, gave them battle, which was sharply disputed, their forces being equal; in which engagement he had the better at first, through his own valor; but, the Syracusans drawing about his galley to environ him, after having done great things in his own person to disengage himself, hoping for no relief, with his own hand he took away that life he had so liberally and in vain exposed to the fury of the enemy.

Muley Moluch, king of Fez, who had just won, against Sebastian, king of Portugal, that battle so famous for the death of three kings, and by the transmission of that great kingdom to the crown of Castile, was extremely sick when the Portuguese entered in a hostile manner into his dominions; and from that day forward grew worse and worse, still drawing nearer to and foreseeing his end. Yet never did man employ himself more vigorously and bravely than he did upon this occasion. He found himself too weak to undergo the pomp and ceremony of entering into his camp, which after their manner is very

magnificent, and full of action, and therefore resigned that honor to his brother; but that was also all of the office of a general that he resigned; all the rest useful and necessary he most exactly and laboriously performed in his own person, his body lying upon a couch, but his judgment and courage upright and firm to his last gasp, and in some sort beyond it. He might have worn out his enemy, indiscreetly advanced into his dominions, without striking a blow; and it was a very unhappy occurrence that, for want of a little life, or somebody to substitute in the conduct of this war, and in the affairs of a troubled state, he was compelled to seek a doubtful and bloody victory, having another, by a better and surer way, already in his hands; notwithstanding, he wonderfully managed the continuance of his sickness in consuming the enemy, and in drawing them a long way from the naval army and the maritime places they had on the coast of Africa, even till the last day of his life, which he designedly reserved for this great contest. He ordered his battle in a circular form, environing the Portuguese army on every side, which circle coming to close in the wings, and to draw up close together, did not only hinder them in the conflict (which was very sharp, through the valor of the young invading king), considering they were every way to make a front; but prevented their flight after the defeat, so that finding all passages possessed and shut up by the enemy, they were constrained to close up together again; *coacervanturque non solum cæde, sed etiam fuga*, and there they were slain in heaps upon one another, leaving to the conqueror a very bloody and entire victory. Dying, he caused himself to be carried and hurried from place to place where most need was; and passing through the files encouraged the captains and soldiers one after another; but, a corner of his battle being broken, he was not to be held from mounting on horseback sword in hand; he did his utmost to break from those about him and rush into the thickest of the battle, they all the while withholding him, some by the bridle, some by his robe, and others by his stirrups. This last effort totally overwhelmed the little life he had left; they again lay him upon his bed. Coming to himself again, and starting out of his swoon, all other faculties failing, to give his people notice that they were to conceal his death (the most necessary command he had then to give, that his soldiers might not be discouraged with the news), he expired with his finger upon his mouth, the ordinary sign of keeping silence. Whoever

lived so long and so far in death? Whoever died more like a man?

The extreme degree of courageously treating death, and the most natural, is to look upon it not only without astonishment, but without care, continuing the wonted course of life even into it, as Cato did, who entertained himself in study, and went to sleep, having a violent and bloody one in his head and heart, and the weapon in his hand.



COUNT ALARCOS AND THE INFANTA SOLISA.

By JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

[JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, Scotch man of letters, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, was born in Glasgow, July 14, 1794, graduated at Balliol College, Oxford; gained early repute for his translations of Spanish ballads; joined the staff of *Blackwood's* in 1817; in 1819 published "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk"; "Valerius" in 1821, "Adam Blair" in 1822; "Reginald Dalton" in 1823. In 1826 he succeeded Gifford as editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He wrote lives of Burns and Napoleon, and in 1837–1839 his great biography of Scott. He left the *Quarterly* in 1853, and died November 25, 1854.]

ALONE, as was her wont, she sate, — within her bower alone; —
Alone, and very desolate, Solisa made her moan,
Lamenting for her flower of life, that it should pass away,
And she be never wooed to wife, nor see a bridal day.

Thus said the sad Infanta — "I will not hide my grief,
I'll tell my father of my wrong, and he will yield relief."
The King, when he beheld her near, "Alas! my child," said he,
"What means this melancholy cheer? — reveal thy grief to me."

"Good King," she said, "my mother was buried long ago,
She left me to thy keeping, none else my griefs shall know.
I fain would have a husband, 'tis time that I should wed, —
Forgive the words I utter, with mickle shame they're said."

'Twas thus the King made answer, — "This fault is none of mine,
You to the Prince of Hungary your ear would not incline;
Yet round us here where lives your peer? — nay, name him if you can, —
Except the Count Alarcos, and he's a married man."

"Ask Count Alarcos, if of yore his word he did not plight
To be my husband evermore, and love me day and night?
If he has bound him in new vows, old oaths he cannot break—
Alas! I've lost a loyal spouse, for a false lover's sake."

The good King sat confounded in silence for some space;
At length he made this answer with very troubled face—
"It was not thus your mother gave counsel you should do;
You've done much wrong, my daughter; we're shamed, both I and you.

"If it be true that you have said, our honor's lost and gone;
And while the Countess is in life, remeed for us is none.
Though justice were upon our side, ill-talkers would not spare—
Speak, daughter, for your mother's dead, whose counsel eased my care."

"How can I give you counsel?—but little wit have I;
But certes, Count Alarcos may make this Countess die:
Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
And then let Count Alarcos come and ask me for his wife.
What passed between us long ago, of that be nothing said;
Thus none shall our dishonor know, in honor I shall wed."

The Count was standing with his friends, thus in the midst he spake—
"What fools we be, what pains men dree, for a fair woman's sake!
I loved a fair one long ago;—though I'm a married man,
Sad memory I can ne'er forego, how life and love began."

While yet the Count was speaking, the good King came full near;
He made his salutation with very courteous cheer.
"Come hither, Count Alarcos, and dine with me this day,
For I have something secret I in your ear must say."

The King came from the chapel, when he had heard the mass;
With him the Count Alarcos did to his chamber pass;
Full nobly were they served there, by pages many a one;
When all were gone, and they alone, 'twas thus the King begun:—

"What news be these, Alarcos, that you your word did plight,
To be a husband to my child, and love her day and night?
If more between you there did pass, yourself may know the truth,
But shamed is my gray head—alas!—and scorned Solisa's youth.

"I have a heavy word to speak,—a lady fair doth lie
Within my daughter's rightful place, and certes! she must die.

Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
Then come and woo my daughter, and she shall be your wife:
What passed between you long ago, of that be nothing said,
Thus, none shall my dishonor know — in honor you shall wed."

Thus spake the Count Alarcos — "The truth I'll no deny,
I to the Infanta gave my troth, and broke it shamefully;
I feared my King would ne'er consent to give me his fair daughter;
But, oh! spare her that's innocent — avoid that sinful slaughter."

"She dies, she dies," the King replies; — "from thine own sin it
springs,
If guiltless blood must wash the blot which stains the blood of kings:
Ere morning dawn her life must end, and thine must be the deed,
Else thou on shameful block must bend. thereof is no remeed."

"Good King, my hand thou mayst command, else treason blots my
name!
I'll take the life of my dear wife — (God! mine be not the blame!)
Alas! that young and sinless heart for others' sins should bleed!
Good King, in sorrow I depart." — "May God your errand speed!"

In sorrow he departed, dejectedly he rode
The weary journey from that place, unto his own abode;
He grieved for his fair Countess, dear as his life was she;
Sore grieved he for that lady, and for his children three.

The one was yet an infant upon its mother's breast,
For though it had three nurses, it liked her milk the best;
The others were young children, that had but little wit,
Hanging about their mother's knee while nursing she did sit.

"Alas!" he said, when he had come within a little space,
"How shall I brook the cheerful look of my kind lady's face?
To see her coming forth in glee to meet me in my hall,
When she so soon a corpse must be, and I the cause of all!"

Just then he saw her at the door with all her babes appear —
(The little page had run before to tell his lord was near) —
"Now welcome home, my lord, my life! — Alas! you droop your head:
Tell, Count Alarcos, tell your wife, what makes your eyes so red?"

"I'll tell you all — I'll tell you all: it is not yet the hour;
We'll sup together in the hall — I'll tell you in your bower"
The lady brought forth what she had, and down beside him sate;
He sate beside her pale and sad, but neither drank nor ate.

The children to his side were led (he loved to have them so),
Then on the board he laid his head, and out his tears did flow:
"I fain would sleep—I fain would sleep,"—the Count Alarcos said:—
Alas! be sure, that sleep was none that night within their bed.

They came together to the bower where they were used to rest,
None with them but the little babe that was upon the breast:
The Count had barred the chamber doors—they ne'er were barred till then;
"Unhappy lady," he began, "and I most lost of men!"

"Now, speak not so, my noble lord, my husband and my life,
Unhappy never can she be that is Alarcos' wife"
"Alas! unhappy lady, 'tis but little that you know,
For in that very word you've said is gathered all your woe.

"Long since I loved a lady,—long since I oaths did plight,
To be that lady's husband, to love her day and night;
Her father is our lord the King, to him the thing is known,
And now, that I the news should bring! she claims me for her own.

"Alas! my love, alas! my life, the right is on their side;
Ere I had seen your face, sweet wife, she was betrothed my bride;
But, oh! that I should speak the word—since in her place you lie,
It is the bidding of our lord, that you this night must die"

"Are these the wages of my love, so lowly and so leal?
O, kill me not, thou noble Count, when at thy foot I kneel!
But send me to my father's house, where once I dwelt in glee,
There will I live a lone chaste life, and rear my children three."

"It may not be—mine oath is strong—ere dawn of day you die!"
"O! well 'tis seen how all alone upon the earth am I—
My father is an old frail man,—my mother's in her grave,—
And dead is stout Don Garcia—alas! my brother brave!

"'Twas at this coward King's command they slew my brother dear,
And now I'm helpless in the land.—It is not death I fear,
But loath, loath am I to depart, and leave my children so—
Now let me lay them to my heart, and kiss them ere I go."

"Kiss him that lies upon thy breast—the rest thou mayst not see"
"I fain would say an Ave." "Then say it speedily."
She knelt her down upon her knee: "O Lord! behold my case—
Judge not my deeds, but look on me in pity and great grace."

When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose —
"Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose,
And now give me my boy once more upon my breast to hold,
That he may drink one farewell drink, before my breast be cold."

"Why would you waken the poor child? you see he is asleep —
Prepare, dear wife, there is no time, the dawn begins to peep."
"Now hear me, Count Alarcos! I give thee pardon free,
I pardon thee for the love's sake wherewith I've loved thee.

"But *they* have not my pardon, the King and his proud daughter —
The curse of God be on them, for this unchristian slaughter!
I charge them with my dying breath, ere thirty days be gone,
To meet me in the realm of death, and at God's awful throne!"

He drew a kerchief round her neck, he drew it tight and strong,
Until she lay quite stiff and cold her chamber floor along;
He laid her then within the sheets, and, kneeling by her side,
To God and Mary Mother in misery he cried.

Then called he for his esquires: — oh! deep was their dismay,
When they into the chamber came, and saw her how she lay;
Thus died she in her innocence, a lady void of wrong,
But God took heed of their offense — his vengeance stayed not long.

Within twelve days, in pain and dole, the Infanta passed away,
The cruel King gave up his soul upon the twentieth day;
Alarcos followed ere the Moon had made her round complete,
Three guilty spirits stood right soon before God's judgment seat.



PIZARRO IN PERU.

By WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

[WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, American historian, was born in Salem, Mass., May 4, 1796; graduated at Harvard in 1814; was rendered nearly blind by accident; but having determined on a historical career, mastered Spanish, and by aid of an amanuensis gathered the materials for a "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," published in 1838. Its immediate and great success encouraged him to write in the same manner a "History of the Conquest of Mexico" (1843), "History of the Conquest of Peru" (1847), and "History of the Reign of Philip II." (1855–1858), left incomplete. He wrote also lives of John Pickering,



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

It would be easy to govern under the venerated authority to which the homage of the Indians had been so long paid; and it was not difficult to find a successor. The true heir to the crown was a second son of Huayna Capac, named Manco, a legitimate brother of the unfortunate Huascar. But Pizarro had too little knowledge of the dispositions of this prince; and he made no scruple to prefer a brother of Atahuallpa and to present him to the Indian nobles as their future Inca. We know nothing of the character of the young Toparca, who probably resigned himself without reluctance to a destiny which, however humiliating in some points of view, was more exalted than he could have hoped to obtain in the regular course of events. The ceremonies attending a Peruvian coronation were observed, as well as time would allow; the brows of the young Inca were encircled with the imperial *borla* by the hands of his conqueror, and he received the homage of his Indian vassals. They were the less reluctant to pay it, as most of those in the camp belonged to the faction of Quito.

All thoughts were now eagerly turned towards Cuzco, of which the most glowing accounts were circulated among the soldiers, and whose temples and royal palaces were represented as blazing with gold and silver. With imaginations thus excited, Pizarro and his entire company, amounting to almost five hundred men, of whom nearly a third, probably, were cavalry, took their departure early in September from Caxamalca, — a place ever memorable as the theater of some of the most strange and sanguinary scenes recorded in history. All set forward in high spirits, — the soldiers of Pizarro from the expectation of doubling their present riches, and Almagro's followers from the prospect of sharing equally in the spoil with "the first conquerors." The young Inca and the old chief Challcuchima accompanied the march in their litters, attended by a numerous retinue of vassals, and moving in as much state and ceremony as if in the possession of real power.

Their course lay along the great road of the Incas, which stretched across the elevated regions of the Cordilleras, all the way to Cuzco. It was of nearly a uniform breadth, though constructed with different degrees of care, according to the ground. Sometimes it crossed smooth and level valleys, which offered of themselves little impediment to the traveler; at other times it followed the course of a mountain stream that flowed round the base of some beetling cliff, leaving small

space for the foothold; at others, again, where the sierra was so precipitous that it seemed to preclude all farther progress, the road, accommodated to the natural sinuosities of the ground, wound round the heights which it would have been impossible to scale directly.

But, although managed with great address, it was a formidable passage for the cavalry. The mountain was hewn into steps, but the rocky ledges cut up the hoofs of the horses; and, though the troopers dismounted and led them by the bridle, they suffered severely in their efforts to keep their footing. The road was constructed for man and the light-footed llama; and the only heavy beast of burden at all suited to it was the sagacious and sure-footed mule, with which the Spanish adventurers were not then provided. It was a singular chance that Spain was the land of the mule; and thus the country was speedily supplied with the very animal that seems to have been created for the difficult passes of the Cordilleras.

Another obstacle, often occurring, was the deep torrents that rushed down in fury from the Andes. They were traversed by the hanging bridges of osier, whose frail materials were after a time broken up by the heavy tread of the cavalry, and the holes made in them added materially to the dangers of the passage. On such occasions the Spaniards contrived to work their way across the rivers on rafts, swimming their horses by the bridle.

All along the route they found posthouses for the accommodation of the royal couriers, established at regular intervals; and magazines of grain and other commodities, provided in the principal towns for the Indian armies. The Spaniards profited by the prudent forecast of the Peruvian government.

Passing through several hamlets and towns of some note, the principal of which were Huamachuco and Huanuco, Pizarro, after a tedious march, came in sight of the rich valley of Xauxa. The march, though tedious, had been attended with little suffering, except in crossing the bristling crests of the Cordilleras, which occasionally obstructed their path, — a rough setting to the beautiful valleys that lay scattered like gems along this elevated region. In the mountain passes they found some inconvenience from the cold; since, to move more quickly, they had disencumbered themselves of all superfluous baggage, and were even unprovided with tents. The bleak winds of the mountains penetrated the thick harness of the soldiers; but

the poor Indians, more scantily clothed, and accustomed to a tropical climate, suffered most severely. The Spaniard seemed to have a hardihood of body, as of soul, that rendered him almost indifferent to climate.

On the march they had not been molested by enemies. But more than once they had seen vestiges of them in smoking hamlets and ruined bridges. Reports, from time to time, had reached Pizarro of warriors on his track; and small bodies of Indians were occasionally seen like dusky clouds on the verge of the horizon, which vanished as the Spaniards approached. On reaching Xauxa, however, these clouds gathered into one dark mass of warriors, which formed on the opposite bank of the river that flowed through the valley.

The Spaniards advanced to the stream, which, swollen by the melting of the snows, was now of considerable width, though not deep. The bridge had been destroyed; but the Conquerors, without hesitation, dashing boldly in, advanced, swimming and wading, as they best could to the opposite bank. The Indians, disconcerted by this decided movement, as they had relied on their watery defenses, took to flight, after letting off an impotent volley of missiles. Fear gave wings to the fugitives; but the horse and his rider were swifter, and the victorious pursuers took bloody vengeance on their enemy for having dared even to meditate resistance.

Xauxa was a considerable town. It was the place already noticed as having been visited by Hernando Pizarro. It was seated in the midst of a verdant valley, fertilized by a thousand little rills, which the thrifty Indian husbandmen drew from the parent river that rolled sluggishly through the meadows. There were several capacious buildings of rough stone in the town, and a temple of some note in the times of the Incas. But the strong arm of Father Valverde and his countrymen soon tumbled the heathen deities from their pride of place, and established, in their stead, the sacred effigies of the Virgin and Child.

Here Pizarro proposed to halt for some days, and to found a Spanish colony. It was a favorable position, he thought, for holding the Indian mountaineers in check, while at the same time it afforded an easy communication with the seacoast. Meanwhile he determined to send forward De Soto, with a detachment of sixty horse, to reconnoiter the country in advance, and to restore the bridges where demolished by the enemy.

That active cavalier set forward at once, but found considerable impediments to his progress. The traces of an enemy became more frequent as he advanced. The villages were burnt, the bridges destroyed, and heavy rocks and trees strewed in the path to impede the march of the cavalry. As he drew near to Bilcas, once an important place, though now effaced from the map, he had a sharp encounter with the natives in a mountain defile, which cost him the lives of two or three troopers. The loss was light; but any loss was felt by the Spaniards, so little accustomed as they had been of late to resistance.

Still pressing forward, the Spanish captain crossed the river Abancay and the broad waters of the Apurimac; and, as he drew near the sierra of Vilcaconga, he learned that a considerable body of Indians lay in wait for him in the dangerous passes of the mountains. The sierra was several leagues from Cuzco; and the cavalier, desirous to reach the farther side of it before nightfall, incautiously pushed on his wearied horses. When he was fairly entangled in its rocky defiles, a multitude of armed warriors, springing, as it seemed, from every cavern and thicket of the sierra, filled the air with their war cries, and rushed down, like one of their own mountain torrents, on the invaders, as they were painfully toiling up the steeps. Men and horses were overturned in the fury of the assault, and the foremost files, rolling back on those below, spread ruin and consternation in their ranks. De Soto in vain endeavored to restore order, and, if possible, to charge the assailants. The horses were blinded and maddened by the missiles, while the desperate natives, clinging to their legs, strove to prevent their ascent up the rocky pathway. De Soto saw that, unless he gained a level ground which opened at some distance before him, all must be lost. Cheering on his men with the old battle cry, that always went to the heart of a Spaniard, he struck his spurs deep into the sides of his wearied charger, and, gallantly supported by his troop, broke through the dark array of warriors, and, shaking them off to the right and left, at length succeeded in placing himself on the broad level.

Here both parties paused, as if by mutual consent, for a few moments. A little stream ran through the plain, at which the Spaniards watered their horses; and, the animals having recovered wind, De Soto and his men made a desperate charge on their assailants. The undaunted Indians sustained the shock with firmness; and the result of the combat was still

doubtful, when the shades of evening, falling thicker around them, separated the combatants.

Both parties then withdrew from the field, taking up their respective stations within bowshot of each other, so that the voices of the warriors on either side could be distinctly heard in the stillness of the night. But very different were the reflections of the two hosts. The Indians, exulting in their temporary triumph, looked with confidence to the morrow to complete it. The Spaniards, on the other hand, were proportionably discouraged. They were not prepared for this spirit of resistance in an enemy hitherto so tame. Several cavaliers had fallen, — one of them by a blow from a Peruvian battle-ax, which clove his head to the chin, attesting the power of the weapon and of the arm that used it. Several horses, too, had been killed; and the loss of these was almost as severely felt as that of their riders, considering the great cost and difficulty of transporting them to these distant regions. Few either of the men or horses had escaped without wounds, and the Indian allies had suffered still more severely.

It seemed probable, from the pertinacity and a certain order maintained in the assault, that it was directed by some leader of military experience, — perhaps the Indian commander Quizquiz, who was said to be hanging round the environs of Cuzco with a considerable force.

Notwithstanding the reasonable cause of apprehension for the morrow, De Soto, like a stout-hearted cavalier as he was, strove to keep up the spirits of his followers. If they had beaten off the enemy when their horses were jaded and their own strength nearly exhausted, how much easier it would be to come off victorious when both were restored by a night's rest! and he told them to "trust in the Almighty, who would never desert his faithful followers in their extremity." The event justified De Soto's confidence in this seasonable succor.

From time to time, on his march, he had sent advices to Pizarro of the menacing state of the country, till his commander, becoming seriously alarmed, was apprehensive that the cavalier might be overpowered by the superior numbers of the enemy. He accordingly detached Almagro, with nearly all the remaining horse, to his support, — unencumbered by infantry, that he might move the faster. That efficient leader advanced by forced marches, stimulated by the tidings which met him on the road, and was so fortunate as to reach the

foot of the sierra of Vilcaconga the very night of the engag ment.

There, hearing of the encounter, he pushed forward wit out halting, though his horses were spent with travel. T night was exceedingly dark, and Almagro, afraid of stumbli on the enemy's bivouac, and desirous to give De Soto inform tion of his approach, commanded his trumpets to sound, till t notes, winding through the defiles of the mountains, broke t slumbers of his countrymen, sounding like blithest music their ears. They quickly replied with their own bugles, a soon had the satisfaction to embrace their deliverers.

Great was the dismay of the Peruvian host when the mor ing light discovered the fresh reinforcement of the ranks the Spaniards. There was no use in contending with an ene who gathered strength from the conflict, and who seemed multiply his numbers at will. Without further attempt renew the fight, they availed themselves of a thick fog, whi hung over the lower slopes of the hills, to effect their retre and left the passes open to the invaders. The two cavalie then continued their march until they extricated their forc from the sierra, when, taking up a secure position, they pr posed to await there the arrival of Pizarro.

The commander in chief, meanwhile, lay at Xauxa, whe he was greatly disturbed by the rumors which reached him the state of the country. His enterprise, thus far, had go forward so smoothly that he was no better prepared than l lieutenant to meet with resistance from the natives. He d not seem to comprehend that the mildest nature might at la be roused by oppression, and that the massacre of their Inc whom they regarded with such awful veneration, would likely, if anything could do it, to wake them from their apath

The tidings which he now received of the retreat of t Peruvians were most welcome; and he caused mass to be sai and thanksgivings to be offered up to Heaven, "which h shown itself thus favorable to the Christians throughout th mighty enterprise." The Spaniard was ever a Crusader. I was in the sixteenth century what *Cœur de Lion* and his bra knights were in the twelfth, with this difference: the cavali of that day fought for the Cross and for glory, while gold a the Cross were the watchwords of the Spaniard. The spirit chivalry had waned somewhat before the spirit of trade; b the fire of religious enthusiasm still burned as bright und

the quilted mail of the American Conqueror as it did of yore under the iron panoply of the soldier of Palestine.

It seemed probable that some man of authority had organized, or at least countenanced, this resistance of the natives; and suspicion fell on the captive chief Challcuchima, who was accused of maintaining a secret correspondence with his confederate Quizquiz. Pizarro waited on the Indian noble, and, charging him with the conspiracy, reproached him, as he had formerly done his royal master, with ingratitude towards the Spaniards, who had dealt with him so liberally. He concluded by the assurance that, if he did not cause the Peruvians to lay down their arms and tender their submission at once, he should be burnt alive so soon as they reached Almagro's quarters.

The Indian chief listened to the terrible menace with the utmost composure. He denied having had any communication with his countrymen, and said that, in his present state of confinement at least, he could have no power to bring them to submission. He then remained doggedly silent, and Pizarro did not press the matter further. But he placed a strong guard over his prisoner, and caused him to be put in irons. It was an ominous proceeding, and had been the precursor of the death of Atahuallpa.

Before quitting Xauxa, a misfortune befell the Spaniards, in the death of their creature the young Inca Toparca. Suspicion, of course, fell on Challcuchima, now selected as the scapegoat for all the offenses of his nation. It was a disappointment to Pizarro, who hoped to find a convenient shelter for his future proceedings under this shadow of royalty.

The general considered it most prudent not to hazard the loss of his treasures by taking them on the march, and he accordingly left them at Xauxa, under a guard of forty soldiers, who remained there in garrison. No event of importance occurred on the road, and, Pizarro having effected a junction with Almagro, their united forces soon entered the vale of Xaquixaguana, about five leagues from Cuzco. This was one of those bright spots, so often found embosomed amidst the Andes, the more beautiful from contrast with the savage character of the scenery around it. A river flowed through the valley, affording the means of irrigating the soil and clothing it in perpetual verdure; and the rich and flowering vegetation spread out like a cultivated garden. The beauty of the place

and its delicious coolness commended it as a residence for the Peruvian nobles, and the sides of the hills were dotted with their villas, which afforded them a grateful retreat in the heats of summer. Yet the center of the valley was disfigured by a quagmire of some extent, occasioned by the frequent overflowing of the waters; but the industry of the Indian architects had constructed a solid causeway, faced with heavy stone, and connected with the great road, which traversed the whole breadth of the morass.

In this valley Pizarro halted for several days, while he refreshed his troops from the well-stored magazines of the Incas. His first act was to bring Challcuchima to trial,—if trial that could be called, where sentence may be said to have gone hand in hand with accusation. We are not informed of the nature of the evidence. It was sufficient to satisfy the Spanish captains of the chieftain's guilt. Nor is it at all incredible that Challcuchima should have secretly encouraged a movement among the people, designed to secure his country's freedom and his own. He was condemned to be burnt alive on the spot. "Some thought it a hard measure," says Herrera; "but those who are governed by reasons of state policy are apt to shut their eyes against everything else." Why this cruel mode of execution was so often adopted by the Spanish Conquerors is not obvious; unless it was that the Indian was an infidel, and fire, from ancient date, seems to have been considered the fitting doom of the infidel, as the type of that inextinguishable flame which awaited him in the regions of the damned.

Father Valverde accompanied the Peruvian chieftain to the stake. He seems always to have been present at this dreary moment, anxious to profit by it, if possible, to work the conversion of the victim. He painted in gloomy colors the dreadful doom of the unbeliever, to whom the waters of baptism could alone secure the ineffable glories of paradise. It does not appear that he promised any commutation of punishment in this world. But his arguments fell on a stony heart, and the chief coldly replied, he "did not understand the religion of the white men." He might be pardoned for not comprehending the beauty of a faith which, as it would seem, had borne so bitter fruits to him. In the midst of his tortures he showed the characteristic courage of the American Indian, whose power of endurance triumphs over the power of persecution in his enemies, and he died with his last breath invoking the name of

Pachacamac. His own followers brought the fagots to feed the flames that consumed him.

Soon after this tragic event, Pizarro was surprised by a visit from a Peruvian noble, who came in great state, attended by a numerous and showy retinue. It was the young prince Manco, brother of the unfortunate Huascar, and the rightful successor to the crown. Being brought before the Spanish commander, he announced his pretensions to the throne and claimed the protection of the strangers. It is said he had meditated resisting them by arms, and had encouraged the assaults made on them on their march, but, finding resistance ineffectual, he had taken this politic course, greatly to the displeasure of his more resolute nobles. However this may be, Pizarro listened to his application with singular contentment, for he saw in this new scion of the true royal stock a more effectual instrument for his purposes than he could have found in the family of Quito, with whom the Peruvians had but little sympathy. He received the young man, therefore, with great cordiality, and did not hesitate to assure him that he had been sent into the country by his master, the Castilian sovereign, in order to vindicate the claims of Huascar to the crown and to punish the usurpation of his rival.

Taking with him the Indian prince, Pizarro now resumed his march. It was interrupted for a few hours by a party of the natives, who lay in wait for him in the neighboring sierra. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which the Indians behaved with great spirit and inflicted some little injury on the Spaniards; but the latter at length, shaking them off, made good their passage through the defile, and the enemy did not care to follow them into the open country.

It was late in the afternoon when the Conquerors came in sight of Cuzco. The descending sun was streaming his broad rays full on the imperial city, where many an altar was dedicated to his worship. The low ranges of buildings, showing in his beams like so many lines of silvery light, filled up the bosom of the valley and the lower slopes of the mountains, whose shadowy forms hung darkly over the fair city, as if to shield it from the menaced profanation. It was so late that Pizarro resolved to defer his entrance till the following morning.

That night vigilant guard was kept in the camp, and the soldiers slept on their arms. But it passed away without

annoyance from the enemy, and early on the following day, November 15, 1533, Pizarro prepared for his entrance into the Peruvian capital.

The little army was formed into three divisions, of which the center, or "battle," as it was called, was led by the general. The suburbs were thronged with a countless multitude of the natives, who had flocked from the city and the surrounding country to witness the showy and, to them, startling pageant. All looked with eager curiosity on the strangers, the fame of whose terrible exploits had spread to the remotest parts of the empire. They gazed with astonishment on their dazzling arms and fair complexions, which seemed to proclaim them the true Children of the Sun; and they listened with feelings of mysterious dread as the trumpet sent forth its prolonged notes through the streets of the capital, and the solid ground shook under the heavy tramp of the cavalry.

The Spanish commander rode directly up the great square. It was surrounded by low piles of buildings, among which were several palaces of the Incas. One of these, erected by Huayna Capac, was surmounted by a tower, while the ground floor was occupied by one or more immense halls, like those described in Caxamalca, where the Peruvian nobles held their *fêtes* in stormy weather. These buildings afforded convenient barracks for the troops, though during the first few weeks they remained under their tents in the open *plaza*, with their horses picketed by their side, ready to repulse any insurrection of the inhabitants.

The capital of the Incas, though falling short of the *El Dorado* which had engaged their credulous fancies, astonished the Spaniards by the beauty of its edifices, the length and regularity of its streets, and the good order and appearance of comfort, even luxury, visible in its numerous population. It far surpassed all they had yet seen in the New World. The population of the city is computed by one of the Conquerors at two hundred thousand inhabitants, and that of the suburbs at as many more. This account is not confirmed, as far as I have seen, by any other writer. But, however it may be exaggerated, it is certain that Cuzco was the metropolis of a great empire, the residence of the court and the chief nobility; frequented by the most skillful mechanics and artisans of every description, who found a demand for their ingenuity in the royal precincts; while the place was garrisoned by a numerous

soldiery, and was the resort, finally, of emigrants from the most distant provinces. The quarters whence this motley population came were indicated by their peculiar dress, and especially their head gear, so rarely found at all on the American Indian, which, with its variegated colors, gave a picturesque effect to the groups and masses in the streets. The habitual order and decorum maintained in this multifarious assembly showed the excellent police of the capital, where the only sounds that disturbed the repose of the Spaniards were the noises of feasting and dancing, which the natives, with happy insensibility, constantly prolonged to a late hour of the night.

The edifices of the better sort — and they were very numerous — were of stone, or faced with stone. Among the principal were the royal residences, as each sovereign built a new palace for himself, covering, though low, a large extent of ground. The walls were sometimes stained or painted with gaudy tints, and the gates, we are assured, were sometimes of colored marble. "In the delicacy of the stonework," says another of the Conquerors, "the natives far excelled the Spaniards, though the roofs of their dwellings, instead of tiles, were only of thatch, but put together with the nicest art." The sunny climate of Cuzco did not require a very substantial material for defense against the weather.

The most important building was the fortress, planted on a solid rock that rose boldly above the city. It was built of hewn stone, so finely wrought that it was impossible to detect the line of junction between the blocks; and the approaches to it were defended by three semicircular parapets, composed of such heavy masses of rock that it bore resemblance to the kind of work known to architects as the Cyclopean. The fortress was raised to a height rare in Peruvian architecture; and from the summit of the tower the eye of the spectator ranged over a magnificent prospect, in which the wild features of the mountain scenery, rocks, woods, and waterfalls, were mingled with the rich verdure of the valley, and the shining city filling up the foreground, — all blended in sweet harmony under the deep azure of a tropical sky.

The streets were long and narrow. They were arranged with perfect regularity, crossing one another at right angles; and from the great square diverged four principal streets connecting with the highroads of the empire. The square itself, and many parts of the city, were paved with a fine pebble.

Through the heart of the capital ran a river of pure water, if it might not be rather termed a canal, the banks or sides of which, for the distance of twenty leagues, were faced with stone. Across this stream, bridges, constructed of similar broad flags, were thrown at intervals, so as to afford an easy communication between the different quarters of the capital.

The most sumptuous edifice in Cuzco in the times of the Incas was undoubtedly the great temple dedicated to the Sun, which, studded with gold plates, as already noticed, was surrounded by convents and dormitories for the priests, with their gardens and broad parterres sparkling with gold. The exterior ornaments had been already removed by the Conquerors, — all but the frieze of gold, which, imbedded in the stones, still encircled the principal building. It is probable that the tales of wealth so greedily circulated among the Spaniards greatly exceeded the truth. If they did not, the natives must have been very successful in concealing their treasures from the invaders. Yet much still remained, not only in the great House of the Sun, but in the inferior temples which swarmed in the capital.

Pizarro, on entering Cuzco, had issued an order forbidding any soldier to offer violence to the dwellings of the inhabitants. But the palaces were numerous, and the troops lost no time in plundering them of their contents, as well as in despoiling the religious edifices. The interior decorations supplied them with considerable booty. They stripped off the jewels and rich ornaments that garnished the royal mummies in the temple of Coricancha. Indignant at the concealment of their treasures, they put the inhabitants, in some instances, to the torture, and endeavored to extort from them a confession of their hiding places. They invaded the repose of the sepulchers, in which the Peruvians often deposited their valuable effects, and compelled the grave to give up its dead. No place was left unexplored by the rapacious Conquerors; and they occasionally stumbled on a mine of wealth that rewarded their labors.

In a cavern near the city they found a number of vases of pure gold, richly embossed with the figures of serpents, locusts, and other animals. Among the spoil were four golden llamas and ten or twelve statues of women, some of gold, others of silver, "which merely to see," says one of the Conquerors, with some *naiveté*, "was truly a great satisfaction." The gold was probably thin, for the figures were all as large as life; and sev-

eral of them, being reserved for the royal fifth, were not recast, but sent in their original form to Spain. The magazines were stored with curious commodities: richly tinted robes of cotton and feather-work, gold sandals, and slippers of the same material, for the women, and dresses composed entirely of beads of gold. The grain and other articles of food, with which the magazines were filled, were held in contempt by the Conquerors, intent only on gratifying their lust for gold. The time came when the grain would have been of far more value.

Yet the amount of treasure in the capital did not equal the sanguine expectations that had been formed by the Spaniards. But the deficiency was supplied by the plunder which they had collected at various places on their march. In one place, for example, they met with ten planks or bars of solid silver, each piece being twenty feet in length, one foot in breadth, and two or three inches thick. They were intended to decorate the dwelling of an Inca noble.

The whole mass of treasure was brought into a common heap, as in Caxamalca; and, after some of the finer specimens had been deducted for the crown, the remainder was delivered to the Indian goldsmiths to be melted down into ingots of a uniform standard. The division of the spoil was made on the same principle as before. There were four hundred and eighty soldiers, including the garrison of Xauxa, who were each to receive a share, that of the cavalry being double that of the infantry. The amount of booty is stated variously by those present at the division of it. According to some, it considerably exceeded the ransom of Atahuallpa. Others state it as less. Pedro Pizarro says that each horseman got six thousand *pesos de oro*, and each one of the infantry half that sum; "though the same discrimination was made by Pizarro as before, in respect to the rank of the parties, and their relative services. But Sancho, the royal notary, and secretary of the commander, estimates the whole amount as far less, — not exceeding five hundred and eighty thousand and two hundred *pesos de oro*, and two hundred and fifteen thousand marks of silver. In the absence of the official returns, it is impossible to determine which is correct. But Sancho's narrative is countersigned, it may be remembered, by Pizarro and the royal treasurer Riquelme, and doubtless, therefore, shows the actual amount for which the Conquerors accounted to the crown.

Whichever statement we receive, the sum, combined with

that obtained at Caxamalca, might well have satisfied the cravings of the most avaricious. The sudden influx of so much wealth, and that, too, in so transferable a form, among a party of reckless adventurers little accustomed to the possession of money, had its natural effect. It supplied them with the means of gaming, so strong and common a passion with the Spaniards that it may be considered a national vice. Fortunes were lost and won in a single day, sufficient to render the proprietors independent for life; and many a desperate gamester, by an unlucky throw of the dice or turn of the cards, saw himself stripped in a few hours of the fruits of years of toil and obliged to begin over again the business of rapine. Among these, one in the cavalry service is mentioned, named Leguizano, who had received as his share of the booty the image of the Sun, which, raised on a plate of burnished gold, spread over the walls in a recess of the great temple, and which, for some reason or other, —perhaps because of its superior fineness,—was not recast like the other ornaments. This rich prize the spendthrift lost in a single night; whence it came to be a proverb in Spain, *Juega el Sol antes que amanezca*, "He plays away the Sun before sunrise."

The effect of such a surfeit of the precious metals was instantly felt on prices. The most ordinary articles were only to be had for exorbitant sums. A quire of paper was sold for ten *pesos de oro;* a bottle of wine, for sixty; a sword, for forty or fifty; a cloak, for a hundred,—sometimes more; a pair of shoes cost thirty or forty *pesos de oro*, and a good horse could not be had for less than twenty-five hundred. Some brought a still higher price. Every article rose in value, as gold and silver, the representatives of all, declined. Gold and silver, in short, seemed to be the only things in Cuzco that were not wealth. Yet there were some few wise enough to return contented with their present gains to their native country. Here their riches brought them consideration and competence, and, while they excited the envy of their countrymen, stimulated them to seek their own fortunes in the like path of adventure.

The first care of the Spanish general, after the division of the booty, was to place Manco on the throne and to obtain for him the recognition of his countrymen. He, accordingly, presented the young prince to them as their future sovereign, the legitimate son of Huayna Capac, and the true heir of the Peru-

vian scepter. The annunciation was received with enthusiasm by the people, attached to the memory of his illustrious father, and pleased that they were still to have a monarch rule over them of the ancient line of Cuzco.

Everything was done to maintain the illusion with the Indian population. The ceremonies of a coronation were studiously observed. The young prince kept the prescribed fasts and vigils; and on the appointed day the nobles and the people, with the whole Spanish soldiery, assembled in the great square of Cuzco to witness the concluding ceremony. Mass was publicly performed by Father Valverde, and the Inca Manco received the fringed diadem of Peru, not from the hand of the high priest of his nation, but from his conqueror, Pizarro. The Indian lords then tendered their obeisance in the customary form; after which the royal notary read aloud the instrument asserting the supremacy of the Castilian crown, and requiring the homage of all present to its authority. This address was explained by an interpreter, and the ceremony of homage was performed by each one of the parties waving the royal banner of Castile twice or thrice with his hands. Manco then pledged the Spanish commander in a golden goblet of the sparkling *chicha;* and, the latter having cordially embraced the new monarch, the trumpets announced the conclusion of the ceremony. But it was not the note of triumph, but of humiliation; for it proclaimed that the armed foot of the stranger was in the halls of the Peruvian Incas; that the ceremony of coronation was a miserable pageant; that their prince himself was but a puppet in the hands of his conqueror; and that the glory of the Children of the Sun had departed forever!

Yet the people readily yielded to the illusion, and seemed willing to accept this image of their ancient independence. The accession of the young monarch was greeted by all the usual *fêtes* and rejoicings. The mummies of his royal ancestors, with such ornaments as were still left to them, were paraded in the great square. They were attended each by his own numerous retinue, who performed all the menial offices, as if the object of them were alive and could feel their import. Each ghostly form took its seat at the banquet table,—now, alas! stripped of the magnificent service with which it was wont to blaze at these high festivals,—and the guests drank deep to the illustrious dead. Dancing succeeded the carousal, and the festivities, prolonged to a late hour, were continued

night after night by the giddy population, as if their conquerors had not been intrenched in the capital! — What a contrast to the Aztecs in the conquest of Mexico!

Pizarro's next concern was to organize a municipal government for Cuzco, like those in the cities of the parent country. Two *alcaldes* were appointed, and eight *regidores*, among which last functionaries were his brothers Gonzalo and Juan. The oaths of office were administered with great solemnity, on the twenty-fourth of March, 1534, in presence both of Spaniards and Peruvians, in the public square; as if the general were willing by this ceremony to intimate to the latter that, while they retained the semblance of their ancient institutions, the real power was henceforth vested in their conquerors. He invited Spaniards to settle in the place by liberal grants of lands and houses, for which means were afforded by the numerous palaces and public buildings of the Incas; and many a cavalier who had been too poor in his own country to find a place to rest in now saw himself the proprietor of a spacious mansion that might have entertained the retinue of a prince. From this time, says an old chronicler, Pizarro, who had hitherto been distinguished by his military title of "Captain General," was addressed by that of "Governor." Both had been bestowed on him by the royal grant.

Nor did the chief neglect the interests of religion. Father Valverde, whose nomination as Bishop of Cuzco not long afterwards received the Papal sanction, prepared to enter on the duties of his office. A place was selected for the cathedral of his diocese, facing the *plaza*. A spacious monastery subsequently rose on the ruins of the gorgeous House of the Sun; its walls were constructed of the ancient stones; the altar was raised on the spot where shone the bright image of the Peruvian deity, and the cloisters of the Indian temple were trodden by the friars of St. Dominic. To make the metamorphosis more complete, the House of the Virgins of the Sun was replaced by a Roman Catholic nunnery. Christian churches and monasteries gradually supplanted the ancient edifices, and such of the latter as were suffered to remain, despoiled of their heathen insignia, were placed under the protection of the Cross.

The Fathers of St. Dominic, the Brethren of the Order of Mercy, and other missionaries, now busied themselves in the good work of conversion. We have seen that Pizarro was

required by the crown to bring out a certain number of these holy men in his own vessels; and every succeeding vessel brought an additional reinforcement of ecclesiastics. They were not all like the Bishop of Cuzco, with hearts so seared by fanaticism as to be closed against sympathy with the unfortunate natives. They were, many of them, men of singular humility, who followed in the track of the conqueror to scatter the seeds of spiritual truth, and, with disinterested zeal, devoted themselves to the propagation of the gospel. Thus did their pious labors prove them the true soldiers of the Cross, and show that the object so ostentatiously avowed of carrying its banner among the heathen nations was not an empty vaunt.

The efforts to Christianize the heathen is an honorable characteristic of the Spanish conquests. The Puritan, with equal religious zeal, did comparatively little for the conversion of the Indian, content, as it would seem, with having secured to himself the inestimable privilege of worshiping God in his own way. Other adventurers who have occupied the New World have often had too little regard for religion themselves, to be very solicitous about spreading it among the savages. But the Spanish missionary, from first to last, has shown a keen interest in the spiritual welfare of the natives. Under his auspices, churches on a magnificent scale have been erected, schools for elementary instruction founded, and every rational means taken to spread the knowledge of religious truth, while he has carried his solitary mission into remote and almost inaccessible regions, or gathered his Indian disciples into communities, like the good Las Casas in Cumaná, or the Jesuits in California and Paraguay. At all times, the courageous ecclesiastic has been ready to lift his voice against the cruelty of the conqueror and the no less wasting cupidity of the colonist; and when his remonstrances, as was too often the case, have proved unavailing, he has still followed to bind up the broken-hearted, to teach the poor Indian resignation under his lot, and light up his dark intellect with the revelation of a holier and happier existence. In reviewing the blood-stained records of Spanish colonial history, it is but fair, and at the same time cheering, to reflect that the same nation which sent forth the hard-hearted conqueror from its bosom sent forth the missionary to do the work of beneficence and spread the light of Christian civilization over the farthest regions of the New World.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE PORTUGUESE.

By CAMOENS.

(From "The Lusiad.")

[LUIZ DE CAMOENS, the greatest Portuguese epic poet, was born about 1524 at Coimbra, where he studied the ancient classics in the university of that city. In consequence of a love affair with Donna Caterina de Ataide, a lady in attendance on the queen, he was banished to Santarem, joined the army of Africa; and lost his right eye in a naval battle Subsequently he embarked for India and settled at Goa, whence he was exiled to Macao for a satire exposing the corruption of Portuguese officials After various adventures in Goa, Macao, and Mozambique, he landed in Lisbon with no other possession than his epic "The Lusiad." He passed his last years in dire poverty, and died obscurely in the hospital at Lisbon, June 10, 1580. His principal work, "The Lusiad" (published in 1572), commemorates the achievements of Portuguese heroism, and is regarded in Portugal as the national epic. His minor works include sonnets, comedies, ballads, and epigrams.]

As thus in Jove's ethereal domicile,
Of high debate is prosperous issue won.
The martial people on the seas the while
Up from the south, and eastward bearing, run
Betwixt that Ethiop coast and famous Isle
Of Madagascar, at what time the sun
Inflames the starry twain who took the shape
Of fishes, dread Typhœus to escape.

The wind so gently wafted them along,
It seemed to know that heaven was now their friend;
Serene the air, no cloud above them hung,
Nor sign around that danger might portend
On Ethiop's coast — a name when earth was young —
The Cape of Prassus smoothly cleared, they wend,
Till now the sea reveals new isles, a group
Enlinked and fondled in its wavy loop.

No cause perceived for tarriance, even brief,
On shores that showed no trace of human kind,
Vasco de Gama, the high-hearted chief —
A man by nature for command designed,
True to his aim, alike in joy or grief,
And loved by Fortune for his constant mind —
Right onward would have held, but here th' event
Crossed his surmise, and baffled his intent

For lo! from yonder islet within hail
Of the main land, to which it nearest lies,
A sudden fleet of boats with crowded sail
Comes skimming the long seas! In glad surprise,
As if for joy all other senses fail
But sight, the people gaze with asking eyes:
"What men are these?" they rather muse than say,
"What rites, what laws, what ruler follow they?"

Those skiffs for speed were fashioned long and slight,
Sharp-beaked and narrow, delicate to steer,
The sails of palm-tree leaves were firm and light,
So firmly matted was that simple gear.
The strangers' skin was of the hue of night
Bequeathed by Phaeton, the charioteer,
With more of courage than of wit endued,
As Padus knows, and Lampethusa rued.

The cotton down supplies the garb they wear,
Of various colors, white and listed, borne
Loose from the shoulder with a flaunting air;
Or at the girdle tied, succinctly worn,
While all above from waist to brow is bare,
And this the turban's artful folds adorn
For arms they carried scimiter and shield,
And o'er the waves their clamorous trumpets pealed.

Extended arms and fluttered robes invite
The Lusitanian people to delay.
But these have tacked already, bearing right
Toward the Isles, to anchor in the bay;
The joyous seamen toil with all their might
As if their labors are to end to-day.
They slacken sail. they strike the topsails; dash
The anchors go, the wounded waves upflash.

Ere yet the forkèd iron finds its bed
The strangers by the cordage nimbly climb;
Their joyful faces speak them free of dread,
And kind their welcome from the Chief sublime;
Who straight commands the tables to be spread,
And juice Lyean of the Lusian clime,
In crystal goblets served; the ruby draught
With right good will the scorched of Phaeton quaffed.

Regaling merrily, their hosts they plied
In Arab speech with questions whence they came,
What seas had traversed and what coasts descried,
Their name, their country, and their final aim?
The gallant Lusitanians nothing hide
Yet in a form discreet their answers frame:—
"From shores far west, from Portugal our home,
In search of Oriental shores we roam.

"And all the length of Afric we have run,
Seen many a land and weathered many a sky,
The northern star beheld our course begun,
Now stars antarctic watch us from on high:
And naught that tries our loyalty we shun,
To serve a King for whom we live or die;
Content for him to range the billowy vast,
Or pass the Lake that can but once be passed.

"By his command our devious way we feel,
Seeking the land that Indus irrigates;
For him we wander where till now the seal
Has known no voyagers but his uncouth mates.
But reason bids that you in turn reveal,
If truth among you as a virtue rates,
What men ye be, and what the shores around,
And whether trace of India here be found?"

"Aliens are we!"—one from the Isle replied—
"Aliens by country, origin, and creed.
The natives of these isles, of sense devoid
As nature made them, law nor reason heed.
But we are true believers, we confide
In that pure Faith, that takes of all the lead,
The Faith by Abram's famed descendant taught,
Whom Pagan sire of Hebrew wife begot

"This island where we sojourn, though but small,
Allures the wandering traffic of the coast;
For every trading town a port of call:
Quilóa, Sófala, Mombassa most·
So here for lucre—hardly gained withal,
But patient thrift endures a churlish host—
We dwell with those who call the island theirs,
And Mozambiquè is the name it bears.

"But you, who tempt so far the brawling tide,
Indus, Hydaspes, and the shores of spice
Demanding, here will find a willing guide
Your course to regulate with skill precise.
'Tis opportune too that we here provide
Whatever succors for your store suffice;
And that our Regent see you, and give heed
How best to aid you to what most you need!"

This said, the Moor and all the swarthy crew
Betook them to their slender boats again;
With all the courtesies for kindness due,
From Gama parting and his gallant men:
And Phœbus now beneath the waters blue
Had veiled the glory of his crystal wain;
Charge to his sister given to watch the night,
And while he slumbered soothe the world with light.

In joy unwonted in the weary fleet,
Joy quickened by surprise, the night was past;
Of that far land for which so long they beat
They now had lighted on the trace at last!
About these strangers too, perplexed conceit
Was busy, musing on their manners, cast,
And creed, and wondering how a faith so blind
Beguiled and led such myriads of mankind.

The moon's clear radiance falls in silver showers
Resplendent on the surface of the deep;
The firmament is like a field of flowers,
The stars to-night so thronged a vigil keep;
The winds, disarmed of their unruly powers,
Down in their caves profound are locked in sleep,
Yet not the less the Armada's people share
Alternate watch, their long-accustomed care.

But soon as Morn with kindling blush was seen,
Her tresses all dispread and bright with dew,
Opening the purple gates of heaven serene
To let Hyperion, just awakened, through;
Their decks with festal awnings then to screen
And dress their masts with flags, began the crew,
Preparing for a welcome guest at hand,
The coming Regent of the sea-girt land.

Who joyfully advanced, with press of sail,
To view the buoyant armament, and brought
Fresh fruits, the island produce, to regale
These of the race inhuman as he thought
That made the nations Asiatic quail,
When bursting from their Caspian bounds, they wrought
Portentous change, crushing by will Divine,
The reverend empery of Constantine.

The Chief received on deck with smiles benign
The Moor, and all who served him for escort,
And gave him gaudy silks of tissue fine,
For such foreseen occasion stored apart;
And set before him sweet conserves and wine,
The fervor that exhilarates the heart
The silken gift well pleased him, but the zest
Of juice forbidden pleased the Moslem best.

Aloft, the Lusitanian people manned
The yards, and in the shrouds admiring hung,
Noting the manners of the sable band
And barbarous jargon of their Caffre tongue.
As much perplexed, the subtle Moslem scanned
Their garb, their color, their Armada strong,
And asked, suspicion in his mind at work,
If they were subjects of the Sultan Turk.

Demands he too their sacred books to see;
Their code of faith, of precept, or of law,
That he may know if it with his agree,
Or if—for that way his conjectures draw—
They trust in Him who died upon the tree.
And not more shrewd in marking all he saw
Than keen that nothing should escape his sight,
He fain would view the arms they use in fight.

By one well skilled in the dark tongue, the Chief
Of steadfast soul replied: "Illustrious sir,
Of what I am, suffice relation brief,
And what the faith I hold, the arms I bear.
Of Hagar's race I share not the belief,
Nor mine the spurious blood derived from her.
In fair and warlike Europe was I born,
I seek the famous kingdoms of the morn.

"I hold the faith prescribed by Him who reigns
Over all visible and invisible things;
Who made the world, and all that it contains
Insensible or sentient; bore the stings
Of calumny and scorn, endured the pains
Of unjust death by barbarous sufferings;
Who, in a word, by Heaven to earth was given
To raise the mortals of the earth to heaven.

"Of this Man-God, Most High, and Infinite,
The holy books thou hast desired to see
I carry not, nor need on paper write
The law that graven in the soul should be.
But for the arms wherewith our scores we quit
With foes, we hide them not from friends; to thee
As to a friend we show them, for I know
Thou ne'er wouldst test their temper as a foe."

Thus saying, them who the command await
He bids the various gear of war disclose,
Trunk harness, habergeons, and coats of plate,
Fine mail entwined, or scaled in artful rows,
And shields with diverse blazonry ornate;
Spingards of seasoned metal, balls, crossbows,
Quivers with arrow stored of point minute,
Curt-handled pikes, and partisans acute;

And, charged with fiery seed, the hollow spheres,
Grenades and shells that burst in ruin blind;
But suffers not the Chief his bombardiers
To rouse the latent thunder; for the mind
Generous as brave solicits not the fears
Of men like these, a weak untutored kind,
With vain ostent of rage, — the triumph cheap
Of power that plays the lion among sheep.

But from the light the Moslem here obtained,
And after all he saw with eye attent,
A settled hatred in his soul remained,
An evil will on evil purpose bent;
Which not a gesture nor a look explained,
For with a smiling gay allure he meant
To treat them blandly, and his hour await
To show the force and meaning of his hate.

Pilots to lead him to an Indian port
Requests the Lusitanian of the Moor,

Vowing to pay their toil in such a sort
They shall not think the recompense is poor.
The Sheik in promise grants them, while his heart
Teems with such venom, were the means but sure,
Death would he send him, nor the blow delay;
Instead of pilots, death that very day.

Such was the malice, sudden in its growth,
Conceived against the strangers when he knew
That they were followers of the blessed truth
As taught by Christ, the one preceptor true.
O secrets of eternity! — in sooth
Too high for human judgment to pursue,
There never fails, intent on treacherous ends,
Some lurking foe to those whom Heaven befriends.



DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO.[1]

By CERVANTES.

(From "Don Quixote": translated by John Ormsby.)

[Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, Spanish poet and novelist, was born of an old Galician family at Alcalá de Henares, about twenty miles from Madrid, October, 1547. After following Cardinal Aquaviva as chamberlain into Italy, he enlisted under the papal admiral Colonna, and distinguished himself at the battle of Lepanto (1571), where he lost his left hand. While returning to Spain he was captured by a corsair, and passed five years in slavery in Algiers. Being without means or friends, he reenlisted, saw active service in Portugal and the Azores, and then began to earn his living by authorship in Madrid and Seville In 1605 the first part of "Don Quixote" appeared, and the second ten years later. Besides his main work he produced. "Galatea," an eclogue, "Exemplary Tales", "Persiles and Sigismunda," a romance; and, according to his account, some thirty plays. Cervantes died at Madrid, April 23, 1616.]

He remained at home fifteen days very quietly, without showing any signs of a desire to take up with his former delusions, and during this time he held lively discussions with his two gossips, the curate and the barber, on the point he maintained, that knights-errant were what the world stood most in need of, and that in him was to be accomplished the revival of knight-errantry. The curate sometimes contradicted him, sometimes agreed with him, for if he had not observed this precaution he would have been unable to bring him to reason.

[1] By permission of Smith, Elder & Co. ([illegible])

Meanwhile Don Quixote worked upon a farm laborer, a neighbor of his, an honest man (if indeed that title can be given to him who is poor), but with very little wit in his pate. In a word, he so talked him over, and with such persuasions and promises, that the poor clown made up his mind to sally forth with him and serve him as esquire. Don Quixote, among other things, told him he ought to be ready to go with him gladly, because any moment an adventure might occur that might win an island in the twinkling of an eye and leave him governor of it. On these and the like promises Sancho Panza (for so the laborer was called) left wife and children, and engaged himself as esquire to his neighbor. Don Quixote next set about getting some money; and selling one thing and pawning another, and making a bad bargain in every case, he got together a fair sum. He provided himself with a buckler, which he begged as a loan from a friend, and, restoring his battered helmet as best he could, he warned his squire Sancho of the day and hour he meant to set out, that he might provide himself with what he thought most needful. Above all, he charged him to take his wallet with him. The other said he would, and that he meant to take also a very good ass he had, as he was not much given to going on foot. About the ass, Don Quixote hesitated a little, trying whether he could call to mind any knight-errant taking with him an esquire mounted on ass back, but no instance occurred to his memory. For all that, however, he determined to take him, intending to furnish him with a more honorable mount when a chance of it presented itself, by appropriating the horse of the first discourteous knight he encountered. Himself he provided with shirts and such other things as he could, according to the advice the host had given him; all which being settled and done, without taking leave, Sancho Panza of his wife and children, or Don Quixote of his housekeeper and niece, they sallied forth unseen by anybody from the village one night, and made such good way in the course of it that by daylight they held themselves safe from discovery, even should search be made for them.

Sancho rode on his ass like a patriarch, with his wallet and wine bag, and longing to see himself soon governor of the island his master had promised him. Don Quixote decided upon taking the same route and road he had taken on his first journey, that over the Campo de Montiel, which he traveled with less discomfort than on the last occasion, for, as it was



SANCHO PANZA ENTERING AS GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF BARATARIA

From a painting by Coypel

early morning and the rays of the sun fell on them obliquely, the heat did not distress them.

And now said Sancho Panza to his master, "Your worship will take care, Señor Knight-errant, not to forget about the island you have promised me, for be it ever so big I'll be equal to governing it."

To which Don Quixote replied, "Thou must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a practice very much in vogue with the knights-errant of old to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they won, and I am determined that there shall be no failure on my part in so liberal a custom; on the contrary, I mean to improve upon it, for they sometimes, and perhaps most frequently, waited until their squires were old, and then when they had had enough of service and hard days and worse nights, they gave them some title or other, of count, or at the most marquis, of some valley or province more or less; but if thou livest and I live, it may well be that before six days are over, I may have won some kingdom that has others dependent upon it, which will be just the thing to enable thee to be crowned king of one of them. Nor needst thou count this wonderful, for things and chances fall to the lot of such knights in ways so unexampled and unexpected that I might easily give thee even more than I promise thee."

"In that case," said Sancho Panza, "if I should become a king by one of those miracles your worship speaks of, even Juana Gutierrez, my old woman, would come to be queen and my children infantes."

"Well, who doubts it?" said Don Quixote.

"I doubt it," replied Sancho Panza, "because for my part I am persuaded that though God should shower down kingdoms upon earth, not one of them would fit the head of Mari Gutierrez. Let me tell you, señor, she is not worth two maravedis for a queen; countess will fit her better, and that only with God's help."

"Leave it to God, Sancho," returned Don Quixote, "for he will give her what suits her best; but do not undervalue thyself so much as to come to be content with anything less than being governor of a province."

"I will not, señor," answered Sancho, "especially as I have a man of such quality for a master in your worship, who will be able to give me all that will be suitable for me and that I can bear."

Of the Good Fortune which the Valiant Don Quixote had in the Terrible and Undreamt-of Adventure of the Windmills, with Other Occurrences Worthy to be fitly Recorded.

At this point they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills that there are on that plain, and as soon as Don Quixote saw them he said to his squire, "Fortune is arranging matters for us better than we could have shaped our desires ourselves, for look there, friend Sancho Panza, where thirty or more monstrous giants present themselves, all of whom I mean to engage in battle and slay, and with whose spoils we shall begin to make our fortunes; for this is righteous warfare, and it is God's good service to sweep so evil a breed from off the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those thou seest there," answered his master, "with the long arms, and some have them nearly two leagues long."

"Look, your worship," said Sancho; "what we see there are not giants but windmills, and what seem to be their arms are the sails that turned by the wind make the millstone go."

"It is easy to see," replied Don Quixote, "that thou art not used to this business of adventures; those are giants; and if thou art afraid, away with thee out of this and betake thyself to prayer while I engage them in fierce and unequal combat."

So saying, he gave the spur to his steed Rocinante, heedless of the cries his squire Sancho sent after him, warning him that most certainly they were windmills and not giants he was going to attack. He, however, was so positive they were giants that he neither heard the cries of Sancho, nor perceived, near as he was, what they were, but made at them shouting, "Fly not, cowards and vile beings, for it is a single knight that attacks you."

A slight breeze at this moment sprang up, and the great sails began to move, seeing which Don Quixote exclaimed, "Though ye flourish more arms than the giant Briareus, ye have to reckon with me."

So saying, and commending himself with all his heart to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her to support him in such a peril, with lance in rest and covered by his buckler, he charged at

Rocinante's fullest gallop and fell upon the first mill that stood in front of him; but as he drove his lance point into the sail the wind whirled it round with such force that it shivered the lance to pieces, sweeping with it horse and rider, who went rolling over on the plain, in a sorry condition. Sancho hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could go, and when he came up found him unable to move, with such a shock had Rocinante fallen with him.

"God bless me!" said Sancho, "did I not tell your worship to mind what you were about, for they were only windmills? and no one could have made any mistake about it but one who had something of the same kind in his head."

"Hush, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "the fortunes of war more than any other are liable to frequent fluctuations; and moreover I think, and it is the truth, that that same sage Friston who carried off my study and books, has turned these giants into mills in order to rob me of the glory of vanquishing them, such is the enmity he bears me; but in the end his wicked arts will avail but little against my good sword."

"God order it as he may," said Sancho Panza, and helping him to rise got him up again on Rocinante, whose shoulder was half out; and then, discussing the late adventure, they followed the road to Puerto Lápice, for there, said Don Quixote, they could not fail to find adventures in abundance and variety, as it was a great thoroughfare. For all that, he was much grieved at the loss of his lance, and saying so to his squire, he added, "I remember having read how a Spanish knight, Diego Perez de Vargas by name, having broken his sword in battle, tore from an oak a ponderous bough or branch, and with it did such things that day, and pounded so many Moors, that he got the surname of Machuca, and he and his descendants from that day forth were called Vargas y Machuca. I mention this because from the first oak I see I mean to rend such another branch, large and stout like that, with which I am determined and resolved to do such deeds that thou mayest deem thyself very fortunate in being found worthy to come and see them, and be an eyewitness of things that will with difficulty be believed."

"Be that as God will," said Sancho, "I believe it all as your worship says it; but straighten yourself a little, for you seem all on one side, maybe from the shaking of the fall."

"That is the truth," said Don Quixote, "and if I make no complaint of the pain it is because knights-errant are not per-

mitted to complain of any wound, even though their bowels be coming out through it."

"If so," said Sancho, "I have nothing to say; but God knows I would rather your worship complained when anything ailed you. For my part, I confess I must complain however small the ache may be; unless indeed this rule about not complaining extends to the squires of knights-errant also."

Don Quixote could not help laughing at his squire's simplicity, and he assured him he might complain whenever and however he chose, just as he liked, for, so far, he had never read of anything to the contrary in the order of knighthood.

Sancho bade him remember it was dinner time, to which his master answered that he wanted nothing himself just then, but that *he* might eat when he had a mind. With this permission Sancho settled himself as comfortably as he could on his beast, and taking out of the wallet what he had stowed away in it, he jogged along behind his master munching deliberately, and from time to time taking a pull at the wine bag with a relish that the thirstiest tapster in Malaga might have envied; and while he went on in this way, gulping down draught after draught, he never gave a thought to any of the promises his master had made him, nor did he rate it as hardship but rather as recreation going in quest of adventures, however dangerous they might be. Finally they passed the night among some trees, from one of which Don Quixote plucked a dry branch to serve him after a fashion as a lance, and fixed on it the head he had removed from the broken one. All that night Don Quixote lay awake thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in order to conform to what he had read in his books, how many a night in the forests and deserts knights used to lie sleepless supported by the memory of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho Panza spend it, for having his stomach full of something stronger than chicory water he made but one sleep of it, and, if his master had not called him, neither the rays of the sun beating on his face nor all the cheery notes of the birds welcoming the approach of day would have had power to waken him. On getting up he tried the wine bag and found it somewhat less full than the night before, which grieved his heart because they did not seem to be on the way to remedy the deficiency readily. Don Quixote did not care to break his fast, for, as has been already said, he confined himself to savory recollections for nourishment.

They returned to the road they had set out with, leading to Puerto Lápice, and at three in the afternoon they came in sight of it. "Here, brother Sancho Panza," said Don Quixote when he saw it, "we may plunge our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures; but observe, even shouldst thou see me in the greatest danger in the world, thou must not put a hand to thy sword in my defense, unless, indeed, thou perceivest that those who assail me are rabble or base folk; for in that case thou mayest very properly aid me; but if they be knights it is on no account permitted or allowed thee by the laws of knighthood to help me until thou hast been dubbed a knight."

"Most certainly, señor," replied Sancho, "your worship shall be fully obeyed in this matter; all the more as of myself I am peaceful and no friend to mixing in strife and quarrels: it is true that as regards the defense of my own person I shall not give much heed to those laws, for laws human and divine allow each one to defend himself against any assailant whatever."

"That I grant," said Don Quixote, "but in this matter of aiding me against knights thou must put a restraint upon thy natural impetuosity."

"I will do so, I promise you," answered Sancho, "and I will keep this precept as carefully as Sunday."

While they were thus talking there appeared on the road two friars of the order of St. Benedict, mounted on two dromedaries, for not less tall were the two mules they rode on. They wore traveling spectacles and carried sunshades; and behind them came a coach attended by four or five persons on horseback and two muleteers on foot. In the coach there was, as afterwards appeared, a Biscay lady on her way to Seville, where her husband was about to take passage for the Indies with an appointment of high honor. The friars, though going the same road, were not in her company; but the moment Don Quixote perceived them he said to his squire, "Either I am mistaken, or this is going to be the most famous adventure that has ever been seen, for those black bodies we see there must be, and doubtless are, magicians who are carrying off some stolen princess in that coach, and with all my might I must undo this wrong."

"This will be worse than the windmills," said Sancho. "Look, señor; those are friars of St. Benedict, and the coach plainly belongs to some travelers: mind, I tell you to mind well what you are about and don't let the devil mislead you."

"I have told thee already, Sancho," replied Don Quixote,

"that on the subject of adventures thou knowest little. What I say is the truth, as thou shalt see presently."

So saying, he advanced and posted himself in the middle of the road along which the friars were coming, and as soon as he thought they had come near enough to hear what he said, he cried aloud, "Devilish and unnatural beings, release instantly the highborn princesses whom you are carrying off by force in this coach, else prepare to meet a speedy death as the just punishment of your evil deeds."

The friars drew rein and stood wondering at the appearance of Don Quixote as well as at his words, to which they replied, "Señor Caballero, we are not devilish or unnatural, but two brothers of St. Benedict following our road, nor do we know whether or not there are any captive princesses coming in this coach."

"No soft words with me, for I know you, lying rabble," said Don Quixote, and without waiting for a reply he spurred Rocinante and with leveled lance charged the first friar with such fury and determination that, if the friar had not flung himself off the mule, he would have brought him to the ground against his will, and sore wounded, if not killed outright. The second brother, seeing how his comrade was treated, drove his heels into his castle of a mule and made off across the country faster than the wind.

Sancho Panza, when he saw the friar on the ground, dismounting briskly from his ass, rushed towards him and began to strip off his gown. At that instant the friars' muleteers came up and asked what he was stripping him for. Sancho answered them that this fell to him lawfully as spoil of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had won. The muleteers, who had no idea of a joke and did not understand all this about battles and spoils, seeing that Don Quixote was some distance off talking to the travelers in the coach, fell upon Sancho, knocked him down, and leaving hardly a hair in his beard, belabored him with kicks and left him stretched breathless and senseless on the ground; and without any more delay helped the friar to mount, who, trembling, terrified, and pale, as soon as he found himself in the saddle, spurred after his companion, who was standing at a distance looking on, watching the result of the onslaught; then, not caring to wait for the end of the affair just begun, they pursued their journey making more crosses than if they had the devil after them.

Don Quixote was, as has been said, speaking to the lady in the coach: "Your beauty, lady mine," said he, "may now dispose of your person as may be most in accordance with your pleasure, for the pride of your ravishers lies prostrate on the ground through this strong arm of mine; and lest you should be pining to know the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote of La Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beautiful lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and in return for the service you have received of me I ask no more than that you should return to El Toboso, and on my behalf present yourself before that lady and tell her what I have done to set you free."

One of the squires in attendance upon the coach, a Biscayan, was listening to all Don Quixote was saying, and, perceiving that he would not allow the coach to go on, but was saying it must return at once to El Toboso, he made at him, and seizing his lance addressed him in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan after this fashion, "Begone, caballero, and ill go with thee; by the God that made me, unless thou quittest coach, slayest thee as art here a Biscayan."

Don Quixote understood him quite well, and answered him very quietly, "If thou wert a knight, as thou art none, I should have already chastised thy folly and rashness, miserable creature." To which the Biscayan returned, "I no gentleman![1]—I swear to God thou liest as I am Christian: if thou droppest lance and drawest sword, soon shalt thou see thou art carrying water to the cat: Biscayan on land, hidalgo at sea, hidalgo at the devil, and look, if thou sayest otherwise thou liest."

"'"You will see presently," said Agrajes,'" replied Don Quixote; and throwing his lance on the ground he drew his sword, braced his buckler on his arm, and attacked the Biscayan, bent upon taking his life.

The Biscayan, when he saw him coming on, though he wished to dismount from his mule, in which, being one of those sorry ones let out for hire, he had no confidence, had no choice but to draw his sword; it was lucky for him, however, that he was near the coach, from which he was able to snatch a cushion that served him for a shield; and then they went at one another as if they had been two mortal enemies. The others strove to make peace between them, but could not, for the Biscayan

[1] *Caballero* means "gentleman" as well as knight, and the peppery Biscayan assumes that Don Quixote has used the word in the former sense.

declared in his disjointed phrase that if they did not let him finish his battle he would kill his mistress and every one that strove to prevent him. The lady in the coach, amazed and terrified at what she saw, ordered the coachman to draw aside a little, and set herself to watch this severe struggle, in the course of which the Biscayan smote Don Quixote a mighty stroke on the shoulder over the top of his buckler, which, given to one without armor, would have cleft him to the waist. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of this prodigious blow, cried aloud, saying, "O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of beauty, come to the aid of this your knight, who, in fulfilling his obligations to your beauty, finds himself in this extreme peril." To say this, to lift his sword, to shelter himself well behind his buckler, and to assail the Biscayan was the work of an instant, determined as he was to venture all upon a single blow. The Biscayan, seeing him come on in this way, was convinced of his courage by his spirited bearing, and resolved to follow his example; so he waited for him, keeping well under cover of his cushion, being unable to execute any sort of maneuver with his mule, which, dead tired and never meant for this kind of game, could not stir a step.

On, then, as aforesaid, came Don Quixote against the wary Biscayan, with uplifted sword and a firm intention of splitting him in half, while on his side the Biscayan waited for him sword in hand, and under the protection of his cushion; and all present stood trembling, waiting in suspense the result of blows such as threatened to fall, and the lady in the coach and the rest of her following were making a thousand vows and offerings to all the images and shrines of Spain, that God might deliver her squire and all of them from this great peril in which they found themselves. But it spoils all, that at this point and crisis the author of the history leaves this battle impending, giving as excuse that he could find nothing more written about these achievements of Don Quixote than what has been already set forth. . . .

With trenchant swords upraised and poised on high, it seemed as though the two valiant and wrathful combatants stood threatening heaven, and earth, and hell, with such resolution and determination did they bear themselves. The fiery Biscayan was the first to strike a blow, which was delivered with such force and fury that had not the sword turned in its course, that single stroke would have sufficed to put an end to the bitter struggle

and to all the adventures of our knight; but that good fortune which reserved him for greater things turned aside the sword of his adversary, so that, although it smote him upon the left shoulder, it did him no more harm than to strip all that side of its armor, carrying away a great part of his helmet, with half of his ear, all which with fearful ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a sorry plight.

Good God! Who is there that could properly describe the rage that filled the heart of our Manchegan when he saw himself dealt with in this fashion? All that can be said is, it was such that he again raised himself in his stirrups, and, grasping his sword more firmly with both hands, he came down on the Biscayan with such fury, smiting him full over the cushion and over the head, that — even so good a shield proving useless — as if a mountain had fallen on him, he began to bleed from nose, mouth, and ears, reeling as if about to fall backwards from his mule, as no doubt he would have done had he not flung his arms about its neck; at the same time, however, he slipped his feet out of the stirrups and then unclasped his arms, and the mule, taking fright at the terrible blow, made off across the plain, and with a few plunges flung its master to the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on very calmly, and, when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse and with great briskness ran to him, and, presenting the point of his sword to his eyes, bade him surrender, or he would cut his head off. The Biscayan was so bewildered that he was unable to answer a word, and it would have gone hard with him, so blind was Don Quixote, had not the ladies in the coach, who had hitherto been watching the combat in great terror, hastened to where he stood and implored him with earnest entreaties to grant them the great grace and favor of sparing their squire's life; to which Don Quixote replied with much gravity and dignity, "In truth, fair ladies, I am well content to do what ye ask of me; but it must be on one condition and understanding, which is that this knight promise me to go to the village of El Toboso, and on my part present himself before the peerless lady Dulcinea, that she deal with him as shall be most pleasing to her."

The terrified and disconsolate ladies, without discussing Don Quixote's demand or asking who Dulcinea might be, promised that their squire should do all that had been commanded on his part.

"Then, on the faith of that promise," said Don Quixote,

"I shall do him no further harm, though he well deserves it of me."

Now by this time Sancho had risen, rather the worse for the handling of the friars' muleteers, and stood watching the battle of his master, Don Quixote, and praying to God in his heart that it might be his will to grant him the victory, and that he might thereby win some island to make him governor of, as he had promised. Seeing, therefore, that the struggle was now over, and that his master was returning to mount Rocinante, he approached to hold the stirrup for him, and, before he could mount, he went on his knees before him; and taking his hand, kissed it saying, "May it please your worship, Señor Don Quixote, to give me the government of that island which has been won in this hard fight, for be it ever so big I feel myself in sufficient force to be able to govern it as much and as well as any one in the world who has ever governed islands."

To which Don Quixote replied, "Thou must take notice, brother Sancho, that this adventure and those like it are not adventures of islands, but of crossroads, in which nothing is got except a broken head or an ear the less: have patience, for adventures will present themselves from which I may make you not only a governor, but something more."

Sancho gave him many thanks, and again kissing his hand and the skirt of his hauberk, helped him to mount Rocinante, and mounting his ass himself, proceeded to follow his master, who at a brisk pace, without taking leave, or saying anything further to the ladies belonging to the coach, turned into a wood that was hard by. Sancho followed him at his ass's best trot, but Rocinante stepped out so that, seeing himself left behind, he was forced to call to his master to wait for him. Don Quixote did so, reining in Rocinante until his weary squire came up, who on reaching him said, "It seems to me, señor, it would be prudent in us to go and take refuge in some church, for, seeing how mauled he with whom you fought has been left, it will be no wonder if they give information of the affair to the Holy Brotherhood and arrest us, and, faith, if they do, before we come out of jail we shall have to sweat for it."

"Peace," said Don Quixote; "where hast thou ever seen or heard that a knight-errant has been arraigned before a court of justice, however many homicides he may have committed?"

"I know nothing about omecils," answered Sancho, "nor in

my life have had anything to do with one; I only know that the Holy Brotherhood looks after those who fight in the fields, and in that other matter I do not meddle."

"Then thou needst have no uneasiness, my friend," said Don Quixote, "for I will deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, much more out of those of the Brotherhood. But tell me, as thou livest, hast thou seen a more valiant knight than I in all the known world; hast thou read in history of any who has or had higher mettle in attack, more spirit in maintaining it, more dexterity in wounding or skill in overthrowing?"

"The truth is," answered Sancho, "that I have never read any history, for I can neither read nor write, but what I will venture to bet is that a more daring master than your worship I have never served in all the days of my life, and God grant that this daring be not paid for where I have said; what I beg of your worship is to dress your wound, for a great deal of blood flows from that ear, and I have here some lint and a little white ointment in the wallet."

"All that might be well dispensed with," said Don Quixote, "if I had remembered to make a vial of the balsam of Fierabras, for time and medicine are saved by one single drop."

"What vial and what balsam is that?" said Sancho Panza.

"It is a balsam," answered Don Quixote, "the receipt of which I have in my memory, with which one need have no fear of death, or dread dying of any wound; and so when I make it and give it to thee thou hast nothing to do when in some battle thou seest they have cut me in half through the middle of the body — as is wont to happen frequently — but neatly and with great nicety, ere the blood congeal, to place that portion of the body which shall have fallen to the ground upon the other half which remains in the saddle, taking care to fit it on evenly and exactly. Then thou shalt give me to drink but two drops of the balsam I have mentioned, and thou shalt see me become sounder than an apple."

"If that be so," said Panza, "I renounce henceforth the government of the promised island, and desire nothing more in payment of my many and faithful services than that your worship give me the receipt of this supreme liquor, for I am persuaded it will be worth more than two reals an ounce anywhere, and I want no more to pass the rest of my life in

ease and honor; but it remains to be told if it costs much to make it."

"With less than three reals six quarts of it may be made," said Don Quixote.

"Sinner that I am!" said Sancho, "then why does your worship put off making it and teaching it to me?"

"Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote; "greater secrets I mean to teach thee and greater favors to bestow upon thee; and for the present let us see to the dressing, for my ear pains me more than I could wish."

Sancho took out some lint and ointment from the wallet; but when Don Quixote came to see his helmet shattered, he was like to lose his senses, and, clapping his hand upon his sword and raising his eyes to heaven, he said, "I swear by the Creator of all things and the four Gospels in their fullest extent, to do as the great Marquis of Mantua did when he swore to avenge the death of his nephew Baldwin (and that was not to eat bread from a tablecloth, nor embrace his wife, and other points which, though I cannot now call them to mind, I here grant as expressed), until I take complete vengeance upon him who has committed such an offense against me."

Hearing this, Sancho said to him, "Your worship should bear in mind, Señor Don Quixote, that if the knight has done what was commanded him in going to present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will have done all that he was bound to do, and does not deserve further punishment unless he commits some new offense."

"Thou hast said well and hit the point," answered Don Quixote; "and so I recall the oath in so far as relates to taking fresh vengeance on him, but I make and confirm it anew to lead the life I have said until such time as I take by force from some knight another helmet such as this and as good; and think not, Sancho, that I am raising smoke with straw in doing so, for I have one to imitate in the matter, since the very same thing to a hair happened in the case of Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear."

"Señor," replied Sancho, "let your worship send all such oaths to the devil, for they are very pernicious to salvation and prejudicial to the conscience; just tell me now, if for several days to come we fall in with no man armed with a helmet, what are we to do? Is the oath to be observed in spite of all the inconvenience and discomfort it will be to sleep in your

clothes, and not to sleep in a house, and a thousand other mortifications contained in the oath of that old fool, the Marquis of Mantua, which your worship is now wanting to revive? Let your worship observe that there are no men in armor traveling on any of these roads, nothing but carriers and carters, who not only do not wear helmets, but perhaps never heard tell of them all their lives."

"Thou art wrong there," said Don Quixote, "for we shall not have been two hours among these crossroads before we see more men in armor than came to Albraca to win the fair Angelica."

"Enough," said Sancho; "so be it then, and God grant us success, and that the time for winning that island which is costing me so dear may soon come, and then let me die."

"I have already told thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "not to give thyself any uneasiness on that score; for if an island should fail, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or of Sobradisa, which will fit thee as a ring fits the finger, and all the more that being on *terra firma* thou wilt all the better enjoy thyself. But let us leave that to its own time; see if thou hast anything for us to eat in that wallet, because we must presently go in quest of some castle where we may lodge to-night and make the balsam I told thee of, for I swear to thee by God, this ear is giving me great pain."

"I have here an onion and a little cheese and a few scraps of bread," said Sancho, "but they are not victuals fit for a valiant knight like your worship."

"How little thou knowest about it," answered Don Quixote; "I would have thee to know, Sancho, that it is the glory of knights-errant to go without eating for a month, and even when they do eat, that it should be of what comes first to hand; and this would have been clear to thee hadst thou read as many histories as I have, for, though they are very many, among them all I have found no mention made of knights-errant eating, unless by accident or at some sumptuous banquets prepared for them, and the rest of the time they passed in dalliance. And though it is plain they could not do without eating and performing all the other natural functions, because, in fact, they were men like ourselves, it is plain too that, wandering as they did the most part of their lives through woods and wilds and without a cook, their most usual fare would be rustic viands such as those thou dost now offer me; so that, friend Sancho, let not that distress

thee which pleases me, and do not seek to make a new world or pervert knight-errantry."

"Pardon me, your worship," said Sancho, "for, as I cannot read or write, as I said just now, I neither know nor comprehend the rules of the profession of chivalry: henceforward I will stock the wallet with every kind of dry fruit for your worship, as you are a knight; and for myself, as I am not one, I will furnish them with poultry and other things more substantial."

"I do not say, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it is imperative on knights-errant not to eat anything else but the fruits thou speakest of; only that their more usual diet must be those, and certain herbs they found in the fields which they knew and I know too."

"A good thing it is," answered Sancho, "to know those herbs, for to my thinking it will be needful some day to put that knowledge into practice."

Of how the Great Sancho Panza took Possession of his Island, and of how he made a Beginning in Governing.

Sancho with all his attendants arrived at a village of some thousand inhabitants, and one of the largest the duke possessed. They informed him that it was called the island of Barataria, either because the name of the village was Baratario, or because of the joke by way of which the government had been conferred upon him. On reaching the gates of the town, which was a walled one, the municipality came forth to meet him, the bells rang out a peal, and the inhabitants showed every sign of general satisfaction; and with great pomp they conducted him to the principal church to give thanks to God, and then with burlesque ceremonies they presented him with the keys of the town, and acknowledged him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The costume, the beard, and the fat squat figure of the new governor astonished all those who were not in the secret, and even all who were, and they were not a few. Finally, leading him out of the church they carried him to the judgment seat and seated him on it, and the duke's major-domo said to him, "It is an ancient custom in this island, señor governor, that he who comes to take possession of this famous island is bound to answer a question which shall be put to him,

and which must be a somewhat knotty and difficult one; and by his answer the people take the measure of their new governor's wit, and hail with joy or deplore his arrival accordingly."

While the major-domo was making this speech, Sancho was gazing at several large letters inscribed on the wall opposite his seat, and as he could not read he asked what that was painted on the wall. The answer was, "Señor, there is written and recorded the day on which your lordship took possession of this island, and the inscription says, 'This day, the so-and-so of such-and-such a month and year, Señor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island; many years may he enjoy it.'"

"And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?" asked Sancho.

"Your lordship," replied the major-domo; "for no other Panza but the one who is now seated in that chair has ever entered this island."

"Well then, let me tell you, brother," said Sancho, "I haven't got the 'Don,' nor has any one of my family ever had it; my name is plain Sancho Panza, and Sancho was my father's name, and Sancho was my grandfather's, and they were all Panzas, without any Dons or Doñas tacked on; I suspect that in this island there are more Dons than stones; but never mind; God knows what I mean, and maybe if my government lasts four days I'll weed out these Dons that no doubt are as great a nuisance as the midges, they're so plenty. Let the major-domo go on with his question, and I'll give the best answer I can, whether the people deplore or not."

At this instant there came into court two old men, one carrying a cane by way of a walking stick, and the one who had no stick said, "Señor, some time ago I lent this good man ten good crowns in gold to gratify him and do him a service, on the condition that he was to return them to me whenever I should ask for them. A long time passed before I asked for them, for I would not put him to any greater straits to return them than he was in when I lent them to him; but thinking he was growing careless about payment I asked for them once and several times; and not only will he not give them back, but he denies that he owes them, and says I never lent him any such crowns; or if I did, that he repaid them; and I have no witnesses either of the loan, or of the payment, for he never paid me; I want your worship to put him to his oath, and if he

swears he returned them to me I forgive him the debt here and before God."

"What say you to this, good old man, you with the stick?" said Sancho.

To which the old man replied, "I admit, señor, that he lent them to me; but let your worship lower your staff, and as he leaves it to my oath, I'll swear that I gave them back, and paid him really and truly."

The governor lowered the staff, and as he did so the old man who had the stick handed it to the other old man to hold for him while he swore, as if he found it in his way; and then laid his hand on the cross of the staff, saying that it was true the ten crowns that were demanded of him had been lent him; but that he had with his own hand given them back into the hand of the other, and that he, not recollecting it, was every minute asking for them.

Seeing this the great governor asked the creditor what answer he had to make to what his opponent said. He said that no doubt his debtor had told the truth, for he believed him to be an honest man and a good Christian, and he himself must have forgotten when and how he had given him back the crowns; and that from that time forth he would make no further demand upon him.

The debtor took his stick again, and bowing his head left the court. Observing this, and how, without another word, he made off, and observing too the resignation of the plaintiff, Sancho buried his head in his bosom and remained for a short space in deep thought, with the forefinger of his right hand on his brow and nose; then he raised his head and bade them call back the old man with the stick, for he had already taken his departure. They brought him back, and as soon as Sancho saw him he said, "Honest man, give me that stick, for I want it."

"Willingly," said the old man; "here it is, señor," and he put it into his hand.

Sancho took it and, handing it to the other old man, said to him, "Go, and God be with you; for now you are paid."

"I, señor!" returned the old man; "why, is this cane worth ten gold crowns?"

"Yes," said the governor, "or if not I am the greatest dolt in the world; now you will see whether I have got the head-piece to govern a whole kingdom;" and he ordered the cane to

be broken in two, there, in the presence of all. It was done, and in the middle of it they found ten gold crowns. All were filled with amazement, and looked upon their governor as another Solomon. They asked him how he had come to the conclusion that the ten crowns were in the cane; he replied that, observing how the old man who swore gave the stick to his opponent while he was taking the oath, and swore that he had really and truly given him the crowns, and how as soon as he had done swearing he asked for the stick again, it came into his head that the sum demanded must be inside it; and from this he said it might be seen that God sometimes guides those who govern in their judgments, even though they may be fools; besides, he had heard the curate himself mention just such another case, and he had so good a memory, that if it was not that he forgot everything he wished to remember, there would not be such a memory in all the island. To conclude, the old men went off, one crestfallen, and the other in high contentment, all who were present were astonished, and he who was recording the words, deeds, and movements of Sancho could not make up his mind whether he was to look upon him and set him down as a fool or as a man of sense.

As soon as this case was disposed of, there came into court a woman holding on with a tight grip to a man dressed like a well-to-do cattle dealer, and she came forward making a great outcry and exclaiming, "Justice, señor governor, justice! and if I don't get it on earth I'll go look for it in heaven. Señor governor of my soul, this wicked man caught me in the middle of the fields here and used my body as if it was an ill-washed rag, and, woe is me! got from me what I had kept these three and twenty years and more, defending it against Moors and Christians, natives and strangers; and I always as hard as an oak, and keeping myself as pure as a salamander in the fire, or wool among the brambles, for this good fellow to come now with clean hands to handle me!"

"It remains to be proved whether this gallant has clean hands or not," said Sancho; and turning to the man he asked him what he had to say in answer to the woman's charge.

He all in confusion made answer: "Sirs, I am a poor pig dealer, and this morning I left the village to sell (saving your presence) four pigs, and between dues and cribbings they got out of me little less than the worth of them. As I was returning to my village I fell in on the road with this good dame,

and the devil who makes a coil and a mess out of everything, yoked us together. I paid her fairly, but she not contented laid hold of me and never let go until she brought me here; she says I forced her, but she lies by the oath I swear or am ready to swear; and this is the whole truth and every particle of it."

The governor on this asked him if he had any money in silver about him; he said he had about twenty ducats in a leather purse in his bosom. The governor bade him take it out and hand it to the complainant; he obeyed trembling; the woman took it, and making a thousand salaams to all and praying to God for the long life and health of the señor governor who had such regard for distressed orphans and virgins, she hurried out of court with the purse grasped in both her hands, first looking, however, to see if the money it contained was silver.

As soon as she was gone Sancho said to the cattle dealer, whose tears were already starting and whose eyes and heart were following his purse, "Good fellow, go after that woman and take the purse from her, by force even, and come back with it here;" and he did not say it to one who was a fool or deaf, for the man was off at once like a flash of lightning, and ran to do as he was bid.

All the bystanders waited anxiously to see the end of the case, and presently both man and woman came back at even closer grips than before, she with her petticoat up and the purse in the lap of it, and he struggling hard to take it from her, but all to no purpose, so stout was the woman's defense, she all the while crying out, "Justice from God and the world! see here, señor governor, the shamelessness and boldness of this villain, who in the middle of the town, in the middle of the street, wanted to take from me the purse your worship bade him give me."

"And did he take it?" asked the governor.

"Take it!" said the woman; "I'd let my life be taken from me sooner than the purse. A pretty child I'd be! It's another sort of cat they must throw in my face, and not that poor scurvy knave. Pincers and hammers, mallets and chisels, would not get it out of my grip; no, nor lions' claws; the soul from out of my body first!"

"She is right," said the man; "I own myself beaten and powerless; I confess I haven't the strength to take it from her;" and he let go his hold of her.



"Ordered the cane to be broken in two . It was done, and in the middle of it they found ten gold crowns"

From a painting by Coypel

Upon this the governor said to the woman, "Let me see that purse, my worthy and sturdy friend." She handed it to him at once, and the governor returned it to the man, and said to the unforced mistress of force, "Sister, if you had shown as much, or only half as much, spirit and vigor in defending your body as you have shown in defending that purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you. Be off, and God speed you, and bad luck to you, and don't show your face in all this island, or within six leagues of it on any side, under pain of two hundred lashes; be off at once, I say, you shameless, cheating shrew."

The woman was cowed and went off disconsolately, hanging her head; and the governor said to the man, "Honest man, go home with your money, and God speed you; and for the future, if you don't want to lose it, see that you don't take it into your head to yoke with anybody." The man thanked him as clumsily as he could and went his way, and the bystanders were again filled with admiration at their new governor's judgments and sentences.

Next, two men, one apparently a farm laborer, and the other a tailor, for he had a pair of shears in his hand, presented themselves before him, and the tailor said, "Señor governor, this laborer and I come before your worship by reason of this honest man coming to my shop yesterday (for saving everybody's presence I'm a passed tailor, God be thanked), and putting a piece of cloth into my hands and asking me, 'Señor, will there be enough in this cloth to make me a cap?' Measuring the cloth I said there would. He probably suspected—as I supposed, and I supposed right—that I wanted to steal some of the cloth, led to think so by his own roguery and the bad opinion people have of tailors; and he told me to see if there would be enough for two. I guessed what he would be at, and I said 'yes.' He, still following up his original unworthy notion, went on adding cap after cap, and I 'yes' after 'yes,' until we got as far as five. He has just this moment come for them; and I gave them to him, but he won't pay me for the making; on the contrary, he calls upon me to pay *him*, or else return his cloth."

"Is all this true, brother?" said Sancho.

"Yes, señor," replied the man; "but will your worship make him show the five caps he has made me?"

"With all my heart," said the tailor; and drawing his hand

from under his cloak he showed five caps stuck upon the five fingers of it, and said, "There are the five caps this good man asks for; and by God and upon my conscience I haven't a scrap of cloth left, and I'll let the work be examined by the inspectors of the trade."

All present laughed at the number of caps and the novelty of the suit; Sancho set himself to think for a moment, and then said, "It seems to me that in this case it is not necessary to deliver long-winded arguments, but only to give offhand the judgment of an honest man; and so my decision is that the tailor lose the making and the laborer the cloth, and that the caps go to the prisoners in the jail, and let there be no more about it."

If the previous decision about the cattle dealer's purse excited the admiration of the bystanders, this provoked their laughter; however, the governor's orders were after all executed. All this, having been taken down by his chronicler, was at once dispatched to the duke, who was looking out for it with great eagerness; and here let us leave the good Sancho; for his master, sorely troubled in mind by Altisidora's music, has pressing claims upon us now. . . .

The history says that from the justice court they carried Sancho to a sumptuous palace, where in a spacious chamber there was a table laid out with royal magnificence. The clarions sounded as Sancho entered the room, and four pages came forward to present him with water for his hands, which Sancho received with great dignity. The music ceased, and Sancho seated himself at the head of the table, for there was only that seat placed, and no more than the one cover laid. A personage, who it appeared afterwards was a physician, placed himself standing by his side with a whalebone wand in his hand. They then lifted up a fine white cloth covering fruit and a great variety of dishes of different sorts; one who looked like a student said grace, and a page put a laced bib on Sancho, while another who played the part of head carver placed a dish of fruit before him. But hardly had he tasted a morsel when the man with the wand touched the plate with it, and they took it away from before him with the utmost celerity. The carver, however, brought him another dish, and Sancho proceeded to try it; but before he could get at it, not to say taste it, already the wand had touched it and a page had carried it off with the

same promptitude as the fruit. Sancho, seeing this, was puzzled, and looking from one to another asked if this dinner was to be eaten after the fashion of a jugglery trick.

To this he with the wand replied, "It is not to be eaten, señor governor, except as is usual and customary in other islands where there are governors. I, señor, am a physician, and I am paid a salary in this island to serve its governors as such, and I have a much greater regard for their health than for my own, studying day and night making myself acquainted with the governor's constitution, in order to be able to cure him when he falls sick. The chief thing I have to do is to attend at his dinners and suppers and allow him to eat what appears to me to be fit for him and keep from him what I think will do him harm and be injurious to his stomach; and therefore I ordered that plate of fruit to be removed as being too moist, and that other dish I ordered to be removed as being too hot and containing many spices that stimulate thirst; for he who drinks much kills and consumes the radical moisture wherein life consists."

"Well then," said Sancho, "that dish of roast partridges there that seems so savory will not do me any harm."

To this the physician replied, "Of those my lord the governor shall not eat so long as I live."

"Why so?" said Sancho.

"Because," replied the doctor, "our master Hippocrates, the polestar and beacon of medicine, says in one of his aphorisms *omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima*, which means 'all repletion is bad, but that of partridge is the worst of all.'"

"In that case," said Sancho, "let señor doctor see among the dishes that are on the table what will do me most good and least harm, and let me eat it, without tapping it with his stick; for by the life of the governor, and so may God suffer me to enjoy it, but I'm dying of hunger; and in spite of the doctor and all he may say, to deny me food is the way to take my life instead of prolonging it."

"Your worship is right, señor governor," said the physician; "and therefore your worship, I consider, should not eat of those stewed rabbits there, because it is a furry kind of food; if that veal were not roasted and served with pickles, you might try it; but it is out of the question."

"That big dish that is smoking farther off," said Sancho, "seems to me to be an olla podrida, and out of the diversity of

things in such ollas, I can't fail to light upon something tasty and good for me."

"*Absit*," said the doctor; "far from us be any such base thought! There is nothing in the world less nourishing than an olla podrida; to canons, or rectors of colleges, or peasants' weddings with your ollas podridas, but let us have none of them on the tables of governors, where everything that is present should be delicate and refined; and the reason is that always, everywhere and by everybody, simple medicines are more esteemed than compound ones, for we cannot go wrong in those that are simple, while in the compound we may, by merely altering the quantity of the things composing them. But what I am of opinion the governor should eat now in order to preserve and fortify his health is a hundred or so of wafer cakes and a few thin slices of conserve of quinces, which will settle his stomach and help his digestion."

Sancho on hearing this threw himself back in his chair and surveyed the doctor steadily, and in a solemn tone asked him what his name was and where he had studied.

He replied, "My name, señor governor, is Doctor Pedro Recio de Aguero, I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera, which lies between Caracuel and Almodóvar del Campo, on the right-hand side, and I have the degree of doctor from the university of Osuna."

To which Sancho, glowing all over with rage, returned: "Then let Doctor Pedro Recio de Mal-aguero, native of Tirteafuera, a place that's on the right-hand side as we go from Caracuel to Almodóvar del Campo, graduate of Osuna, get out of my presence at once; or I swear by the sun I'll take a cudgel, and by dint of blows, beginning with him, I'll not leave a doctor in the whole island; at least of those I know to be ignorant; for as to learned, wise, sensible physicians, them I will reverence and honor as divine persons. Once more I say let Pedro Recio get out of this or I'll take this chair I am sitting on and break it over his head. And if they call me to account for it, I'll clear myself by saying I served God in killing a bad doctor — a general executioner. And now give me something to eat, or else take your government; for a trade that does not feed its master is not worth two beans."

The doctor was dismayed when he saw the governor in such a passion, and he would have made a Tirteafuera out of the room but that the same instant a post horn sounded in the

street; and the carver putting his head out of the window turned round and said, "It's a courier from my lord the duke, no doubt with some dispatch of importance."

The courier came in all sweating and flurried, and taking a paper from his bosom, placed it in the governor's hands. Sancho handed it to the major-domo and bade him read the superscription, which ran thus:—

To Don Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island of Barataria, into his own hands or those of his secretary.

Sancho when he heard this said, "Which of you is my secretary?" "I am, señor," said one of those present, "for I can read and write, and am a Biscayan." "With that addition," said Sancho, "you might be secretary to the emperor himself; open this paper and see what it says." The newborn secretary obeyed, and having read the contents said the matter was one to be discussed in private. Sancho ordered the chamber to be cleared, the major-domo and the carver only remaining; so the doctor and the others withdrew, and then the secretary read the letter, which was as follows:—

It has come to my knowledge, Señor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the island are about to make a furious attack upon it some night, I know not when. It behooves you to be on the alert and keep watch, that they surprise you not. I also know by trustworthy spies that four persons have entered the town in disguise in order to take your life, because they stand in dread of your great capacity; keep your eyes open and take heed who approaches you to address you, and eat nothing that is presented to you. I will take care to send you aid if you find yourself in difficulty, but in all things you will act as may be expected of your judgment. From this place, the sixteenth of August, at four in the morning.

Your friend,

THE DUKE.

Sancho was astonished, and those who stood by made believe to be so too, and turning to the major-domo he said to him, "What we have got to do first, and it must be done at once, is to put Doctor Recio in the lockup; for if any one wants to kill me it is he, and by a slow death and the worst of all, which is hunger."

"Likewise," said the carver, "it is my opinion your worship should not eat anything that is on this table, for the whole was a present from some nuns; and as they say, 'behind the cross there's the devil.'"

"I don't deny it," said Sancho; "so for the present give me a piece of bread and four pound or so of grapes; no poison can come in them; for the fact is I can't go on without eating; and if we are to be prepared for these battles that are threatening us we must be well provisioned; for it is the tripes that carry the heart and not the heart the tripes. And you, secretary, answer my lord the duke and tell him that all his commands shall be obeyed to the letter, as he directs; and say from me to my lady the duchess that I kiss her hands, and that I beg of her not to forget to send my letter and bundle to my wife Teresa Panza by a messenger; and I will take it as a great favor and will not fail to serve her in all that may lie within my power; and as you are about it you may inclose a kiss of the hand to my master Don Quixote that he may see I am grateful bread; and as a good secretary and a good Biscayan you may add whatever you like, and whatever will come in best; and now take away this cloth and give me something to eat, and I'll be ready to meet all the spies and assassins and enchanters that may come against me or my island."

At this instant a page entered saying, "Here is a farmer on business, who wants to speak to your lordship on a matter of great importance, he says."

"It's very odd," said Sancho, "the ways of these men on business; is it possible they can be such fools as not to see that an hour like this is no hour for coming on business? We who govern and we who are judges — are we not men of flesh and blood, are we not to be allowed the time required for taking rest, unless they'd have us made of marble? By God and on my conscience, if the government remains in my hands (which I have a notion it won't), I'll bring more than one man on business to order. However, tell this good man to come in; but take care first of all that he is not some spy or one of my assassins."

"No, my lord," said the page, "for he looks like a simple fellow, and either I know very little or he is as good as good bread."

"There is nothing to be afraid of," said the major-domo, "for we are all here."

"Would it be possible, carver," said Sancho, "now that Doctor Pedro Recio is not here, to let me eat something solid and substantial, if it were even a piece of bread and an onion?"

"To-night at supper," said the carver, "the shortcomings of the dinner shall be made good, and your lordship shall be fully satisfied and contented."

"God grant it," said Sancho.

The farmer now came in, a well-favored man that one might see a thousand leagues off was an honest fellow and a good soul. The first thing he said was, "Which is the señor governor here?"

"Which should it be," said the secretary, "but he who is seated in the chair?"

"Then I humble myself before him," said the farmer; and going on his knees he asked for his hand, to kiss it. Sancho refused it, and bade him stand up and say what he wanted. The farmer obeyed, and then said, "I am a farmer, señor, a native of Miguelturra, a village two leagues from Ciudad Real."

"Another Tirteafuera!" said Sancho; "say on, brother; I know Miguelturra very well, I can tell you, for it's not very far from my own town."

"The case is this, señor," continued the farmer, "that by God's mercy I am married with the leave and license of the holy Roman Catholic Church; I have two sons, students, and the younger is studying to become bachelor, and the elder to be licentiate; I am a widower, for my wife died, or more properly speaking, a bad doctor killed her on my hands, giving her a purge when she was with child; and if it had pleased God that the child had been born, and was a boy, I would have put him to study for doctor, that he might not envy his brothers the bachelor and the licentiate."

"So that if your wife had not died, or had not been killed, you would not now be a widower," said Sancho.

"No, señor, certainly not," said the farmer.

"We've got that much settled," said Sancho; "get on, brother, for it's more bedtime than business time."

"Well then," said the farmer, "this son of mine who is going to be a bachelor fell in love in the said town with a damsel called Clara Perlerina, daughter of Andres Perlerino, a very rich farmer, and this name of Perlerines does not come to them by ancestry or descent, but because all the family are

paralytics, and for a better name they call them Pelerines, though to tell the truth the damsel is as fair as an Oriental pearl, and like a flower of the field, if you look at her on the right side; on the left not so much, for on that side she wants an eye that she lost by smallpox; and though her face is thickly and deeply pitted, those who love her say they are not pits that are there, but the graves where the hearts of her lovers are buried. She is so cleanly that not to soil her face she carries her nose turned up, as they say, so that one would fancy it was running away from her mouth; and with all this she looks extremely well, for she has a wide mouth; and but for wanting ten or a dozen teeth and grinders she might compare and compete with the comeliest. Of her lips I say nothing, for they are so fine and thin that, if lips might be reeled, one might make a skein of them; but being of a different color from ordinary lips they are wonderful, for they are mottled, blue, green, and purple — let my lord the governor pardon me for painting so minutely the charms of her who some time or other will be my daughter; for I love her, and I don't find her amiss."

"Paint what you will," said Sancho; "I enjoy your painting, and if I had dined there could be no dessert more to my taste than your portrait."

"That I have still to furnish," said the farmer; "but a time may come when we may be able if we are not now; and I can tell you, señor, if I could paint her gracefulness and her tall figure, it would astonish you; but that is impossible because she is bent double with her knees up to her mouth; but for all that it is easy to see that if she could stand up she'd knock her head against the ceiling; and she would have given her hand to my bachelor ere this, only that she can't stretch it out, for it's contracted; but still one can see its elegance and fine make by its long furrowed nails."

"That will do, brother," said Sancho; "consider you have painted her from head to foot; what is it you want now? Come to the point without all this beating about the bush, and all these scraps and additions."

"I want your worship, señor," said the farmer, "to do me the favor of giving me a letter of recommendation to the girl's father, begging him to be so good as to let this marriage take place, as we are not ill-matched either in the gifts of fortune or of nature; for to tell the truth, señor governor, my son is possessed of a devil, and there is not a day but the evil spirits

torment him three or four times; and from having once fallen into the fire, he has his face puckered up like a piece of parchment, and his eyes watery and always running; but he has the disposition of an angel, and if it was not for belaboring and pommeling himself he'd be a saint."

"Is there anything else you want, good man?" said Sancho.

"There's another thing I'd like," said the farmer, "but I'm afraid to mention it; however, out it must, for after all I can't let it be rotting in my breast, come what may. I mean, señor, that I'd like your worship to give me three hundred or six hundred ducats as a help to my bachelor's portion, to help him in setting up house, I mean; for they must, in short, live by themselves, without being subject to the interferences of their fathers-in-law."

"Just see if there's anything else you'd like," said Sancho, "and don't hold back from mentioning it out of bashfulness or modesty."

"No, indeed there is not," said the farmer.

The moment he said this the governor started to his feet, and seizing the chair he had been sitting on exclaimed, "By all that's good, you ill-bred, boorish Don Bumpkin, if you don't get out of this at once, and hide yourself from my sight, I'll lay your head open with this chair. You whoreson rascal, you devil's own painter, and is it at this hour you come to ask me for six hundred ducats! How should I have them, you stinking brute? And why should I give them to you if I had them, you knave and blockhead? What have I to do with Miguelturra or the whole family of the Perlerines? Get out, I say, or by the life of my lord the duke I'll do as I said. You're not from Miguelturra, but some knave sent here from hell to tempt me. Why, you villain, I have not yet had the government half a day, and you want me to have six hundred ducats already!"

The carver made signs to the farmer to leave the room, which he did with his head down, and to all appearance in terror lest the governor should carry his threats into effect, for the rogue knew very well how to play his part.

Of what happened Sancho in making the Round of his Island.

We left the great governor angered and irritated by that portrait-painting rogue of a farmer who, instructed by the

major-domo, as the major-domo was by the duke, tried to practice upon him; he, however, fool, boor, and clown as he was, held his own against them all, saying to those round him and to Doctor Pedro Recio, who as soon as the private business of the duke's letter was disposed of had returned to the room: "Now I see plainly enough that judges and governors ought to be and must be made of brass not to feel the importunities of the applicants that at all times and all seasons insist on being heard, and having their business dispatched, and their own affairs and no others attended to, come what may; and if the poor judge does not hear them and settle the matter — either because he cannot or because that is not the time set apart for hearing them — forthwith they abuse him, and run him down, and gnaw at his bones, and even pick holes in his pedigree. You silly, stupid applicant, don't be in a hurry; wait for the proper time and season for doing business; don't come at dinner hour, or at bedtime; for judges are only flesh and blood, and must give to Nature what she naturally demands of them; all except myself, for in my case I give her nothing to eat, thanks to Señor Doctor Pedro Recio Tirteafuera here, who would have me die of hunger, and declares that death to be life; and the same sort of life may God give him and all his kind — I mean the bad doctors; for the good ones deserve palms and laurels."

All who knew Sancho Panza were astonished to hear him speak so elegantly, and did not know what to attribute it to unless it were that office and grave responsibility either smarten or stupefy men's wits. At last Doctor Pedro Recio Aguero of Tirteafuera promised to let him have supper that night, though it might be in contravention of all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this the governor was satisfied and looked forward to the approach of night and supper time with great anxiety; and though time, to his mind, stood still and made no progress, nevertheless the hour he so longed for came, and they gave him a beef salad with onions and some boiled calves' feet rather far gone. At this he fell to with greater relish than if they had given him francolins from Milan, pheasants from Rome, veal from Sorrento, partridges from Moron, or geese from Lavajos, and turning to the doctor at supper he said to him, "Look here, señor doctor, for the future don't trouble yourself about giving me dainty things or choice dishes to eat, for it will be only taking my stomach off its hinges; it is accustomed to goat, cow, bacon, hung beef, turnips, and onions; and if by any chance it

is given these palace dishes, it receives them squeamishly, and sometimes with loathing. What the head carver had best do is to serve me with what they call ollas podridas (and the rottener they are the better they smell); and he can put whatever he likes into them, so long as it is good to eat, and I'll be obliged to him, and will requite him some day. But let nobody play pranks on me, for either we are or we are not; let us live and eat in peace and good-fellowship, for when God sends the dawn, he sends it for all. I mean to govern this island without giving up a right or taking a bribe; let every one keep his eye open, and look out for the arrow; for I can tell them 'the devil's in Cantillana,' and if they drive me to it they'll see something that will astonish them. Nay! make yourself honey and the flies will eat you."

"Of a truth, señor governor," said the carver, "your worship is in the right of it in everything you have said; and I promise you in the name of all the inhabitants of this island that they will serve your worship with all zeal, affection, and good will, for the mild kind of government you have given a sample of to begin with, leaves them no ground for doing or thinking anything to your worship's disadvantage."

"That I believe," said Sancho; "and they would be great fools if they did or thought otherwise; once more I say, see to my feeding and my Dapple's, for that is the great point and what is most to the purpose; and when the hour comes let us go the rounds, for it is my intention to purge this island of all manner of uncleanness and of all idle good-for-nothing vagabonds; for I would have you know, my friends, that lazy idlers are the same thing in a State as the drones in a hive, that eat up the honey the industrious bees make. I mean to protect the husbandman, to preserve to the gentleman his privileges, to reward the virtuous, and above all to respect religion and honor its ministers. What say you to that, my friends? Is there anything in what I say, or am I talking to no purpose?"

"There is so much in what your worship says, señor governor," said the major-domo, "that I am filled with wonder when I see a man like your worship, entirely without learning (for I believe you have none at all), say such things, and so full of sound maxims and sage remarks, very different from what was expected of your worship's intelligence by those who sent us or by us who came here. Every day we see something new

in this world; jokes become realities, and the jokers find the tables turned upon them."

Night came, and with the permission of Doctor Pedro Recio, the governor had supper. They then got ready to go the rounds, and he started with the major-domo, the secretary, the head carver, the chronicler charged with recording his deeds, and alguacils and notaries enough to form a fair-sized squadron. In the midst marched Sancho with his staff, as fine a sight as one could wish to see, and but a few streets of the town had been traversed when they heard a noise as of a clashing of swords. They hastened to the spot, and found that the combatants were but two, who seeing the authorities approaching stood still, and one of them exclaimed, "Help, in the name of God and the king! Are men to be allowed to rob in the middle of this town, and rush out and attack people in the very streets?"

"Be calm, my good man," said Sancho, "and tell me what the cause of this quarrel is; for I am the governor."

Said the other combatant, "Señor governor, I will tell you in a very few words. Your worship must know that this gentleman has just now won more than a thousand reals in that gambling house opposite, and God knows how. I was there, and gave more than one doubtful point in his favor, very much against what my conscience told me. He made off with his winnings, and when I made sure he was going to give me a crown or so at least by way of a present, as it is usual and customary to give men of quality of my sort who stand by to see fair or foul play, and back up swindles, and prevent quarrels, he pocketed his money and left the house. Indignant at this I followed him, and speaking him fairly and civilly asked him to give me if it were only eight reals, for he knows I am an honest man and that I have neither profession nor property, for my parents never brought me up to any or left me any; but the rogue, who is a greater thief than Cacus and a greater sharper than Andradilla, would not give me more than four reals; so your worship may see how little shame and conscience he has. But by my faith if you had not come up I'd have made him disgorge his winnings, and he'd have learned what the range of the steelyard was."

"What say you to this?" asked Sancho. The other replied that all his antagonist said was true, and that he did not choose to give him more than four reals because he very often gave him

money; and that those who expected presents ought to be civil and take what is given them with a cheerful countenance, and not make any claim against winners unless they know them for certain to be sharpers and their winnings to be unfairly won; and that there could be no better proof that he himself was an honest man than his having refused to give anything; for sharpers always pay tribute to lookers-on who know them.

"This is true," said the major-domo; "let your worship consider what is to be done with these men."

"What is to be done," said Sancho, "is this; you, the winner, be you good, bad, or indifferent, give this assailant of yours a hundred reals at once, and you must disburse thirty more for the poor prisoners; and you who have neither profession nor property, and hang about the island in idleness, take these hundred reals now, and some time of the day to-morrow quit the island under sentence of banishment for ten years, and under pain of completing it in another life if you violate the sentence, for I'll hang you on a gibbet, or at least the hangman will by my orders; not a word from either of you, or I'll make him feel my hand."

The one paid down the money and the other took it, and the latter quitted the island, while the other went home; and then the governor said, "Either I am not good for much, or I'll get rid of these gambling houses, for it strikes me they are very mischievous."

"This one at least," said one of the notaries, "your worship will not be able to get rid of, for a great man owns it, and what he loses every year is beyond all comparison more than what he makes by the cards. On the minor gambling houses your worship may exercise your power, and it is they that do most harm and shelter the most barefaced practices; for in the houses of lords and gentlemen of quality the notorious sharpers dare not attempt to play their tricks; and as the vice of gambling has become common, it is better that men should play in houses of repute than in some tradesman's, where they catch an unlucky fellow in the small hours of the morning and skin him alive."

"I know already, notary, that there is a good deal to be said on that point," said Sancho.

And now a tipstaff came up with a young man in his grasp, and said, "Señor governor, this youth was coming towards us, and as soon as he saw the officers of justice he turned about and ran like a deer, a sure proof that he must be some evil doer; I

ran after him, but had it not been that he stumbled and fell, I should never have caught him."

"What did you run for, fellow?" said Sancho.

To which the young man replied, "Señor, it was to avoid answering all the questions officers of justice put."

"What are you by trade?"

"A weaver."

"And what do you weave?"

"Lance heads, with your worship's good leave."

"You're facetious with me! You plume yourself on being a wag? Very good; and where were you going just now?"

"To take the air, señor."

"And where does one take the air in this island?"

"Where it blows."

"Good! your answers are very much to the point; you are a smart youth; but take notice that I am the air, and that I blow upon you astern, and send you to jail. Ho there! lay hold of him and take him off; I'll make him sleep there to-night without air."

"By God," said the young man, "your worship will make me sleep in jail just as soon as make me king."

"Why shan't I make thee sleep in jail?" said Sancho. "Have I not the power to arrest thee and release thee whenever I like?"

"All the power your worship has," said the young man, "won't be able to make me sleep in jail."

"How? not able!" said Sancho; "take him away at once where he'll see his mistake with his own eyes, even if the jailer is willing to exert his interested generosity on his behalf; for I'll lay a penalty of two thousand ducats on him if he allows him to stir a step from the prison."

"That's ridiculous," said the young man; "the fact is, all the men on earth will not make me sleep in prison."

"Tell me, you devil," said Sancho, "have you got any angel that will deliver you, and take off the irons I am going to order them to put upon you?"

"Now, señor governor," said the young man, in a sprightly manner, "let us be reasonable and come to the point. Granted your worship may order me to be taken to prison, and have irons and chains put on me, and to be shut up in a cell, and may lay heavy penalties on the jailer if he lets me out, and that he obeys your orders; still, if I don't choose to sleep, and choose

to remain awake all night without closing an eye, will your worship with all your power be able to make me sleep if I don't choose?"

"No, truly," said the secretary, "and the fellow has made his point."

"So then," said Sancho, "it would be entirely of your own choice you would keep from sleeping; not in opposition to my will?"

"No, señor," said the youth, "certainly not."

"Well then, go, and God be with you," said Sancho; "be off home to sleep, and God give you sound sleep, for I don't want to rob you of it; but for the future, let me advise you, don't joke with the authorities, because you may come across some one who will bring down the joke on your own skull."

The young man went his way, and the governor continued his round, and shortly afterwards two tipstaffs came up with a man in custody, and said, "Señor governor, this person, who seems to be a man, is not so, but a woman, and not an ill-favored one, in man's clothes." They raised two or three lanterns to her face, and by their light they distinguished the features of a woman to all appearance of the age of sixteen or a little more, with her hair gathered into a gold and green silk net, and fair as a thousand pearls. They scanned her from head to foot, and observed that she had on red silk stockings with garters of white taffety bordered with gold and pearl; her breeches were of green and gold stuff, and under an open jacket or jerkin of the same she wore a doublet of the finest white and gold cloth; her shoes were white and such as men wear; she carried no sword at her belt, but only a richly ornamented dagger, and on her fingers she had several handsome rings. In short, the girl seemed fair to look at in the eyes of all, and none of those who beheld her knew her; the people of the town said they could not imagine who she was, and those who were in the secret of the jokes that were to be practiced upon Sancho were the ones who were most surprised, for this incident or discovery had not been arranged by them; and they watched anxiously to see how the affair would end.

Sancho was fascinated by the girl's beauty, and he asked her who she was, where she was going, and what had induced her to dress herself in that garb. She with her eyes fixed on the ground answered in modest confusion, "I cannot tell you, señor, before so many people what it is of such consequence to

me to have kept secret; one thing I wish to be known, that I am no thief or evil doer, but only an unhappy maiden whom the power of jealousy has led to break through the respect that is due to modesty."

Hearing this the major-domo said to Sancho, "Make the people stand back, señor governor, that this lady may say what she wishes with less embarrassment."

Sancho gave the order, and all except the major-domo, the head carver, and the secretary fell back. Finding herself then in the presence of no more, the damsel went on to say, "I am the daughter, sirs, of Pedro Perez Mazorca, the wool farmer of this town, who is in the habit of coming very often to my father's house."

"That won't do, señora," said the major-domo; "for I know Pedro Perez very well, and I know he has no child at all, either son or daughter; and besides, though you say he is your father, you add then that he comes very often to your father's house."

"I have already noticed that," said Sancho.

"I am confused just now, sirs," said the damsel, "and I don't know what I am saying; but the truth is that I am the daughter of Diego de la Llana, whom you must all know."

"Ay, that will do," said the major-domo; "for I know Diego de la Llana, and know that he is a gentleman of position and a rich man, and that he has a son and a daughter, and that since he was left a widower nobody in all this town can speak to having seen his daughter's face; for he keeps her so closely shut up that he does not give even the sun a chance of seeing her; and for all that report says she is extremely beautiful."

"It is true," said the damsel, "and I am that daughter; whether report lies or not as to my beauty, you, sirs, will have decided by this time, as you have seen me;" and with this she began to weep bitterly.

On seeing this the secretary leant over to the head carver's ear, and said to him in a low voice, "Something serious has no doubt happened this poor maiden, that she goes wandering from home in such a dress and at such an hour, and one of her rank too." "There can be no doubt about it," returned the carver, "and moreover her tears confirm your suspicion." Sancho gave her the best comfort he could, and entreated her to tell them without any fear what had happened her, as they would all earnestly and by every means in their power endeavor to relieve her.

"The fact is, sirs," said she, "that my father has kept me ıut up these ten years, for so long is it since the earth received y mother. Mass is said at home in a sumptuous chapel, and l this time I have seen but the sun in the heaven by day, and ıe moon and the stars by night; nor do I know what streets e like, or plazas, or churches, or even men, except my father ıd a brother I have, and Pedro Perez the wool farmer; whom, ecause he came frequently to our house, I took it into my head call my father, to avoid naming my own. This seclusion ıd the restrictions laid upon my going out, were it only to ıurch, have been keeping me unhappy for many a day and onth past; I longed to see the world, or at least the town here I was born, and it did not seem to me that this wish was ıconsistent with the respect maidens of good quality should ıve for themselves. When I heard them talking of bullfights king place, and of javelin games, and of acting plays, I asked y brother, who is a year younger than myself, to tell me what rt of things these were, and many more that I had never seen; e explained them to me as well as he could, but the only effect as to kindle in me a still stronger desire to see them. At st, to cut short the story of my ruin, I begged and entreated y brother — O that I had never made such an entreaty ——" nd once more she gave way to a burst of weeping.

"Proceed, señora," said the major-domo, "and finish your ory of what has happened to you, for your words and tears are eeping us all in suspense."

"I have but little more to say, though many a tear to shed," ıid the damsel; "for ill-placed desires can only be paid for in me such way."

The maiden's beauty had made a deep impression on the ead carver's heart, and he again raised his lantern for another ok at her, and thought they were not tears she was shedding, ıt seed pearl or dew of the meadow; nay, he exalted them ill higher, and made Oriental pearls of them, and fervently oped her misfortune might not be so great a one as her tears ıd sobs seemed to indicate. The governor was losing patience the length of time the girl was taking to tell her story, and ld her not to keep them waiting any longer; for it was late, ıd there still remained a good deal of the town to be gone ver.

She, with broken sobs and half-suppressed sighs, went on to ıy: "My misfortune, my misadventure, is simply this, that I

entreated my brother to dress me up as a man in a suit of his clothes, and take me some night, when our father was asleep, to see the whole town; he, overcome by my entreaties, consented, and dressing me in this suit and himself in clothes of mine that fitted him as if made for him (for he has not a hair on his chin, and might pass for a very beautiful young girl), to-night, about an hour ago, more or less, we left the house, and guided by our youthful and foolish impulse we made the circuit of the whole town, and then, as we were about to return home, we saw a great troop of people coming, and my brother said to me, 'Sister, this must be the round, stir your feet and put wings to them, and follow me as fast as you can, lest they recognize us, for that would be a bad business for us;' and so saying he turned about and began, I cannot say to run, but to fly; in less than six paces I fell from fright, and then the officer of justice came up and carried me before your worships, where I find myself put to shame before all these people as whimsical and vicious."

"So then, señora," said Sancho, "no other mishap has befallen you, nor was it jealousy that made you leave home, as you said at the beginning of your story?"

"Nothing has happened me," said she, "nor was it jealousy that brought me out, but merely a longing to see the world, which did not go beyond seeing the streets of this town."

The appearance of the tipstaffs with her brother in custody, whom one of them had overtaken as he ran away from his sister, now fully confirmed the truth of what the damsel said. He had nothing on but a rich petticoat and a short blue damask cloak with fine gold lace, and his head was uncovered and adorned only with its own hair, which looked like rings of gold, so bright and curly was it. The governor, the major-domo, and the carver went aside with him, and, unheard by his sister, asked him how he came to be in that dress, and he with no less shame and embarrassment told exactly the same story as his sister, to the great delight of the enamored carver; the governor, however, said to them, "In truth, young lady and gentleman, this has been a very childish affair, and to explain your folly and rashness there was no necessity for all this delay and all these tears and sighs; for if you had said we are so-and-so, and we escaped from our father's house in this way in order to ramble about, out of mere curiosity and with no other object,

theie would have been an end of the matter, and none of these little sobs and tears and all the rest of it."

"That is true," said the damsel, "but you see the confusion I was in was so great it did not let me behave as I ought."

"No harm has been done," said Sancho; "come, we will leave you at your father's house; perhaps they will not have missed you; and another time don't be so childish or eager to see the world; for a respectable damsel and a broken leg should keep at home; and the woman and the hen by gadding about are soon lost; and she who is eager to see is also eager to be seen; I say no more."

The youth thanked the governor for his kind offer to take them home, and they directed their steps towards the house, which was not far off. On reaching it the youth threw a pebble up at a grating, and immediately a woman servant who was waiting for them came down and opened the door to them, and they went in, leaving the party marveling as much at their grace and beauty as at the fancy they had for seeing the world by night and without quitting the village; which, however, they set down to their youth.

The head carver was left with a heart pierced through and through, and he made up his mind on the spot to demand the damsel in marriage of her father on the morrow, making sure she would not be refused him, as he was a servant of the duke's; and even to Sancho ideas and schemes of marrying the youth to his daughter Sanchica suggested themselves, and he resolved to open the negotiation at the proper season, persuading himself that no husband could be refused to a governor's daughter. And so the night's round came to an end, and a couple of days later the government, whereby all his plans were overthrown and swept away, as will be seen farther on.

Of the Progress of Sancho's Government, and Other Such Entertaining Matters.

Day came after the night of the governor's round, — a night which the head carver passed without sleeping, so full were his thoughts of the face and air and beauty of the disguised damsel, while the major-domo spent what was left of it in writing an account to his lord and lady of all Sancho said and did, being as much amazed at his sayings as at his doings, for there was a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in all his words

and deeds. The señor governor got up, and by Doctor Pedro Recio's directions they made him break his fast on a little conserve and four sups of cold water, which Sancho would have readily exchanged for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes; but seeing there was no help for it, he submitted with no little sorrow of heart and discomfort of stomach, Pedro Recio having persuaded him that light and delicate diet enlivened the wits, and that was what was most essential for persons placed in command and in responsible situations, where they have to employ not only the bodily powers but those of the mind also.

By means of this sophistry Sancho was made to endure hunger, and hunger so keen that in his heart he cursed the government, and even him who had given it to him; however, with his hunger and his conserve he undertook to deliver judgments that day, and the first thing that came before him was a question that was submitted to him by a stranger, in the presence of the major-domo and the other attendants, and it was in these words: "Señor, a large river separated two districts of one and the same lordship — will your worship please to pay attention, for the case is an important and a rather knotty one? Well then, on this river there was a bridge, and at one end of it a gallows, and a sort of tribunal, where four judges commonly sat to administer the law which the lord of the river, the bridge and the lordship had enacted, and which was to this effect, 'If any one crosses by this bridge from one side to the other he shall declare on oath where he is going and with what object; and if he swears truly, he shall be allowed to pass, but if falsely, he shall, without any remission, be put to death for it by hanging on the gallows erected there.' Though the law and its severe penalty were known, many persons crossed, but in their declarations it was easy to see at once they were telling the truth, and the judges let them pass free. It happened, however, that one man, when they came to take his declaration, swore and said that by the oath he took he was going to die upon that gallows that stood there, and nothing else. The judges held a consultation over the oath, and they said, 'If we let this man pass free he has sworn falsely, and by the law he ought to die; but if we hang him, as he swore he was going to die on that gallows, and therefore swore the truth, by the same law he ought to go free. It is asked of your worship, señor governor, what are the judges to do with this man? For they are still in doubt and perplexity; and having heard of your

worship's acute and exalted intellect, they have sent me to entreat your worship on their behalf to give your opinion on this very intricate and puzzling case."

To this Sancho made answer, "Indeed those gentlemen the judges that send you to me might have spared themselves the trouble, for I have more of the obtuse than the acute in me; however, repeat the case over again, so that I may understand it, and then perhaps I may be able to hit the point."

The querist repeated again and again what he had said before, and then Sancho said, "It seems to me I can set the matter right in a moment, and in this way: the man swears that he is going to die upon the gallows; but if he dies upon it, he has sworn the truth, and by the law enacted deserves to go free and pass over the bridge; but if they don't hang him, then he has sworn falsely, and by the same law deserves to be hanged."

"It is as the señor governor says," said the messenger; "and as regards a complete comprehension of the case, there is nothing left to desire or hesitate about."

"Well, then, I say," said Sancho, "that of this man they should let pass the part that has sworn truly, and hang the part that has lied; and in this way the conditions of the passage will be fully complied with."

"But then, señor governor," replied the querist, "the man will have to be divided into two parts; and if he is divided of course he will die; and so none of the requirements of the law will be carried out, and it is absolutely necessary to comply with it."

"Look here, my good sir," said Sancho; "either I'm a numskull or else there is the same reason for this passenger dying as for his living and passing over the bridge; for if the truth saves him the falsehood equally condemns him; and that being the case it is my opinion you should say to the gentlemen who sent you to me that as the arguments for condemning him and for absolving him are exactly balanced, they should let him pass freely, as it is always more praiseworthy to do good than to do evil; this I would give signed with my name if I knew how to sign; and what I have said in this case is not out of my own head, but one of the many precepts my master Don Quixote gave me the night before I left to become governor of this island, that came into my mind, and it was this, that when there was any doubt about the justice of a case I should lean to

mercy; and it is God's will that I should recollect it now, for it fits this case as if it was made for it."

"That is true," said the major-domo; "and I maintain that Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedæmonians, could not have pronounced a better decision than the great Panza has given; let the morning's audience close with this, and I will see that the señor governor has dinner entirely to his liking."

"That's all I ask for—fair play," said Sancho; "give me my dinner, and then let it rain cases and questions on me, and I'll dispatch them in a twinkling."

The major-domo kept his word, for he felt it against his conscience to kill so wise a governor by hunger; particularly as he intended to have done with him that same night, playing off the last joke he was commissioned to practice upon him.

It came to pass, then, that after he had dined that day, in opposition to the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Tirteafuera, as they were taking away the cloth there came a courier with a letter from Don Quixote for the governor. Sancho ordered the secretary to read it to himself, and if there was nothing in it that demanded secrecy to read it aloud. The secretary did so, and after he had skimmed the contents he said, "It may well be read aloud, for what Señor Don Quixote writes to your worship deserves to be printed or written in letters of gold, and it is as follows."

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA'S LETTER TO SANCHO PANZA, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF BARATARIA.

When I was expecting to hear of thy stupidities and blunders, friend Sancho, I have received intelligence of thy displays of good sense, for which I give special thanks to Heaven that can raise the poor from the dunghill and of fools to make wise men. They tell me thou dost govern as if thou wert a man, and art a man as if thou wert a beast, so great is the humility wherewith thou dost comport thyself But I would have thee bear in mind, Sancho, that very often it is fitting and necessary for the authority of office to resist the humility of the heart; for the seemly array of one who is invested with grave duties should be such as they require and not measured by what his own humble tastes may lead him to prefer. Dress well; a stick dressed up does not look like a stick; I do not say thou shouldst wear trinkets or fine raiment, or that being a judge thou shouldst dress like a soldier, but that thou shouldst array thyself in the apparel thy office requires, and that at the same

time it be neat and handsome. To win the good will of the people thou governest there are two things, among others, that thou must do: one is to be civil to all (this, however, I told thee before) and the other to take care that food be abundant, for there is nothing that vexes the heart of the poor more than hunger and high prices. Make not many proclamations, but those thou makest take care that they be good ones, and above all that they be observed and carried out; for proclamations that are not observed are the same as if they did not exist; nay, they encourage the idea that the prince who had the wisdom and authority to make them had not the power to enforce them, and laws that threaten and are not enforced come to be like the log, the king of the frogs, that frightened them at first, but that in time they despised and mounted upon. Be a father to virtue and a stepfather to vice. Be not always strict, nor yet always lenient, but observe a mean between these two extremes, for in that is the aim of wisdom. Visit the jails, the slaughterhouses, and the market places; for the presence of the governor is of great importance in such places; it comforts the prisoners who are in hopes of a speedy release, it is the bugbear of the butchers who have then to give just weight, and it is the terror of the market women for the same reason. Let it not be seen that thou art (even if perchance thou art, which I do not believe) covetous, a follower of women, or a glutton; for when the people and those that have dealings with thee become aware of thy special weakness they will bring their batteries to bear upon thee in that quarter, till they have brought thee down to the depths of perdition. Consider and reconsider, con and con over again, the advice and the instructions I gave thee before thy departure hence to thy government, and thou wilt see that in them, if thou dost follow them, thou hast a help at hand that will lighten for thee the troubles and difficulties that beset governors at every step. Write to thy lord and lady and show thyself grateful to them, for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins we know of; and he who is grateful to those who have been good to him shows that he will be so to God also who has bestowed and still bestows so many blessings upon him.

My lady the duchess sent off a messenger with thy suit and another present to thy wife Teresa Panza; we expect the answer every moment. I have been a little indisposed through a certain cat scratching I came in for, not very much to the benefit of my nose; but it was nothing; for if there are enchanters who maltreat me, there are also some who defend me. Let me know if the major-domo who is with thee had any share in the Trifaldi performance, as thou didst suspect; and keep me informed of everything that happens to thee, as the distance is so short; all the more as I am thinking of giving over very shortly this idle life I am now lead-

ing, for I was not born for it. A thing has occurred to me which I am inclined to think will put me out of favor with the duke and duchess; but though I am sorry for it I do not care, for after all I must obey my calling rather than their pleasure, in accordance with the common saying, *amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* I quote this Latin to thee because I conclude that since thou hast been a governor thou wilt have learned it. Adieu; God keep thee from being an object of pity to any one.

Thy friend,

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.

Sancho listened to the letter with great attention, and it was praised and considered wise by all who heard it; he then rose up from table, and calling his secretary shut himself in with him in his own room, and without putting it off any longer set about answering his master Don Quixote at once; and he bade the secretary write down what he told him without adding or suppressing anything, which he did, and the answer was to the following effect.

SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.

The pressure of business is so great upon me that I have no time to scratch my head or even to cut my nails; and I wear them so long — God send a remedy for it. I say this, master of my soul, that you may not be surprised if I have not until now sent you word of how I fare, well or ill, in this government, in which I am suffering more hunger than when we two were wandering through the woods and wastes.

My lord the duke wrote to me the other day to warn me that certain spies had got into this island to kill me; but up to the present I have not found out any except a certain doctor who receives a salary in this town for killing all the governors that come here, he is called Doctor Pedro Recio, and is from Tirteafuera; so you see what a name he has to make me dread dying under his hands. This doctor says of himself that he does not cure diseases when there are any, but prevents them coming, and the medicines he uses are diet and more diet, until he brings one down to bare bones; as if leanness was not worse than fever.

In short he is killing me with hunger, and I am dying myself of vexation; for when I thought I was coming to this government to get my meat hot and my drink cool, and take my ease between holland sheets on feather beds, I find I have come to do penance as if I was a hermit; and as I don't do it willingly I suspect that in the end the devil will carry me off.

So far I have not handled any dues or taken any bribes, and I don't know what to think of it; for here they tell me that the governors that come to this island, before entering it have plenty of money either given to them or lent to them by the people of the town, and that this is the usual custom not only here but with all who enter upon governments.

Last night going the rounds I came upon a fair damsel in man's clothes, and a brother of hers dressed as a woman; my head carver has fallen in love with the girl, and has in his own mind chosen her for a wife, so he says, and I have chosen the youth for a son-in-law; to-day we are going to explain our intentions to the father of the pair, who is one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman and an old Christian as much as you please.

I have visited the market places, as your worship advises me, and yesterday I found a stall keeper selling new hazelnuts and proved her to have mixed a bushel of old empty rotten nuts with a bushel of new; I confiscated the whole for the children of the charity school, who will know how to distinguish them well enough, and I sentenced her not to come into the market place for a fortnight; they told me I did bravely. I can tell your worship it is commonly said in this town that there are no people worse than the market women, for they are all barefaced, unconscionable, and impudent, and I can well believe it from what I have seen of them in other towns.

I am very glad my lady the duchess has written to my wife Teresa Panza and sent her the present your worship speaks of; and I will strive to show myself grateful when the time comes; kiss her hands for me, and tell her I say she has not thrown it into a sack with a hole in it, as she will see in the end. I should not like your worship to have any difference with my lord and lady, for if you fall out with them it is plain it must do me harm; and as you give me advice to be grateful it will not do for your worship not to be so yourself to those who have shown you such kindness, and by whom you have been treated so hospitably in their castle.

That about the cat scratching I don't understand; but I suppose it must be one of the ill turns the wicked enchanters are always doing your worship; when we meet I shall know all about it. I wish I could send your worship something; but I don't know what to send, unless it be some very curious clyster pipes, to work with bladders, that they make in this island; but if the office remains with me I'll find out something to send, one way or another. If my wife Teresa Panza writes to me, pay the postage and send me the letter, for I have a very great desire to hear how my house and wife and children are going on. And so, may God deliver your worship from evil-minded enchanters, and bring me well and peace-

fully out of this government, which I doubt, for I expect to take leave of it and my life together, from the way Doctor Pedro Recio treats me.

Your worship's servant,
SANCHO PANZA THE GOVERNOR.

The secretary sealed the letter, and immediately dismissed the courier; and those who were carrying on the joke against Sancho, putting their heads together, arranged how he was to be dismissed from the government. Sancho spent the afternoon in drawing up certain ordinances relating to the good government of what he fancied the island; and he ordained that there were to be no provision hucksters in the State, and that men might import wine into it from any place they pleased, provided they declared the quarter it came from, so that a price might be put upon it according to its quality, reputation, and the estimation it was held in; and he that watered his wine, or changed the name, was to forfeit his life for it. He reduced the prices of all manner of shoes, boots, and stockings, but of shoes in particular, as they seemed to him to run extravagantly high. He established a fixed rate for servants' wages, which were becoming recklessly exorbitant. He laid extremely heavy penalties upon those who sang lewd or loose songs either by day or night. He decreed that no blind man should sing of any miracle in verse, unless he could produce authentic evidence that it was true, for it was his opinion that most of those the blind men sing are trumped up, to the detriment of the true ones. He established and created an alguacil of the poor, not to harass them, but to examine them and see whether they really were so; for many a sturdy thief or drunkard goes about under cover of a make-believe crippled limb or a sham sore. In a word, he made so many good rules that to this day they are preserved there, and are called *The constitutions of the great governor Sancho Panza*. . . .

And now, lo and behold the page who had carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, the wife of the governor Sancho, entered the hall; and the duke and duchess were very well pleased to see him, being anxious to know the result of his journey; but when they asked him the page said in reply that he could not give it before so many people or in a few words, and begged their excellencies to be pleased to let it wait for a private opportunity, and in the mean time amuse themselves with these let-

ers; and taking out the letters he placed them in the duchess' hand. One bore by way of address, *Letter for my lady the Duchess So-and-so, of I don't know where;* and the other, *To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, whom God prosper longer than me.* The duchess' bread would not bake, as the saying is, until she had read her letter; and having looked over it herself and seen that it might be read aloud for the duke and all present to hear, she read out as follows:—

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO THE DUCHESS

The letter your highness wrote me, my lady, gave me great pleasure, for indeed I found it very welcome. The string of coral beads is very fine, and my husband's hunting suit does not fall short of it. All this village is very much pleased that your ladyship has made a governor of my good man Sancho; though nobody will believe it, particularly the curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, and the bachelor Samson Carrasco; but I don't care for that, for so long as it is true, as it is, they may all say what they like; though, to tell the truth, if the coral beads and the suit had not come I would not have believed it either; for in this village everybody thinks my husband a numskull, and except for governing a flock of goats, they cannot fancy what sort of government he can be fit for. God grant it, and direct him according as he sees his children stand in need of it. I am resolved with your worship's leave, lady of my soul, to make the most of this fair day, and go to Court to stretch myself at ease in a coach, and make all those I have envying me already burst their eyes out; so I beg your excellence to order my husband to send me a small trifle of money, and to let it be something to speak of, because one's expenses are heavy at the Court; for a loaf costs a real, and meat thirty maravedis a pound, which is beyond everything; and if he does not want me to go let him tell me in time, for my feet are on the fidgets to be off; and my friends and neighbors tell me that if my daughter and I make a figure and a brave show at Court, my husband will come to be known far more by me than I by him, for of course plenty of people will ask, "Who are those ladies in that coach?" and some servant of mine will answer, "The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria;" and in this way Sancho will become known, and I'll be thought well of, and "to Rome for everything" I am as vexed as vexed can be that they have gathered no acorns this year in our village; for all that I send your highness about half a peck that I went to the wood to gather and pick out one by one myself, and I could find no bigger ones; I wish they were as big as ostrich eggs.

Let not your high mightiness forget to write to me; and I will take care to answer, and let you know how I am, and whatever news there may be in this place, where I remain, praying our Lord to have your highness in his keeping and not to forget me.

Sancha, my daughter, and my son, kiss your worship's hands.

She who would rather see your ladyship than write to you,

Your servant,

TERESA PANZA.

All were greatly amused by Teresa Panza's letter, but particularly the duke and duchess; and the duchess asked Don Quixote's opinion whether they might open the letter that had come for the governor, which she suspected must be very good. Don Quixote said that to gratify them he would open it, and did so, and found that it ran as follows: —

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO HER HUSBAND SANCHO PANZA.

I got thy letter, Sancho of my soul, and I promise thee and swear as a Catholic Christian that I was within two fingers' breadth of going mad, I was so happy. I can tell thee, brother, when I came to hear that thou wert a governor I thought I should have dropped dead with pure joy; and thou knowest they say sudden joy kills as well as great sorrow; and as for Sanchica thy daughter, she leaked from sheer happiness. I had before me the suit thou didst send me, and the coral beads my lady the duchess sent me round my neck, and the letters in my hands, and there was the bearer of them standing by, and in spite of all this I verily believed and thought that what I saw and handled was all a dream; for who could have thought that a goatherd would come to be a governor of islands? Thou knowest, my friend, what my mother used to say, that one must live long to see much; I say it because I expect to see more if I live longer; for I don't expect to stop until I see thee a farmer of taxes or a collector of revenue, which are offices where, though the devil carries off those who make a bad use of them, still they make and handle money. My lady the duchess will tell thee the desire I have to go to the Court; consider the matter and let me know thy pleasure; I will try to do honor to thee by going in a coach.

Neither the curate, nor the barber, nor the bachelor, nor even the sacristan, can believe that thou art a governor, and they say the whole thing is a delusion or an enchantment affair, like everything belonging to thy master Don Quixote; and Samson says he must go in search of thee and drive the government out of thy head and the madness out of Don Quixote's skull; I only laugh, and look at my

string of beads, and plan out the dress I am going to make for our daughter out of thy suit. I sent some acorns to my lady the duchess; I wish they had been gold. Send me some strings of pearls if they are in fashion in that island. Here is the news of the village: La Berrueca has married her daughter to a good-for-nothing painter, who came here to paint anything that might turn up. The council gave him an order to paint his Majesty's arms over the door of the townhall; he asked two ducats, which they paid him in advance; he worked for eight days, and at the end of them had nothing painted, and then said he had no turn for painting such trifling things; he returned the money, and for all that has married on the pretense of being a good workman; to be sure he has now laid aside his paint brush and taken a spade in hand, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro Lobo's son has received the first orders and tonsure, with the intention of becoming a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's granddaughter, found it out, and has gone to law with him on the score of having given her promise of marriage. Evil tongues say she is with child by him, but he denies it stoutly. There are no olives this year, and there is not a drop of vinegar to be had in the whole village. A company of soldiers passed through here; when they left they took away with them three of the girls of the village; I will not tell thee who they are; perhaps they will come back, and they will be sure to find those who will take them for wives with all their blemishes, good or bad. Sanchica is making bone lace; she earns eight maravedis a day clear, which she puts into a money box as a help towards house furnishing; but now that she is a governor's daughter thou wilt give her a portion without her working for it. The fountain in the plaza has run dry. A flash of lightning struck the gibbet, and I wish they all lit there. I look for an answer to this, and to know thy mind about my going to the Court; and so, God keep thee longer than me, or as long, for I would not leave thee in this world without me.

Thy wife,

TERESA PANZA.

The letters were applauded, laughed over, relished, and admired; and then, as if to put the seal to the business, the courier arrived, bringing the one Sancho sent to Don Quixote, and this, too, was read out, and it raised some doubts as to the governor's simplicity. The duchess withdrew to hear from the page about his adventures in Sancho's village, which he narrated at full length without leaving a single circumstance unmentioned. He gave her the acorns, and also a cheese which Teresa had given him as being particularly good and superior

to those of Tronchon. The duchess received it with greatest delight, in which we will leave her, to describe the end of the government of the great Sancho Panza, flower and mirror of all governors of islands.

Of the Troublous End and Termination Sancho Panza's Government came to.

To fancy that in this life anything belonging to it will remain forever in the same state, is an idle fancy; on the contrary, in it everything seems to go in a circle, I mean round and round. The spring succeeds the summer, the summer the fall, the fall the autumn, the autumn the winter, and the winter the spring, and so time rolls with never-ceasing wheel. Man's life alone, swifter than time, speeds onward to its end without any hope of renewal, save it be in that other life which is endless and boundless. Thus saith Cid Hamet the Mahometan philosopher; for there are many that by the light of nature alone, without the light of faith, have a comprehension of the fleeting nature and instability of this present life and the endless duration of that eternal life we hope for; but our author is here speaking of the rapidity with which Sancho's government came to an end, melted away, disappeared, vanished as it were in smoke and shadow. For as he lay in bed on the night of the seventh day of his government, sated, not with bread and wine, but with delivering judgments and giving opinions and making laws and proclamations, just as sleep, in spite of hunger, was beginning to close his eyelids, he heard such a noise of bell ringing and shouting that one would have fancied the whole island was going to the bottom. He sat up in bed and remained listening intently to try if he could make out what could be the cause of so great an uproar; not only, however, was he unable to discover what it was, but as countless drums and trumpets now helped to swell the din of the bells and shouts, he was more puzzled than ever, and filled with fear and terror; and getting up he put on a pair of slippers because of the dampness of the floor, and without throwing a dressing gown or anything of the kind over him he rushed out of the door of his room, just in time to see approaching along a corridor a band of more than twenty persons with lighted torches and naked swords in their hands, all shouting out, "To arms, to arms, señor governor, to

arms! The enemy is in the island in countless numbers, and we are lost unless your skill and valor come to our support."

Keeping up this noise, tumult, and uproar, they came to where Sancho stood dazed and bewildered by what he saw and heard, and as they approached one of them called out to him, "Arm at once, your lordship, if you would not have yourself destroyed and the whole island lost."

"What have I to do with arming?" said Sancho. "What do I know about arms or supports? Better leave all that to my master Don Quixote, who will settle it and make all safe in a trice; for I, sinner that I am, God help me, don't understand these scuffles."

"Ah, señor governor," said another, "what slackness of mettle this is! Arm yourself; here are arms for you, offensive and defensive; come out to the plaza and be our leader and captain; it falls upon you by right to be so, for you are our governor."

"Arm me then, in God's name," said Sancho, and they at once produced two large shields they had come provided with, and placed them upon him over his shirt, without letting him put on anything else, one shield in front and the other behind; and passing his arms through openings they had made, they bound him tight with ropes, so that there he was walled and boarded up as straight as a spindle and unable to bend his knees or stir a single step. In his hand they placed a lance, on which he leant to keep himself from falling, and as soon as they had him thus fixed, they bade him march forward and lead them on and give them all courage; for with him for their guide and lamp and morning star, they were sure to bring their business to a successful issue.

"How am I to march, unlucky being that I am?" said Sancho, "when I can't stir my kneecaps, for these boards I have bound so tight to my body won't let me. What you must do is to carry me in your arms, and lay me across or set me upright in some postern, and I'll hold it either with this lance or with my body."

"On, señor governor!" cried another, "it is fear more than the boards that keeps you from moving; make haste, stir yourself, for there is no time to lose; the enemy is increasing in numbers, the shouts grow louder, and the danger is pressing."

Urged by these exhortations and reproaches the poor governor made an attempt to advance, but fell to the ground with

such a crash that he fancied he had broken himself all to pieces. There he lay like a tortoise inclosed in its shell, or a side of bacon between two kneading troughs, or a boat bottom up on the beach; nor did the gang of jokers feel any compassion for him when they saw him down; so far from that, extinguishing their torches they began to shout afresh and to renew the calls to arms with such energy, trampling on poor Sancho, and slashing at him over the shield with their swords in such a way that, if he had not gathered himself together and made himself small and drawn in his head between the shields, it would have fared badly with the poor governor, as, squeezed into that narrow compass, he lay, sweating and sweating again, and commending himself with all his heart to God to deliver him from his present peril. Some stumbled over him, others fell upon him, and one there was who took up a position on top of him for some time, and from thence as if from a watchtower issued orders to the troops, shouting out, "Here, our side! Here the enemy is thickest! Hold the breach there! Shut that gate! Barricade those ladders! Here with your stinkpots of pitch and resin, and kettles of boiling oil! Block the streets with feather beds!" In short, in his ardor he mentioned every little thing, and every implement and engine of war by means of which an assault upon a city is warded off, while the bruised and battered Sancho, who heard and suffered all, was saying to himself, "O if it would only please the Lord to let the island be lost at once, and I could see myself either dead or out of this torture!" Heaven heard his prayer, and when he least expected it he heard voices exclaiming, "Victory, victory! The enemy retreats beaten! Come, señor governor, get up, and come and enjoy the victory, and divide the spoils that have been won from the foe by the might of that invincible arm."

"Lift me up," said the wretched Sancho, in a woe-begone voice. They helped him to rise, and as soon as he was on his feet he said, "The enemy I have beaten you may nail to my forehead; I don't want to divide the spoils of the foe, I only beg and entreat some friend, if I have one, to give me a sup of wine, for I'm parched with thirst, and wipe me dry, for I'm turning to water."

They rubbed him down, fetched him wine, and unbound the shields, and he seated himself upon his bed, and with fear, agitation, and fatigue he fainted away. Those who had been concerned in the joke were now sorry they had pushed it so

far; however, the anxiety his fainting away had caused them was relieved by his returning to himself. He asked what o'clock it was; they told him it was just daybreak. He said no more, and in silence began to dress himself, while all watched him, waiting to see what the haste with which he was putting on his clothes meant.

He got himself dressed at last, and then, slowly, for he was sorely bruised and could not go fast, he proceeded to the stable, followed by all who were present, and going up to Dapple embraced him and gave him a loving kiss on the forehead, and said to him, not without tears in his eyes, "Come along, comrade and friend and partner of my toils and sorrows; when I was with you and had no cares to trouble me except mending your harness and feeding your little carcass, happy were my hours, my days, and my years; but since I left you, and mounted the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand troubles, and four thousand anxieties have entered into my soul;" and all the while he was speaking in this strain he was fixing the pack saddle on the ass, without a word from any one. Then having Dapple saddled, he, with great pain and difficulty, got up on him, and addressing himself to the majordomo, the secretary, the head carver, and Pedro Recio the doctor, and several others who stood by, he said, "Make way, gentlemen, and let me go back to my old freedom; let me go look for my past life, and raise myself up from this present death. I was not born to be a governor or protect islands or cities from the enemies that choose to attack them. Plowing and digging, vine dressing and pruning, are more in my way than defending provinces or kingdoms. Saint Peter is very well at Rome; I mean each of us is best following the trade he was born to. A reaping hook fits my hand better than a governor's scepter; I'd rather have my fill of gazpacho than be subject to the misery of a meddling doctor who kills me with hunger, and I'd rather lie in summer under the shade of an oak, and in winter wrap myself in a double sheepskin jacket in freedom, than go to bed between holland sheets and dress in sables under the restraint of a government. God be with your worships, and tell my lord the duke that 'naked I was born, naked I find myself, I neither lose nor gain;' I mean that without a farthing I came into this government, and without a farthing I go out of it, very different from the way governors commonly leave other islands. Stand aside and let me go; I have to plaster myself, for I be-

lieve every one of my ribs is crushed, thanks to the enemies that have been trampling over me to-night."

"That is unnecessary, señor governor," said Doctor Recio, "for I will give your worship a draught against falls and bruises that will soon make you as sound and strong as ever; and as for your diet I promise your worship to behave better, and let you eat plentifully of whatever you like."

"You speak late," said Sancho. "I'd as soon turn Turk as stay any longer. Those jokes won't pass a second time. By God, I'd as soon remain in this government, or take another, even if it was offered me between two plates, as fly to heaven without wings. I am of the breed of the Panzas, and they are every one of them obstinate, and if they once say 'odds,' odds it must be, no matter if it is evens, in spite of all the world. Here in this stable I leave the ant's wings that lifted me up into the air for the swifts and other birds to eat me, and let's take to level ground and our feet once more; and if they're not shod in pinked shoes of cordovan, they won't want for rough sandals of hemp; 'every ewe to her like,' and 'let no one stretch his leg beyond the length of the sheet;' and now let me pass, for it's growing late with me."

To this the major-domo said, "Señor governor, we would let your worship go with all our hearts, though it sorely grieves us to lose you, for your wit and Christian conduct naturally make us regret you; but it is well known that every governor, before he leaves the place where he has been governing, is bound first of all to render an account. Let your worship do so for the ten days you have held the government, and then you may go and the peace of God go with you."

"No one can demand it of me," said Sancho, "but he whom my lord the duke shall appoint; I am going to meet him, and to him I will render an exact one; besides, when I go forth naked as I do, there is no other proof needed to show that I have governed like an angel."

"By God, the great Sancho is right," said Doctor Recio, "and it is my opinion we should let him go, for the duke will be beyond measure glad to see him."

They all agreed to this, and allowed him to go, first offering to bear him company and furnish him with all he wanted for his own comfort or for the journey. Sancho said he did not want anything more than a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself; for the distance being so

short there was no occasion for any better or bulkier provant. They all embraced him, and he with tears embraced all of them, and left them filled with admiration not only at his remarks but at his firm and sensible resolution.

Let us go and bear Sancho company, as mounted on Dapple, half glad, half sad, he paced along on his road to join his master, in whose society he was happier than in being governor of all the islands in the world.



THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800, son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code He was Secretary at War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848 His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"
"And if my standard bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies, — upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale,
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe.
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go"
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey,
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosney has ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine
Up with it high; unfurl it wide, that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave:
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.



LUTHER'S TABLE TALK.

[Martin Luther, German religious reformer and translator of the Bible, was born of humble parents at Eisleben, November 10, 1483. He was educated at Eisenach and the University of Erfurt; entered an Augustinian monastery; and became professor of philosophy at Wittenberg (1508) When the Dominican Tetzel received a commission to sell indulgences, Luther drew up ninety-five propositions condemning the practice and nailed them to the church door at Wittenberg. For this bold attack on the ecclesiastical authorities he was denounced as a heretic, excommunicated by the Pope (1520), and summoned to appear at the Diet of Worms, convened in April, 1521 In the presence of a vast audience he made the celebrated speech which ended with: "There I take my stand. I can do naught else. So help me God Amen." On his return from Worms he was ostensibly taken prisoner by his friend, the Elector of Saxony, and lodged in the castle of Wartburg, where he remained for a year and occupied his time in a translation of the New Testament. He afterwards resumed his university duties at Wittenberg, and, having renounced his monastic vows, in 1525 married Katharina von Bora, an emancipated nun. He died at Eisleben, February 18, 1546 Luther's works are very voluminous, partly in Latin and partly in German. Among those of more general interest are his "Table Talk," "Letters," and "Sermons." His translation of the whole Bible (published in 1534) permanently established the literary language of Germany]

The Devil and his Works.

The greatest punishment God can inflict on the wicked, is when the church, to chastise them, delivers them over to Satan, who, with God's permission, kills them, or makes them undergo great calamities. Many devils are in woods, in waters,

in wildernesses, and in dark pooly places, ready to hurt and prejudice people; some are also in the thick black clouds, which cause hail, lightnings, and thunderings, and poison the air, the pastures, and grounds. When these things happen, then the philosophers and physicians say, it is natural, ascribing it to the planets, and showing I know not what reasons for such misfortunes and plagues as ensue.

Dr. Luther was asked whether the Samuel who appeared to king Saul, upon the invocation of the pythoness, as is related in the first Book of Kings, was really the prophet Samuel. The doctor answered: "No, 'twas a specter, an evil spirit, assuming his form. What proves this is that God, by the laws of Moses, had forbidden man to question the dead; consequently, it must have been a demon which presented itself under the form of the man of God. In like manner, an abbot of Spanheim, a sorcerer, exhibited to the emperor Maximilian all the emperors his predecessors, and all the most celebrated heroes of past times, who defiled before him each in the costume of his time. Among them were Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar. There was also the emperor's betrothed, whom Charles of France stole from him. But these apparitions were all the work of the demon."

The devil vexes and harasses the workmen in the mines. He makes them think they have found fine new veins of silver, which, when they have labored and labored, turn out to be mere illusions. Even in open day, on the surface of the earth, he causes people to think they see a treasure before them, which vanishes when they would pick it up. At times, treasure is really found, but this is by the special grace of God. I never had any success in the mines, but such was God's will, and I am content.

The emperor Frederic, father of Maximilian, invited a necromancer to dine with him, and, by his knowledge of magic, turned his guest's hands into griffins' claws. He then wanted him to eat, but the man, ashamed, hid his claws under the table.

He took his revenge, however, for the jest played upon him. He caused it to seem that a loud altercation was going on in the courtyard, and when the emperor put his head out of window to see what was the matter, he, by his art, clapped on him a pair of huge stag's horns, so that the emperor could not get his head into the room again until he had cured the necromancer of his disfigurement. "I am delighted," said Luther,



MARTIN LUTHER

From a rare old print

"when one devil plagues another." They are not all, however, of equal power.

There was at Nieuburg a magician named Wildferer, who, one day, swallowed a countryman, with his horse and cart. A few hours afterwards, man, horse, and cart were all found in a slough, some miles off. I have heard, too, of a seeming monk, who asked a wagoner, that was taking some hay to market, how much he would charge to let him eat his fill of hay? The man said, a kreutzer, whereupon the monk set to work, and had nearly devoured the whole load, when the wagoner drove him off.

A man had a habit, whenever he fell, of saying: "Devil take me." He was advised to discontinue this evil custom, lest some day the devil should take him at his word. He promised to vent his impatience by some other phrase; but, one day, having stumbled, he called upon the devil, in the way I have mentioned, and was killed upon the spot, falling on a sharp-pointed piece of wood.

A pastor, near Torgau, came to Luther, and complained that the devil tormented him without intermission. The doctor replied: "He plagues and harasses me too, but I resist him with the arms of faith. I know of one person at Magdeburg, who put Satan to the rout, by spitting at him; but this example is not to be lightly followed; for the devil is a presumptuous spirit, and not disposed to yield. We run great risk when, with him, we attempt more than we can do. One man, who relied implicitly on his baptism, when the devil presented himself to him, his head furnished with horns, tore off one of the horns; but another man, of less faith, who attempted the same thing, was killed by the devil."

Henning, the Bohemian, asked Dr. Luther why the devil bore so furious a hatred to the human race? The doctor replied: "That ought not to surprise you; see what a hate prince George bears me, so that, day and night, he is ever meditating how he shall injure me. Nothing would delight him more than to see me undergo a thousand tortures. If such be the hatred of man, what must the hatred of the devil be?"

Discord.

When two goats meet upon a narrow bridge over deep water, how do they behave? neither of them can turn back again, neither can pass the other, because the bridge is too narrow; if they should thrust one another, they might both fall into the water and be drowned; nature, then, has taught them that if the one lays himself down and permits the other to go over him, both remain without hurt. Even so people should rather endure to be trod upon, than to fall into debate and discord one with another.

Sicknesses, and of the Causes thereof.

When young children cry lustily, they grow well and rapidly, for through crying, the members and veins are stretched out, which have no other exercise.

Experience has proved the toad to be endowed with valuable qualities. If you run a stick through three toads, and, after having dried them in the sun, apply them to any pestilent tumor, they draw out all the poison, and the malady will disappear.

Sleep is a most useful and most salutary operation of nature. Scarcely any minor annoyance angers me more than the being suddenly awakened out of a pleasant slumber. I understand that in Italy they torture poor people by depriving them of sleep. 'Tis a torture that cannot long be endured.

The physicians in sickness consider only of what natural causes the malady proceeds, and this they cure, or not, with their physic. But they see not that often the devil casts a sickness upon one without any natural causes.

Music.

I always loved music; whoso has skill in this art is of a good temperament, fitted for all things. We must teach music in schools; a schoolmaster ought to have skill in music, or I would not regard him; neither should we ordain young men as preachers, unless they have been well exercised in music.

Learning.

Luther advised all who proposed to study, in what art soever, to read some sure and certain books over and over

again; for to read many sorts of books produces rather confusion than any distinct result; just as those that dwell everywhere, and remain in no place, dwell nowhere, and have no home. As we use not daily the community of all our friends, but of a select few, even so we ought to accustom ourselves to the best books, and to make them familiar unto us, so as to have them, as we say, at our fingers' end. A fine talented student fell into a frenzy; the cause of his disease was that he laid himself out too much upon books, and was in love with a girl. Luther dealt very mildly and friendly with him, expecting amendment, and said: "Love is the cause of his sickness; study brought upon him but little of his disorder. In the beginning of the gospel it went so with myself."

The discourse turning upon the great differences amongst the learned, Luther said: "God has very finely distributed his gifts, so that the learned serve the unlearned, and the unlearned humble themselves before the learned, in what is needful for them. If all people were equal, the world could not go on; nobody would serve another, and there would be no peace. The peacock complained because he had not the nightingale's voice. God, with apparent inequality, has instituted the greatest equality; one man, who has greater gifts than another, is proud and haughty, and seeks to rule and domineer over others, and contemns them. God finely illustrates human society in the members of the body, and shows that one member must assist the other, and that none can be without the other."

Vocation and Calling.

It is said, occasion has a forelock, but is bald behind. Our Lord has taught this by the course of nature. A farmer must sow his barley and oats about Easter; if he defer it to Michaelmas, it were too late. When apples are ripe they must be plucked from the tree, or they are spoiled. Procrastination is as bad as overhastiness. There is my servant Wolf: when four or five birds fall upon the bird net, he will not draw it, but says: O, I will stay until more come; then they all fly away, and he gets none. Occasion is a great matter. Terence says well: I came in time, which is the chief thing of all. Julius Cæsar understood occasion; Pompey and Hannibal did not. Boys at school understand it not, therefore they must have fathers and masters, with the rod to hold them thereto,

that they neglect not time, and lose it. Many a young fellow has a school stipend for six or seven years, during which he ought diligently to study; he has his tutors, and other means, but he thinks: O, I have time enough yet. But I say: No, fellow. What little Jack learns not, great John learns not. Occasion salutes thee, and reaches out her forelock to thee, saying: "Here I am, take hold of me;" thou thinkest she will come again. Then says she: "Well, seeing thou wilt not take hold of my top, take hold of my tail;" and therewith flings away.

Miscellaneous.

Anno 1546, a case in law was related to Luther: A miller had an ass, which went into a fisherman's boat to drink; the boat, not being tied fast, floated away with the ass, so that the miller lost his ass, and the fisherman his boat. The miller complained that the fisher, neglecting to tie his boat fast, had lost him his ass; the fisher complained of the miller for not keeping his ass at home, and desired satisfaction for his boat. Query: What is the law? Took the ass the boat away, or the boat the ass? Luther said: "Both were in error; the fisherman that he tied not fast his boat; the miller in not keeping his ass at home."

There was a miser who, when he sent his man to the cellar for wine, made him fill his mouth with water, which he was to spit out on his return, to show he had drunk no wine. But the servant kept a pitcher of water in the cellar, wherewith, after taking his fill of the better drink, he managed to deceive his master.

A student of Erfurt, desiring to see Nuremberg, departed with a friend on a journey thither. Before they had walked half a mile, he asked his companion whether they should soon get to Nuremberg, and was answered: "'Tis scarce likely, since we have only just left Erfurt." Having repeated the question, another half mile further on, and getting the same answer, he said: "Let's give up the journey, and go back, since the world is so vast!"

There are poets who affect to be carried away by their enthusiasm. There was Richius, for example; I remember his sitting with his legs out of window, pretending to be in a fit of poetic fury against the devil, whom he was abusing and vilifying with long, roundabout phrases. Stiegel, who chanced to

pass under, for sport suddenly took hold of the brawling poet's leg, and frightened him horribly, the poor man thinking the devil had come to carry him off.

An idle priest, instead of reciting his breviary, used to run over the alphabet, and then say: "O, my God, take this alphabet, and put it together how you will!"

A certain honest man, at Eisleben, complained to me of his great misery; he had bestowed on his children all his goods, and now in his old age they forsook and trod him under their feet. I said: Ecclesiasticus gives unto parents the best counsel, where he says: "Give not all out of thy hands while thou livest," etc., for the children keep not promises. One father, as the proverb says, can maintain ten children, but ten children cannot, or at least will not, maintain one father. There is a story of a certain father that, having made his last will, locked it up safe in a chest, and, together with a good strong cudgel, laid a note thereby, in these words: "The father who gives his goods out of his hands to his children, deserves to have his brains beat out with cudgels." Here is another story: A certain father, that was grown old, had given over all his goods to his children, on condition they should maintain him; but the children were unthankful, and being weary of him, kept him very hard and sparingly, and gave him not sufficient to eat. The father, being a wise man, more crafty than his children, locked himself secretly into a chamber, and made a great ringing and jingling with gold crowns, which, for that purpose, a rich neighbor had lent him, as though he had still much money in store. When his children heard this, they gave him ever afterwards good entertainment, in hopes he would leave them much wealth; but the father secretly restored the crowns again to his neighbor, and so rightly deceived his children.

I am a great enemy to flies: *Quia sunt imagines diaboli et hæreticorum.* When I have a good book, they flock upon it and parade up and down upon it, and soil it. 'Tis just the same with the devil: when our hearts are purest, he comes and soils them.

Question was made why, in the Psalms and other portions of the Bible, there is repeated mention of ravens and sparrows, of all birds the least agreeable to the sight, and, in other respects, odious? Dr. Luther said: "If the Holy Ghost could have named birds more objectionable than these, he would

have done so, in order to show us that, as in their case, what we receive is not given to our merits."

The multitude of books is a great evil. There is no measure or limit to this fever for writing; every one must be an author; some out of vanity, to acquire celebrity and raise up a name; others for the sake of lucre and gain. The Bible is now buried under so many commentaries, that the text is nothing regarded. I could wish all my books were buried nine ells deep in the ground, by reason of the ill example they will give, every one seeking to imitate me in writing many books, with the hope of procuring fame. But Christ died not to favor our ambition and vainglory, but that his name might be glorified.

The aggregation of large libraries tends to divert men's thoughts from the one great book, the Bible, which ought, day and night, to be in every one's hand. My object, my hope, in translating the Scriptures, was to check the so prevalent production of new works, and so to direct men's study and thoughts more closely to the divine Word. Never will the writings of mortal man in any respect equal the sentences inspired by God. We must yield the place of honor to the prophets and the apostles, keeping ourselves prostrate at their feet as we listen to their teaching. I would not have those who read my books, in these stormy times, devote one moment to them which they would otherwise have consecrated to the Bible.



THE APPARITION.

BY ERASMUS.

(From the "Familiar Colloquies.")

[DESIDERIUS ERASMUS, the Dutch classical and theological scholar, was born at Rotterdam, Holland, October 28, 1465, the illegitimate son of Gerhard de Praet. In accordance with the fashion among scholars of the time, he exchanged the name of Gerhard for the Latin and Greek equivalents Desiderius Erasmus, each signifying "the well-beloved" Left an orphan at thirteen, he was induced by his guardians to enter a monastery, in order that they might defraud him of his inheritance. He then became priest and secretary to the Bishop of Cambray; spent some years at Paris as student and teacher, and visited the chief European countries, including England, where he formed the acquaintance of Sir Thomas More and held a Greek professorship at Cambridge. In 1521 he settled at Basel, whence he removed later to Freiburg and Breisgau. He died at Basel, July 12, 1536. Besides various philological and theological works,

and an edition of the New Testament in Greek with a Latin translation, he wrote "Encomium Moriæ" (Praise of Folly), a satire on the follies and foibles of monks, and "Colloquia" (Colloquies), his masterpiece.]

Thomas and Anselm.

Thomas — What good news have you had that you laugh to yourself thus, as if you had found a treasure?

Anselm — Nay, you are not far from the matter.

Thomas — But will you not impart it to your companion, what good thing soever it is?

Anselm — Yes, I will, for I have been wishing a good while for somebody to communicate my merriment to.

Thomas — Come on, then, let us have it.

Anselm — I was just now told the pleasantest story, which you would swear was a sham if I did not know the place, the persons, and the whole matter as well as you know me.

Thomas — I am with child to hear it.

Anselm — Do you know Polus, Faunus' son-in-law?

Thomas — Perfectly well.

Anselm — He is both the contriver and actor of this play.

Thomas — I am apt enough to believe that, for he can act any part to the life.

Anselm — He can so. I suppose, too, you know that he has a farm not far from London.

Thomas — Phoo, very well. He and I have drunk together many a time there.

Anselm — Then you know there is a way between two straight rows of trees.

Thomas — Upon the left hand, about two flight-shot from the house?

Anselm — You have it. On one side of the way there is a dry ditch overgrown with thorns and brambles, and then there is a way that leads into an open field from a little bridge.

Thomas — I remember it.

Anselm — There went a report for a long time among the country people of a spirit that walked near that bridge, and of hideous howlings that were every now and then heard there. They concluded it was the soul of somebody that was miserably tormented.

Thomas — Who was it that raised this report?

Anselm — Who but Polus, that made this the prologue to his comedy.

Thomas—What did he mean by inventing such a flam?

Anselm—I know nothing, but that it is the humor of the man. He takes delight to make himself sport, by playing upon the simplicity of people by such fictions as these.

I will tell you what he did lately of the same kind. We were a good many of us riding to Richmond, and some of the company were such that you would say were men of judgment. It was a wonderful clear day, and not so much as a cloud to be seen there. Polus, looking wistfully up into the air, signed his face and breast with the sign of the cross, and having composed his countenance to an air of amazement, says to himself, O immortal God, what do I see! They that rode next to him asking him what it was that he saw, he fell again to signing himself with a greater cross. May the most merciful God, says he, deliver me from this prodigy. They having urged him, desiring to know what was the matter, he fixing his eyes up to heaven, and pointing with his finger to a certain quarter of it, Do you not see, says he, that monstrous dragon armed with fiery horns, and its tail turned up in a circle? And they denying they saw it, he bade them look earnestly, every now and then pointing to the place. At last one of them, that he might not seem to be bad sighted, affirmed that he saw it. And in imitation of him, first one and then another, for they were ashamed that they could not see what was so plain to be seen. And in short, in three days' time the rumor of this portentous apparition had spread all over England. And it is wonderful to think how popular fame had amplified the story, and some pretended seriously to expound to what this portent did predict, and he that was the contriver of the fiction took a mighty pleasure in the folly of these people.

Thomas—I know the humor of the man well enough. But to the story of the apparition.

Anselm—In the mean time one Faunus, a priest (of those which in Latin they call regulars, but that is not enough, unless they add the same in Greek too, who was parson of a neighboring parish, this man thought himself wiser than is common, especially in holy matters), came very opportunely to pay a visit to Polus.

Thomas—I understand the matter. There is one found out to be an actor in this play.

Anselm—At supper a discourse was raised of the report of this apparition, and when Polus perceived that Faunus had

not only heard of the report, but believed it, he began to entreat the man, that as he was a holy and a learned person, he would afford some relief to a poor soul that was in such dreadful torment. And, says he, if you are in any doubt as to the truth of it, examine into the matter, and do but walk near that bridge about ten o'clock, and you shall hear miserable cries; take who you will for a companion along with you, and so you will hear both more safely and better.

Thomas — Well, what then?

Anselm — After supper was over, Polus, as his custom was, goes a hunting or fowling. And when it grew duskish, the darkness having taken away all opportunity of making any certain judgment of anything, Faunus walks about, and at last hears miserable howlings. Polus, having hidden himself in a bramble hedge hard by, had very artfully made these howlings by speaking through an earthen pot; the voice coming through the hollow of it gave it a most mournful sound.

Thomas — This story, as far as I see, outdoes Menander's Phasma.

Anselm — You will say more if you shall hear it out. Faunus goes home, being impatient to tell what he had heard. Polus, taking a shorter way, had got home before him. Faunus up and tells Polus all that passed, and added something of his own to it, to make the matter more wonderful.

Thomas — Could Polus keep his countenance in the mean time?

Anselm — He keep his countenance! He has his countenance in his hand; you would have said that a serious affair was transacted.

In the end Faunus, upon the pressing importunity of Polus, undertakes the business of exorcism, and slept not one wink all that night, in contriving by what means he might go about the matter with safety, for he was wretchedly afraid. In the first place he got together the most powerful exorcisms that he could get, and added some new ones to them, as the bowels of the Virgin Mary and the bones of St. Winifred. After that he makes choice of a place in the plain field, near the bramble bushes from whence the voice came. He draws a very large circle with a great many crosses in it, and a variety of characters. And all this was performed in a set form of words; there was also there a great vessel full of holy water, and about his neck he had a holy stole (as they called it), upon which hung

the beginning of the Gospel of St. John. He had in his pocket a little piece of wax, which the bishop of Rome used to consecrate once a year, which is commonly called *Agnus Dei.* With these arms in times past they were wont to defend themselves against evil spirits, before the cowl of St. Francis was found to be so formidable. All these things were provided, lest if it should be an evil spirit, it should fall foul upon the exorcist; nor did he for all this dare to trust himself in the circle alone, but he determined to take some other priest along with him. Upon this Polus being afraid that if he took some sharper fellow than himself along with him, the whole plot might come to be discovered, he got a parish priest thereabout, whom he acquainted beforehand with the whole design; and, indeed, it was necessary for the carrying on the adventure, and he was a man fit for such a purpose.

The day following, all things being prepared and in good order, about ten o'clock Faunus and the parish priest enter the circle. Polus had got thither before them, and made a miserable howling out of the hedge; Faunus begins his exorcism, and Polus steals away in the dark to the next village, and brings from thence another person, for the play could not be acted without a great many of them.

Thomas — Well, what do they do?

Anselm — They mount themselves upon black horses, and privately carry fire along with them; when they come pretty near to the circle they show the fire to affright Faunus out of the circle.

Thomas — What a deal of pains did this Polus take to put a cheat upon people!

Anselm — His fancy lies that way. But this matter had like to have been mischievous to them.

Thomas — How so?

Anselm — For the horses were so startled at the sudden flashing of the fire that they had like to have thrown their riders. Here is an end of the first act of this comedy.

When they were returned and entered into discourse, Polus, as though he had known nothing of the matter, inquires what was done. Faunus tells him that two hideous Cacodemons appeared to him on black horses, their eyes sparkling with fire, and breathing fire out of their nostrils, making an attempt to break into the circle, but that they were driven away with a vengeance by the power and efficacy of his words. This en-

counter having put courage into Faunus, the next day he goes into his circle again with great solemnity, and after he had provoked the spirit a long time with the vehemence of his words, Polus and his companion appear again at a pretty distance, with their black horses, with a most outrageous noise, making a feint as if they would break into the circle.

Thomas — Had they no fire then?

Anselm — No, none at all; for that had like to have fallen out very unluckily to them. But hear another device: they threw a long rope over the ground, and then hurrying from one place to another, as though they were beat off by the exorcisms of Faunus, they threw down both the priest and holy waterpot all together.

Thomas — This reward the parish priest had for playing his part?

Anselm — Yes, he had; and for all that he had rather suffer this than quit the design. After this encounter, when they came to talk over the matter again, Faunus tells a mighty story to Polus, what great danger he had been in, and how courageously he had driven both the evil spirits away with his charms, and now he had arrived at a firm persuasion that there was no demon, let him be ever so mischievous or impudent, that could possibly break into this circle.

Thomas — This Faunus was not far from being a fool.

Anselm — You have heard nothing yet. The comedy being thus far advanced, Polus' son-in-law comes in very good time, for he had married Polus' eldest daughter; he is a wonderful merry droll, you know.

Thomas — Know him! ay, I know him, that he has no aversion for such tricks as these.

Anselm — No aversion, do you say? nay, he would leave the most urgent affair in the world if such a comedy were either to be seen or acted. His father-in-law tells him the whole story, and gives him his part — that was to act the ghost. He puts on a dress, and wraps himself up in a shroud, and carrying a live coal in a shell, it appeared through his shroud as if something were burning. About night he goes to the place where this play was acted; there were heard most doleful moans. Faunus lets fly all his exorcisms. At length the ghost appears a good way off in the bushes, every now and then showing the fire and making a rueful groaning.

While Faunus was adjuring the ghost to declare who he was,

Polus of a sudden leaps out of the thicket, dressed like a devil, and making a roaring, answers him, You have nothing to do with this soul, it is mine; and every now and then runs to the very edge of the circle as if he would set upon the exorcist, and then retired back again as if he was beaten back by the words of the exorcism and the power of the holy water, which he threw upon him in great abundance. At last, when this guardian devil was chased away, Faunus enters into a dialogue with the soul. After he had been interrogated and adjured, he answers, that he was the soul of a Christian man, and being asked his name, he answered Faunus. Faunus! replies the other, that is my name. So then they being namesakes, he laid the matter more to heart, that Faunus might deliver Faunus. Faunus asking a multitude of questions, lest a long discourse should discover the fraud, the ghost retires, saying it was not permitted to stay to talk any longer, because its time was come that it must go whither its devil pleased to carry it, but yet promised to come again the next day at what hour it could be permitted. They meet together again at Polus' house, who was the master of the show. There the exorcist relates what was done, and though he added some lies to the story, yet he believed them to be true himself—he was so heartily affected with the matter in hand.

At last it appeared manifestly that it was the soul of a Christian who was vexed with the dreadful torments of an unmerciful devil. Now all the endeavors are bent this way. There happened a ridiculous passage in the next exorcism.

Thomas—Prithee, what was that?

Anselm—When Faunus had called up the ghost, Polus, that acted the devil, leaped directly at him, as if he would, without any more to-do, break into the circle; and Faunus resisted stoutly with his exorcisms, and had thrown a power of holy water; the devil at last cries out that he did not value all this of a rush, you have had to do with a wench, and you are my own yourself. And though he had told Polus so in jest, it seemed that he had spoken truth; for the exorcist being touched with this word, presently retreated to the very center of the circle and whispered something in the priest's ear. Polus, seeing that, retires, that he might not hear what it was not fit for him to hear.

Thomas—In truth, Polus was a very modest, religious devil.

Anselm —He was so, otherwise he might have been blamed for not observing a decorum, but yet he heard the priest's voice appointing him satisfaction.

Thomas—What was that?

Anselm—That he should say the glorious 78th psalm three times over, by which he conjectured he had had to do with her three times that night.

Thomas—He was an irregular regular.

Anselm—They are but men, and this is but human frailty.

Thomas—Well, proceed. What was done after this?

Anselm—Now Faunus more courageously advances to the very edge of the circle and challenges the devil of his own accord; but the devil's heart failed him, and he fled back. You have deceived me, says he; if I had been wise I had not given you that caution. Many are of opinion that what you have once confessed is immediately struck out of the devil's memory, that he can never be able to twit you in the teeth for it.

Thomas—What a ridiculous conceit do you tell me of?

Anselm—But to draw towards a conclusion of the matter. This dialogue with the ghost held for some days; at last it came to this issue: The exorcist asking the soul if there was any way by which it might possibly be delivered from its torments, it answered it might, if the money that it had left behind, being got by cheating, should be restored. Then, says Faunus, what if it were put into the hands of good people to be disposed of to pious uses? The spirit replied, That might do. The exorcist was rejoiced at this; he inquires particularly what sum there was of it? The spirit replied that it was a vast sum, and might prove very good and commodious. It told the place too where the treasure was hid, but it was a long way off; and it ordered what uses it should be put to.

Thomas—What were they?

Anselm—That three persons were to undertake a pilgrimage—one to the threshold of St. Peter, another to salute St. James at Compostella, and the third should kiss Jesus' comb at Tryers; and after that a vast number of services and masses should be performed in several great monasteries, and as to the overplus, he should dispose of it as he pleased. Now Faunus' mind was fixed upon the treasure; he had, in a manner, swallowed it in his mind.

Thomas—That is a common disease, but more peculiarly thrown in the priest's dish upon all occasions.

Anselm—After nothing had been omitted that related to the affair of the money, the exorcist being put upon it by Polus, began to put questions to the spirit about several arts, as alchemy and magic. To these things the spirit gave answers, putting off the resolution of these questions for the present, promising it would make larger discoveries as soon as ever, by his assistance, it should get out of the clutches of its keeper, the devil; and, if you please, you may let this be the third act of this play.

As to the fourth act, Faunus began in good earnest everywhere to talk high, and to talk of nothing else in all companies and at the table, and to promise glorious things to monasteries, and talked of nothing that was low and mean. He goes to the place and finds the tokens, but did not dare to dig for the treasure, because the spirit had thrown this caution in the way, that it would be extremely dangerous to touch the treasure before the masses had been performed. By this time a great many of the wiser sort had smelt out the plot, while Faunus at the same time was everywhere proclaiming his folly; though he was privately cautioned by his friends, and especially his abbot, that he who had hitherto had the reputation of a prudent man should not give the world a specimen of his being quite the contrary. But the imagination of the thing had so entirely possessed his mind that all that could be said of him had no influence upon him, to make him doubt of the matter, and he dreamt of nothing but specters and devils. The very habit of his mind was got into his face, that he was so pale, and meager, and dejected, that you would say he was rather a sprite than a man. And, in short, he was not far from being stark mad, and would have been so had it not been timely prevented.

Thomas—Well, let this be the last act of the play.

Anselm—Well, you shall have it. Polus and his son-in-law hammered out this piece betwixt them. They counterfeited an epistle written in a strange antique character, and not upon common paper, but such as gold beaters put their leaf gold in, a reddish paper, you know. The form of the epistle was thus:—

Faunus, long a captive, but now free. To Faunus, his gracious deliverer, sends eternal health. There is no need, my dear Faunus, that thou shouldest macerate thyself any longer in this affair. God has respected the pious intention of thy mind, and by the merit of it has delivered me from torments,

and I now live happily among the angels. Thou hast a place provided for thee with St. Austin, which is next to the choir of the apostles: when thou comest to us I will give thee public thanks. In the mean time see that thou livest merrily.

From the Imperial Heaven, the Ides of September, Anno 1498.
Under the seal of my own ring.

This epistle was laid privately under the altar where Faunus was to perform divine service. This being done there was one appointed to advertise him of it, as if he had found it by chance. And now he carries the letter about him, and shows it as a very sacred thing, and believes nothing more firmly than that it was brought from heaven by an angel.

Thomas — This is not delivering the man from his madness, but changing the sort of it.

Anselm — Why truly, so it is, only he is now more pleasantly mad than before.

Thomas — I never was wont to give much credit to stories of apparitions in common, but for the time to come I shall give much less; for I believe that many things that have been printed and published as true relations were only by artifice and imposture impositions upon credulous persons and such as Faunus.

Anselm — And I also believe that a great many of them are of the same kind.



FROM "THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH."

By CHARLES READE.

[Charles Reade: A distinguished English novelist, born at Ipsden, Oxfordshire, June 8, 1814, died at London, April 11, 1884. He graduated at Magdalen College, Oxford (1835); was elected to a Vinerian fellowship (1842), and was admitted to the bar at Lincoln's Inn (1847). He made his début as a novelist with "Peg Woffington" (1852), which had an immediate success. His subsequent works include: "Christie Johnstone"; "It is Never Too Late to Mend"; "*Love me Little, Love me Long*"; "The Cloister and the Hearth," a powerful historical novel; "Hard Cash"; "Griffith Gaunt"; "Foul Play", "Put Yourself in his Place" Among his plays are. "Masks and Faces"; (with Tom Taylor); "Drink," an adaptation of Zola's "L'Assommoir"; and dramatizations of some of his own novels]

Gerard's Diary.

"This first day of January I observed a young man of the country to meet a strange maiden, and kissed his hand, and

then held it out to her. She took it with a smile, and lo! acquaintance made; and babbled like old friends. Greeting so pretty and delicate I ne'er did see. Yet were they both of the baser sort. So the next lass I saw a coming, I said to my servant lord: 'For further penance bow thy pride, go meet yon base-born girl; kiss thy homicidal hand, and give it her, and hold her in discourse as best ye may.' And my noble servant said humbly, 'I shall obey my lord.' And we drew rein and watched while he went forward, kissed his hand, and held it out to her. Forthwith she took it smiling, and was most affable with him, and he with her. Presently came up a band of her companions. So this time I bade him doff his bonnet to them, as though they were empresses; and he did so. And lo! the lasses drew up as stiff as hedge stakes, and moved not nor spake."

Denys—"Aie! aie! aie! Pardon, the company."

"This surprised me none; for so they did discountenance poor Denys. And that whole day I wore in experimenting these German lasses; and 'twas still the same. An ye doff bonnet to them they stiffen into statues; distance for distance. But accost them with honest freedom, and with that customary, and, though rustical, most gracious proffer of the kissed hand, and they withhold neither their hands in turn nor their acquaintance in an honest way. Seeing which I vexed myself that Denys was not with us to prattle with them; he is so fond of women." ("Are you fond of women, Denys?") And the reader opened two great violet eyes upon him with gentle surprise.

Denys—"Ahem! He says so, she-comrade. By Hannibal's helmet 'tis their fault, not mine. They will have such soft voices, and white skins, and sunny hair, and dark blue eyes, and——"

Margaret [*reading suddenly*]—"Which their affability I put to profit thus. I asked them how they made shift to grow roses in yule. For know, dear Margaret, that throughout Germany the baser sort of lasses wear for headdress naught but a 'crantz,' or wreath of roses, encircling their bare hair, as laurel Cæsar's; and though of the worshipful scorned, yet is braver, I wist, to your eye and mine which painters be, though sorry ones, than the gorgeous, uncouth, mechanical head gear of the time, and adorns, not hides, her hair, that goodly ornament fitted to her head by craft divine. So the

good lasses, being questioned close, did let me know the rosebuds are cut in summer and laid then in great clay pots, thus ordered: first bay salt, then a row of buds, and over that row bay salt sprinkled; then another row of buds placed crosswise; for they say it is death to the buds to touch one another; and so on, buds and salt in layers. Then each pot is covered and soldered tight, and kept in cool cellar. And on Saturday night the master of the house, or mistress, if master be none, opens a pot, and doles the rosebuds out to every female in the house, high or low, without grudge; then solders it up again. And such as of these buds would full-blown roses make put them in warm water a little space, or else in the stove, and then with tiny brush and soft, wetted in Rhenish wine, do coax them till they ope their folds. And some perfume them with rose water. For, alack! their smell it is fled with the summer; and only their fair bodyes lie withouten soul, in tomb of clay, awaiting resurrection.

"And some with the roses and buds mix nutmegs gilded, but not by my good will; for gold, brave in itself, cheek by jowl with roses, is but yellow earth. And it does the eye's heart good to see these fair heads of hair come, blooming with roses, over snowy roads, and by snow-capped hedges, setting winter's beauty by the side of summer's glory. For what so fair as winter's lilies, snow yclept, and what so brave as roses? And shouldst have had a picture here, but for their superstition. Leaned a lass in Sunday garb, cross-ankled, against her cottage corner, whose low roof was snow-clad, and with her crantz did seem a summer flower sprouting from winter's bosom. I drew rein, and out pencil and brush to limn her for thee. But the simpleton, fearing the evil eye, or glamour, claps both hands to her face and flies panic-stricken. But, indeed, they are more superstitious than the Sevenbergen folk, which take thy father for a magician. Yet softly, sith at this moment I profit by this darkness of their minds; for at first, sitting down to write this diary, I could frame nor thought nor word, so harried and deaved was I with noise of mechanical persons, and hoarse laughter at dull jests of one of these party-colored 'fools,' which are so rife in Germany. But, O sorry wit, that is driven to the poor resource of pointed earcaps, and a green and yellow body. True wit, methinks, is of the mind. We met in Burgundy an honest wench, though overfree for my palate, a chambermaid, had made havoc of all these zanies,

droll by brute force. O Digressor! Well, then, I to be rid of roaring rusticalls and mindless jests, put my finger in a glass and drew on the table a great watery circle; whereat the rusticalls did look askant, like venison at a cat; and in that circle a smaller circle. The rusticalls held their peace; and beside these circles cabalistical I laid down on the table solemnly yon parchment deed I had out of your house. The rusticalls held their breath. Then did I look as glum as might be, and muttered thus: 'Videamus—quamdiu tu fictus multo—vosque veri stulti—audebitis—in hac aula morari, strepitantes ita—et olentes—ut dulcissimæ nequeam miser scribere.' They shook like aspens, and stole away on tiptoe one by one at first, then in a rush and jostling, and left me alone; and most scared of all was the fool; never earned jester fairer his ass's ears. So rubbed I their foible, who first rubbed mine; for of all a traveler's foes I dread those giants twain, Sir Noise and eke Sir Stench. The saints and martyrs forgive my peevishness. Thus I write to thee in balmy peace, and tell thee trivial things scarce worthy ink, also how I love thee, which there was no need to tell, for well thou knowest it. And, O dear Margaret, looking on their roses, which grew in summer, but blew in winter, I see the picture of our true affection; born it was in smiles and bliss, but soon adversity beset us sore with many a bitter blast. Yet our love hath lost no leaf, thank God, but blossoms full and fair as ever, proof against frowns, and gibes, and prison, and banishment, as those sweet German flowers a blooming in winter's snow.

"*January* 2.—My servant, the count, finding me curious, took me to the stables of the prince that rules this part. In the first court was a horse bath, adorned with twenty-two pillars, graven with the prince's arms; and also the horse-leech's shop, so furnished as a rich apothecary might envy. The stable is a fair quadrangle, whereof three sides filled with horses of all nations. Before each horse's nose was a glazed window, with a green curtain to be drawn at pleasure, and at his tail a thick wooden pillar with a brazen shield, whence by turning of a pipe he is watered, and serves too for a cupboard to keep his comb and rubbing cloths. Each rack was iron, and each manger shining copper, and each nag covered with a scarlet mantle, and above him his bridle and saddle hung, ready to gallop forth in a minute; and not less than three hundred horses, whereof twelve score of foreign breed. And we returned to

our inn full of admiration, and the two varlets said sorrowfully, 'Why were we born with two legs?' And one of the grooms that was civil and had of me trinkgeld, stood now at his cottage door, and asked us in. There we found his wife and children of all ages, from five to eighteen, and had but one room to bide and sleep in, a thing pestiferous and most uncivil. Then I asked my servant, knew he this prince? Ay, did he, and had often drunk with him in a marble chamber above the stable, where, for table, was a curious and artificial rock, and the drinking vessels hang on its pinnacles, and at the hottest of the engagement a statue of a horseman in bronze came forth bearing a bowl of liquor, and he that sat nearest behooved to drain it. ''Tis well,' said I: 'now, for the penance; whisper thou in yon prince's ear, that God hath given him his people freely, and not sought a price for them as for horses. And pray him look inside the huts at his horse-palace door, and bethink himself is it well to house his horses and stable his folk.' Said he, ''Twill give sore offense.' 'But,' said I, 'ye must do it discreetly, and choose your time.' So he promised. And riding on we heard plaintive cries. 'Alas,' said I, 'some sore mischance hath befallen some poor soul; what may it be?' And we rode up, and lo! it was a wedding feast, and the guests were playing the business of drinking sad and silent, but ever and anon cried loud and dolefully, 'Seyte frolich! Be merry.'

"*January* 3.—Yesterday between Nurnberg and Augsburg we parted company. I gave my lord, late servant, back his brave clothes for mine, but his horse he made me keep, and five gold pieces, and said he was still my debtor; his penance it had been slight along of me, but profitable. But his best word was this: 'I see it is more noble to be loved than feared.' And then he did so praise me as I blush to put on paper; yet, poor fool, would fain thou couldst hear his words, but from some other pen than mine. And the servants did heartily grasp my hand, and wish me good luck. And riding apace, yet could I not reach Augsburg till the gates were closed; but it mattered little, for this Augsburg it is an enchanted city. For a small coin one took me a long way round to a famous postern called *der Einlasse*. Here stood two guardians like statues. To them I gave my name and business. They nodded me leave to knock. I knocked, and the iron gate opened with a great noise and hollow rattling of a chain, but no hand seen nor chain; but he who drew the hidden chain sits a butt's length from the gate, and I

rode in, and the gate closed with a clang after me. I found myself in a great building with a bridge at my feet. This I rode over, and presently came to a porter's lodge, where one asked me again my name and business, then rang a bell, and a great portcullis that barred the way began to rise, drawn by a wheel overhead, and no hand seen. Behind the portcullis was a thick oaken door studded with steel. It opened without hand, and I rode into a hall as dark as pitch. Trembling there awhile, a door opened, and showed me a smaller hall lighted. I rode into it: a tin goblet came down from the ceiling by a little chain; I put two batzen into it, and it went up again. Being gone, another thick door creaked and opened, and I rid through. It closed on me with a tremendous clang, and behold me in Augsburg city. I lay at an inn called 'The Three Moors,' over an hundred years old; and this morning, according to my way of viewing towns to learn their compass and shape, I mounted the highest tower I could find, and, setting my dial at my foot, surveyed the beautiful city; whole streets of palaces, and churches tiled with copper burnished like gold; and the house fronts gayly painted, and all glazed, and the glass so clean and burnished as 'tis most resplendent and rare; and I, now first seeing a great citie, did crow with delight, and like cock on his ladder, and at the tower foot was taken into custody for a spy; for, whilst I watched the city, the watchman had watched me. The burgomaster received me courteously, and heard my story; then rebuked his officers. 'Could ye not question him yourselves, or read in his face? This is to make our city stink in stranger's report.' Then he told me my curiosity was of a commendable sort; and, seeing I was a craftsman and inquisitive, bade his clerk take me among the guilds. God bless the city where the very burgomaster is cut of Solomon's cloth!

"*January* 5. — Dear Margaret, it is a noble city, and a kind mother to arts. Here they cut in wood and ivory, that 'tis like spider's work, and paint on glass, and sing angelical harmonies. Writing of books is quite gone by: here be six printers. Yet was I offered a bountiful wage to write fairly a merchant's accounts, one Fugger, a grand and wealthy trader, and hath store of ships, yet his father was but a poor weaver. But here in commerce, her very garden, men swell like mushrooms. And he bought my horse of me, and abated me not a jot, which way of dealing is not known in Holland. But, O Margaret, the workmen of all the guilds are so kind and brotherly to one another,

I the diamonds. My queen came forth with eyes like spring violets, hair a golden brown, and witching smile. My fellow-craftsmen saw her, and put their arms round my neck and hailed me master. O noble Germans! No jealousy of a brother workman: no sour looks at a stranger: and would have me spend Sunday with them after matins; and the merchant paid me so richly as I was ashamed to take the guerdon: and I to my inn, and tried to paint the queen of diamonds for poor Gerard; but no, she would not come like again. Luck will not be bespoke. O happy rich man that hath got her! Fie! fie! Happy Gerard, that shall have herself one day, and keep house with her at Augsburg.

"*January* 8.—With my fellows, and one Veit Stoss, a wood carver, and one Hafnagel, of the goldsmiths' guild, and their wives and lasses, to Hafnagel's cousin, a senator of this free city, and his stupendous wine vessel. It is ribbed like a ship, and hath been eighteen months in hand, and finished but now, and holds a hundred and fifty hogsheads, and standeth not, but lieth; yet even so ye get not on his back withouten ladders two, of thirty steps. And we sat about the miraculous mass, and drank Rhenish from it, drawn by a little artificial pump, and the lasses pinned their crantzes to it, and we danced round it, and the senator danced on its back, but, with drinking of so many garausses, lost his footing and fell off, glass in hand, and broke an arm and a leg in the midst of us. So scurvily ended our drinking bout for this time.

"*January* 10.—This day started for Venice with a company of merchants, and among them him who had desired me for his scrivener; and so we are now agreed, I to write at night the letters he shall dict, and other matters, he to feed and lodge me on the road. We be many and armed, and soldiers with us to boot, so fear not the thieves which men say lie on the borders of Italy. But an if I find the printing press at Venice I trow I shall not go on to Rome, for man may not vie with iron.

"Imprimit una dies quantum non scribitur anno. And, dearest, something tells me you and I shall end our days at Augsburg, whence going, I shall leave it all I can,—my blessing.

"*January* 12.—My master affecteth me much, and now maketh me sit with him in his horse-litter. A grave, good man, of all respected, but sad for the loss of a dear daughter, and loveth my psaltery: not giddy-paced ditties, but holy har-

monies, such as Cul de Jatte made wry mouths at. So many men, so many minds. But cooped in horse-litter, and at night writing his letters, my journal halteth.

"*January* 14. — When not attending on my good merchant, I consort with such of our company as are Italians, for 'tis to Italy I wend, and I am ill seen in Italian tongue. A courteous and a subtle people, at meat delicate feeders, and cleanly; love not to put their left hand in the dish. They say Venice is the garden of Lombardy, Lombardy the garden of Italy, Italy of the world.

"*January* 16. — Strong ways and steep, and the mountain girls so girded up, as from their armpits to their waist is but a handful. Of all the garbs I yet have seen, the most unlovely.

"*January* 18. — In the midst of life we are in death. O dear Margaret, I thought I had lost thee. Here I lie in pain and dole, and shall write ye that, which read you it in a romance ye should cry 'most improbable!' And so still wondering that I am alive to write it, and thanking for it God and the saints, this is what befell thy Gerard. Yestreen I wearied of being shut up in litter, and of the mule's slow pace, and so went forward; and being, I know not why, strangely full of spirit and hope, as I have heard befall some men when on trouble's brink, seemed to tread on air and soon distanced them all. Presently I came to two roads, and took the larger; I should have taken the smaller. After traveling a good half-hour I found my error and returned, and, deeming my company had long passed by, pushed bravely on, but I could not overtake them, and small wonder, as you shall hear. Then I was anxious, and ran; but bare was the road of those I sought, and night came down, and the wild beasts afoot, and I bemoaned my folly; also I was hungered. The moon rose clear and bright exceedingly, and presently, a little way off the road, I saw a tall windmill. 'Come,' said I, 'mayhap the miller will take ruth on me.' Near the mill was a haystack, and scattered about were store of little barrels, but lo! they were not flour barrels, but tar barrels, one or two, and the rest of spirits, Brantvein and Schiedam; I knew them momently, having seen the like in Holland. I knocked at the mill door, but none answered. I lifted the latch, and the door opened inwards. I went in, and gladly, for the night was fine but cold, and a rime on the trees, which were a kind of lofty sycamores. There was a stove, but black; I lighted it with some of the hay and wood, for there

was a great pile of wood outside; and, I know not how, I went to sleep. Not long had I slept, I trow, when, hearing a noise, I awoke, and there were a dozen men around me, with wild faces, and long black hair, and black sparkling eyes."

Catherine—"O my poor boy! those black-haired ones do still scare me to look on."

"I made my excuses in such Italian as I knew, and eking out by signs. They grinned. 'I had lost my company.' They grinned. 'I was an hungered.' Still they grinned, and spoke to one another in a tongue I knew not. At last one gave me a piece of bread and a tin mug of wine, as I thought, but it was spirits neat. I made a wry face, and asked for water; then these wild men laughed a horrible laugh. I thought to fly, but, looking towards the door, it was bolted with two enormous bolts of iron; and now first, as I ate my bread, I saw it was all guarded too, and ribbed with iron. My blood curdled within me, and yet I could not tell thee why; but hadst thou seen the faces, wild, stupid, and ruthless! I mumbled my bread, not to let them see I feared them; but O, it cost me to swallow it and keep it in me. Then it whirled in my brain, was there no way to escape? Said I, 'They will not let me forth by the door; these be smugglers or robbers.' So I feigned drowsiness, and taking out two batzen said, 'Good men, for Our Lady's grace let me lie on a bed and sleep, for I am faint with travel.' They nodded and grinned their horrible grin, and bade one light a lantern and lead me. He took me up a winding staircase, up, up, and I saw no windows, but the wooden walls were pierced like a barbican tower, and methinks for the same purpose; and through these slits I got glimpses of the sky, and thought, 'Shall I e'er see thee again?' He took me to the very top of the mill, and there was a room with a heap of straw in one corner, and many empty barrels, and by the wall a truckle-bed. He pointed to it, and went downstairs heavily, taking the light, for in this room was a great window, and the moon came in bright. I looked out to see, and lo, it was so high that even the mill sails at their highest came not up to my window by some feet, but turned very slow and stately underneath, for wind there was scarce a breath; and the trees seemed silver filigree made by angel craftsmen. My hope of flight was gone.

"But now, those wild faces being out of sight, I smiled at my fears: what an if they were ill men would it profit them to hurt me? Natheless, for caution against surprise, I would

put the bed against the door. I went to move it, but could not. It was free at the head, but at the foot fast clamped with iron to the floor. So I flung my psaltery on the bed, but for myself made a layer of straw at the door, so none could open on me unawares. And I laid my sword ready to my hand. And said my prayers for thee and me, and turned to sleep.

"Below they drank and made merry. And hearing this gave me confidence. Said I, 'Out of sight, out of mind. Another hour and the good Schiedam will make them forget that I am here.' And so I composed myself to sleep. And for some time could not for the boisterous mirth below. At last I dropped off. How long I slept I knew not; but I woke with a start; the noise had ceased below, and the sudden silence woke me. And scarce was I awake, when sudden the truckle-bed was gone with a loud clang all but the feet, and the floor yawned, and I heard my psaltery fall and break to atoms, deep, deep, below the very floor of the mill. It had fallen into a well. And so had I done, lying where it lay."

Margaret shuddered, and put her face in her hands. But speedily resumed.

"I lay stupefied at first. Then horror fell on me and I rose, but stood rooted there, shaking from head to foot. At last I found myself looking down into that fearsome gap, and my very hair did bristle as I peered. And then, I remember, I turned quite calm, and made up my mind to die sword in hand. For I saw no man must know this their bloody secret and live. And I said, 'Poor Margaret!' And I took out of my bosom, where they lie ever, our marriage lines, and kissed them again and again. And I pinned them to my shirt again, that they might lie in one grave with me, if die I must. And I thought, 'All our love and hopes to end thus!'"

Eli—"Whisht all! Their marriage lines? Give her time! But no word. I can bear no chat. My poor lad!"

During the long pause that ensued, Catherine leaned forward, and passed something adroitly from her own lap under her daughter's apron who sat next her.

"Presently thinking, all in a whirl, of all that ever passed between us, and taking leave of all those pleasant hours, I called to mind how one day at Sevenbergen thou taughtest me to make a rope of straw. Mindest thou? The moment memory brought that happy day back to me, I cried out very loud: 'Margaret gives me a chance for life even here.' I woke from

my lethargy. I seized on the straw and twisted it eagerly, as thou didst teach me, but my fingers trembled and delayed the task. Whiles I wrought I heard the door open below. That was a terrible moment. Even as I twisted my rope I got to the window and looked down at the great arms of the mill coming slowly up, passing, then turning less slowly down, as it seemed; and I thought, 'They go not as when there is wind; yet, slow or fast, what man rid ever on such steed as these, and lived? Yet,' said I, 'better trust to them and God than to ill men.' And I prayed to him whom even the wind obeyeth.

"Dear Margaret, I fastened my rope, and let myself gently down, and fixed my eyes on that huge arm of the mill, which was then creeping up to me, and went to spring on to it. But my heart failed me at the pinch. And methought it was not near enow. And it passed calm and awful by. I watched for another; they were three. And after a little while one crept up slower than the rest methought. And I with my foot thrust myself in good time somewhat out from the wall, and crying aloud, 'Margaret!' did grip with all my soul the woodwork of the sail, and that moment was swimming in the air."

Giles — "Well done! well done!"

"Motion I felt little; but the stars seemed to go round the sky, and then the grass came up to me nearer and nearer, and when the hoary grass was quite close I was sent rolling along it as if hurled from a catapult, and got up breathless, and every point and tie about me broken. I rose, but fell down again in agony. I had but one leg I could stand on."

Catherine — "Eh! dear! his leg is broke, my boy's leg is broke!"

"And, e'en as I lay groaning, I heard a sound like thunder. It was the assassins running up the stairs. The crazy old mill shook under them. They must have found I had not fallen into their bloody trap, and were running to dispatch me. Margaret, I felt no fear, for now I had no hope. I could neither run nor hide, so wild the place, so bright the moon. I struggled up, all agony and revenge, more like some wounded wild beast than your Gerard. Leaning on my sword hilt I hobbled round; and swift as lightning, or vengeance, I heaped a great pile of their hay and wood at the mill door; then drove my dagger into a barrel of their smuggled spirits, and flung it on; then out with my tinder and lighted the pile. 'This will bring true men round my dead body,' said I. 'Aha!' I cried, 'think you

I'll die alone, cowards, assassins! reckless fiends!' and at each word on went a barrel pierced. But, O Margaret! the fire, fed by the spirits, surprised me; it shot up and singed my very hair; it went roaring up the side of the mill, swift as falls the lightning! and I yelled and laughed in my torture and despair, and pierced more barrels, and the very tar barrels, and flung them on. The fire roared like a lion for its prey, and voices answered it inside from the top of the mill, and the feet came thundering down, and I stood as near that awful fire as I could, with uplifted sword to slay and be slain. The bolt was drawn. A tar barrel caught fire. The door was opened. What followed? Not the men came out, but the fire rushed in at them like a living death, and the first I thought to fight with was blackened and crumpled on the floor like a leaf. One fearsome yell, and dumb forever. The feet ran up again, but fewer. I heard them hack with their swords a little way up, at the mill's wooden sides; but they had no time to hew their way out; the fire and reek were at their heels, and the smoke burst out at every loophole, and oozed blue in the moonlight through each crevice. I hobbled back, racked with pain and fury. There were white faces up at my window. They saw me. They cursed me. I cursed them back, and shook my naked sword. 'Come down the road I came,' I cried. 'But ye must come one by one, and, as ye come, ye die upon my sword.' Some cursed at that, but others wailed. For I had them all at deadly vantage. And doubtless with my smoke-grimed face and fiendish rage I looked a demon. And now there was a steady roar inside the mill. The flames were going up it as from furnace up its chimney. The mill caught fire. Fire glimmered through it. Tongues of flame darted through each loophole, and shot sparks and fiery flakes into the night. One of the assassins leaped on to the sail, as I had done. In his hurry he missed his grasp and fell at my feet, and bounded from the hard ground like a ball, and never spoke a word nor moved again. And the rest screamed like women, and, with their despair, came back to me both ruth for them and hope of life for myself. And the fire gnawed through the mill in placen, and shot forth showers of great flat sparks like flakes of fiery snow; and the sails caught fire one after another; and I became a man again, and staggered away terror-stricken, leaning on my sword, from the sight of my revenge, and, with great bodily pain, crawled back to the road. And, dear Margaret, the rimy trees were all now

like pyramids of golden filigree, and lace, cobweb fine, in the red firelight. O, most beautiful! And a poor wretch got entangled in the burning sails, and whirled round screaming, and lost hold at the wrong time, and hurled like stone from mangonel high into the air; then a dull thump; it was his carcass striking the earth. The next moment there was a loud crash. The mill fell in on its destroyer, and a million great sparks flew up, and the sails fell over the burning wreck, and at that a million more sparks flew up, and the ground was strewn with burning wood and men. I prayed God forgive me, and, kneeling with my back to that fiery shambles, I saw lights on the road; a welcome sight. It was a company coming towards me, and scarce two furlongs off. I hobbled towards them. Ere I had gone far, I heard a swift step behind me. I turned. One had escaped; how escaped, who can divine? His sword shone in the moonlight. I feared him, methought the ghosts of all those dead sat on that glittering glaive. I put my other foot to the ground, mauger the anguish, and fled towards the torches, moaning with pain, and shouting for aid. But what could I do? He gained on me. Behooved me turn and fight. Denys had taught me sword play in sport. I wheeled, our swords clashed. His clothes they smelled all singed. I cut swiftly upward with supple hand, and his dangled bleeding at the wrist, and his sword fell: it tinkled on the ground. I raised my sword to hew him if he stoop for't. He stood and cursed me. He drew his dagger with his left; I opposed my point, and dared him with my eye to close. A great shout arose behind me from true men's throats. He started. He spat at me in his rage, then gnashed his teeth and fled, blaspheming. I turned, and saw red torches close at hand. Lo, they fell to dancing up and down methought, and the next — moment — all — was — dark. I had — ah!"

Catherine — "Here, help! water! Stand aloof, you that be men!"

Margaret had fainted away.

When she recovered, her head was on Catherine's arm, and the honest half of the family she had invaded like a foe stood round her uttering rough homely words of encouragement, especially Giles, who roared at her that she was not to take on like that. "Gerard was alive and well, or he could not have writ this letter, the biggest mankind had seen as yet, and, as he thought, the beautifulest, and most moving, and smallest writ."

"Ay, good Master Giles," sighed Margaret, feebly, "he wa alive. But how know I what hath since befallen him? O why left he Holland to go amongst strangers fierce as lions And why did I not drive him from me sooner than part hin from his own flesh and blood? Forgive me, you that are hi mother!"

And she gently removed Catherine's arm, and made a feebl attempt to slide off the chair on to her knees, which, after brief struggle with superior force, ended in her finding hersel on Catherine's bosom. Then Margaret held out the letter t Eli, and said faintly but sweetly, "I will trust it from my han now. In sooth, I am little fit to read any more—and—an loath to leave my comfort:" and she wreathed her other arn round Catherine's neck.

"Read thou, Richart," said Eli; "thine eyes be younge than mine."

Richart took the letter. "Well," said he, "such writin saw I never. A writeth with a needle's point; and clear t boot. Why is not he in my countinghouse at Amsterdan instead of vagabonding it out yonder?"

"When I came to myself I was seated in the litter, and my good merchant holding of my hand. I babbled I know no what, and then shuddered awhile in silence. He put a horn o wine to my lips."

Catherine—"Bless him! bless him!"

Eli—"Whisht."

"And I told him what had befallen. He would see my leg. It was sprained sore, and swelled at the ankle; and all my points were broken, as I could scarce keep up my hose; and I said, 'Sir, I shall be but a burden to you, I doubt, and can make you no harmony now; my poor psaltery, it is broken;' and I did grieve over my broken music, companion of so many weary leagues. But he patted me on the cheek, and bade me not fret; also he did put up my leg on a pillow, and tended me like a kind father.

"*January* 20.—I sit all day in the litter, for we are pushing forward with haste, and at night the good kind merchant sendeth me to bed, and will not let me work. Strange! whene'er I fall in with men like fiends, then the next moment God still sendeth me some good man or woman, lest I should turn away from humankind. O Margaret! how strangely mixed they be, and how old I am by what I was three months agone!

And lo! if good Master Fugger hath not been and bought me a psaltery."

Catherine—"Eli, my man, an yon merchant comes our way, let us buy a hundred ells of cloth of him, and not higgle."

Eli—"That will I, take your oath on't!"

While Richart prepared to read, Kate looked at her mother, and with a faint blush drew out the piece of work from under her apron, and sewed, with head depressed a little more than necessary. On this her mother drew a piece of work out of her pocket, and sewed too, while Richart read. Both the specimens these sweet surreptitious creatures now first exposed to observation were babies' caps, and not more than half finished, which told a tale. Horror! they were like little monks' cowls in shape and delicacy.

"*January* 22.—Laid up in the litter, and as good as blind, but, halting to bait, Lombardy plains burst on me. O Margaret! a land flowing with milk and honey; all sloping plains, goodly rivers, jocund meadows, delectable orchards, and blooming gardens; and, though winter, looks warmer than poor beloved Holland at midsummer, and makes the wanderer's face to shine, and his heart to leap for joy to see earth so kind and smiling. Here be vines, cedars, olives, and cattle plenty, but three goats to a sheep. The draught oxen wear white linen on their necks, and, standing by dark green olive trees each one is a picture; and the folk, especially women, wear delicate strawen hats with flowers and leaves fairly imitated in silk, with silver mixed. This day we crossed a river prettily in a chained ferry-boat. On either bank was a windlass, and a single man by turning of it drew our whole company to his shore, whereat I did admire, being a stranger. Passed over with us some country folk. And, an old woman looking at a young wench, she did hide her face with her hand, and held her crucifix out like knight his sword in tourney, dreading the evil eye.

"*January* 25.—Safe at Venice. A place whose strange and passing beauty is well known to thee by report of our mariners. Dost mind, too, how Peter would oft fill our ears withal, we handed beneath the table, and he still discoursing of this sea-enthroned and peerless citie, in shape a bow, and its great canal and palaces on piles, and its watery ways plied by scores of gilded boats; and that market place of nations, *orbis, non urbis, forum*, St. Mark his place; and his statue with the

peerless jewels in his eyes, and the lion at his gate. But I, lying at my window in pain, may see none of these beauties as yet, but only a street fairly paved, which is dull, and houses with oiled paper and linen, in lieu of glass, which is rude, and the passers-by, their habits and their gestures, wherein they are superfluous. Therefore, not to miss my daily comfort of whispering to thee, I will e'en turn mine eyes inward, and bind my sheaves of wisdom reaped by travel. For I love thee so, that no treasure pleases me not shared with thee; and what treasure so good and enduring as knowledge? This then have I, Sir Footsore, learned, that each nation hath its proper wisdom, and its proper folly; and methinks, could a great king, or duke, tramp like me, and see with his own eyes, he might pick the flowers and eschew the weeds of nations, and go home and set his own folk on Wisdom's hill. The Germans in the north were churlish, but frank and honest; in the south, kindly and honest too. Their general blot is drunkenness, the which they carry even to mislike and contempt of sober men. They say commonly, 'Kanstu niecht sauffen und fressen so kanstu kienem hern wol dienen.' In England the vulgar sort drink as deep, but the worshipful hold excess in this a reproach, and drink a health or two for courtesy, not gluttony, and still sugar the wine. In their cups the Germans use little mirth, or discourse, but ply the business sadly, crying, 'Seyte frolich!' The best of their drunken sport is 'Kurlemurlehuff,' a way of drinking with touching deftly of the glass, the beard, the table, in due turn, intermixed with whistlings and snappings of the finger, so curiously ordered as 'tis a labor of Hercules, but to the beholder right pleasant and mirthful. Their topers, by advice of German leeches, sleep with pebbles in their mouths. For, as of a boiling pot the lid must be set ajar, so with these fleshly wine pots, to vent the heat of their inward parts; spite of which many die suddenly from drink; but 'tis a matter of religion to slur it, and gloze it, and charge some innocent disease therewith. Yet 'tis more a custom than very nature, for their women come among the tipplers, and do but stand a moment, and, as it were, kiss the wine cup; and are indeed most temperate in eating and drinking, and, of all women, modest and virtuous, and true spouses and friends to their mates; far before our Holland lasses, that, being maids, put the question to the men, and, being wived, do lord it over them. Why, there is a wife in Tergou, not far from our door. One came to the house

and sought her man. Says she, 'You'll not find him; he asked my leave to go abroad this afternoon, and I did give it him.'"

Catherine — "'Tis sooth! 'tis sooth! 'Twas Beck Hulse, Jonah's wife. This comes of a woman wedding a boy."

"In the south, where wine is, the gentry drink themselves bare; but not in the north; for with beer a noble shall sooner burst his body than melt his lands. They are quarrelsome, but 'tis the liquor, not the mind; for they are none revengeful. And when they have made a bad bargain drunk, they stand to it sober. They keep their windows bright; and judge a man by his clothes. Whatever fruit, or grain, or herb, grows by the roadside, gather and eat. The owner, seeing you, shall say, 'Art welcome, honest man.' But an ye pluck a wayside grape, your very life is in jeopardy. 'Tis eating of that Heaven gave to be drunken. The French are much fairer spoken, and not nigh so true-hearted. Sweet words cost them naught. They call it 'payer en blanche.'"

Denys — "Les coquins! ha, ha!"

"Natheless, courtesy is in their hearts, ay, in their very blood. They say commonly, 'Give yourself the trouble of sitting down.' And such straws of speech show how blows the wind. Also, at a public show, if you would but leave your seat, yet not lose it, tie but your napkin round the bench and no French man or woman will sit there, but rather keep the place for you."

Catherine — "Gramercy! that is manners. France for me!"

Denys rose and placed his hand gracefully to his breastplate.

"Natheless, they say things in sport which are not courteous, but shocking. 'Le diable t'emporte!' 'Allez au diable!' and so forth. But I trow they mean not such dreadful wishes: custom belike. Moderate in drinking, and mix water with their wine, and sing and dance over their cups, and are then enchanting company. They are curious not to drink in another man's cup. In war the English gain the better of them in the field, but the French are their masters in attack and defense of cities; witness Orleans, where they besieged their besiegers, and hashed them sore with their double and treble culverins; and many other sieges in this our century. More than all nations they flatter their women, and despise them. No She may be their

sovereign ruler. Also, they often hang their female malefactors, instead of drowning them decently, as other nations use. The furniture in their inns is walnut, in Germany only deal. French windows are ill. The lower half is of wood, and opens; the upper half is of glass, but fixed, so that the servant cannot come at it to clean it. The German windows are all glass, and movable, and shine far and near like diamonds. In France many mean houses are not glazed at all. Once I saw a Frenchman pass a church without unbonneting. This I ne'er witnessed in Holland, Germany, or Italy. At many inns they show the traveler his sheets to give him assurance they are clean, and warm them at the fire before him, — a laudable custom. They receive him kindly, and like a guest; they mostly cheat him, and whiles cut his throat. They plead in excuse hard and tyrannous laws. And true it is their law thrusteth its nose into every platter, and its finger into every pie. In France worshipful men wear their hats and their furs indoors, and go abroad lighter clad. In Germany they don hat and furred cloak to go abroad, but sit bareheaded and light-clad round the stove.

"The French intermix not the men and women folk in assemblies, as we Hollanders use. Round their preachers the women sit on their heels in rows, and the men stand behind them. Their harvests are rye, and flax, and wine. Three mules shall you see to one horse, and whole flocks of sheep as black as coal.

"In Germany the snails be red. I lie not. The French buy minstrelsy, but breed jests, and make their own mirth. The Germans foster their set fools with earcaps, which move them to laughter by simulating madness, — a calamity that asks pity, not laughter. In this particular I deem that lighter nation wiser than the graver German. What sayest thou? Alas! canst not answer me now.

"In Germany the petty laws are wondrous wise and just; those against criminals bloody. In France, bloodier still, and executed a trifle more cruelly there. Here the wheel is common, and the fiery stake; and under this king they drown men by the score in Paris river, Seine yclept. But the English are as peremptory in hanging and drowning for a light fault; so travelers report. Finally, a true-hearted Frenchman, when ye chance on one, is a man as near perfect as earth affords; and such a man is my Denys, spite of his foul mouth."

Denys—"My foul mouth! Is that so writ, Master Richrt?"

Richart—"Ay, in sooth; see else."

Denys [*inspecting the letter gravely*]—"I read not the etter so."

Richart—"How then?"

Denys—"Humph! ahem! why, just the contrary." He dded, "'Tis kittle work perusing of these black scratches men re agreed to take for words. And I trow 'tis still by guess ou clerks do go, worthy sir. My foul mouth! This is the rst time e'er I heard on't. Eh, mesdames?"

But the females did not seize the opportunity he gave them, nd burst into a loud and general disclaimer. Margaret blushed nd said nothing; the other two bent silently over their work vith something very like a sly smile. Denys inspected their ountenances long and carefully; and the perusal was so satisactory, that he turned with a tone of injured but patient in.ocence, and bade Richart read on.

"The Italians are a polished and subtle people. They judge man, not by his habits, but his speech and gestures. Here ir Chough may by no means pass for falcon gentle, as did I in ermany, pranked in my noble servant's feathers. Wisest of ll nations in their singular temperance of food and drink: ıost foolish of all to search strangers coming into their borders, nd stay them from bringing much money in. They should ather invite it, and, like other nations, let the traveler from aking of it out. Also, here in Venice the dames turn their lack hair yellow by the sun and art, to be wiser than Him vho made them. Ye enter no Italian town without a bill of ealth, though now is no plague in Europe. This peevishness s for extortion's sake. The innkeepers cringe and fawn and heat, and, in country places, murder you. Yet will they give ou clean sheets by paying therefor. Delicate in eating, and bhor from putting their hand in the plate; sooner will they pply a crust or what not. They do even tell of a cardinal at Rome which armeth his guest's left hand with a little bifurcal lagger to hold the meat, while his knife cutteth it. But mehinks this, too, is to be wiser than Him who made the hand so upple and prehensile."

Eli—"I am of your mind, my lad."

"They are sore troubled with the itch; and ointment for it, *inguento per la rogna*, is cried at every corner of Venice. From

this my window I saw an urchin sell it to three several dames in silken trains, and to two velvet knights."

Catherine — "Italy, my lass, I rede ye wash your body i the tub o' Sundays; and then ye can put your hand i' the plate o' Thursday withouten offense."

"Their bread is lovely white. Their meats they spoil with sprinkling cheese over them; O perversity! Their salt is black: without a lie. In commerce these Venetians are masters of the earth and sea, and govern their territories wisely. Only one flaw I find, the same I once heard a learned friar cast up against Plato his republic: to wit, that here women are encouraged to venal frailty, and to pay a tax to the State, which, not content with silk and spice and other rich and honest freights, good store, must trade in sin. Twenty thousand of these Jezebels there be in Venice and Candia, and about, pampered and honored for bringing strangers to the city, and many live in princely palaces of their own. But herein methinks the politic signors of Venice forget what King David saith, 'Except the Lord keep the citie, the watchman waketh but in vain.' Also, in religion, they hang their cloth according to the wind, siding now with the Pope, now with the Turk, but ay with the god of traders, Mammon hight. Shall flower so cankered bloom to the world's end? But, since I speak of flowers, this none may deny them, that they are most cunning in making roses and gillyflowers to blow unseasonably. In summer they nip certain of the budding roses and water them not. Then in winter they dig round these discouraged plants, and put in cloves; and so with great art rear sweet-scented roses, and bring them to market in January. And did first learn this art of a cow. Buds she grazed in summer, and they sprouted at Yule. Women have sat in the doctor's chairs at their colleges. But she that sat in St. Peter's was a German. Italy, too, for artful fountains and figures that move by water and enact life. And next for fountains is Augsburg, where they harness the foul knave Smoke to good Sir Spit, and he turneth stout Master Roast. But lest any one place should vaunt, two towns there be in Europe, which, scorning giddy fountains, bring water tame into pipes to every burgher's door, and he filleth his vessels with but turning of cock. One is London, so watered this many a year by pipes of a league from Paddington, a neighboring city; and the other is the fair town of Lubeck. Also the fierce English are reported to me wise in that they will not share their lands and flocks with wolves, but

have fairly driven those marauders into their mountains. But neither in France, nor Germany, nor Italy, is a wayfarer's life safe from the vagabones after sundown. I can hear of no glazed house in all Venice, but only oiled linen and paper; and, behind these barbarian eyelets, a wooden jalousie. Their name for a cowardly assassin is 'a brave man,' and for an harlot, 'a courteous person,' which is as much as to say that a woman's worst vice, and a man's worst vice, are virtues. But I pray God for little Holland that there an assassin may be yclept an assassin, and an harlot an harlot, till doomsday; and then gloze foul faults with silken names who can!"

Eli [*with a sigh*] — "He should have been a priest, saving your presence, my poor lass."

"Go to, peevish writer; art tied smarting by the leg, and may not see the beauties of Venice; so thy pen kicketh all around like a wicked mule.

"*January* 26. — Sweetheart, I must be brief and tell thee but a part of that I have seen, for this day my journal ends. To-night it sails for thee, and I, unhappy, not with it, but tomorrow in another ship to Rome.

"Dear Margaret, I took a hand litter, and was carried to St. Mark his church. Outside it, towards the market place, is a noble gallery, and above it four famous horses, cut in brass by the ancient Romans, and seem all moving, and at the very next step must needs leap down on the beholder. About the church are six hundred pillars of marble, porphyry, and ophites. Inside is a treasure greater than either at St. Denys, or Loretto. Here a jeweled pitcher given the seigniory by a Persian king, also the ducal cap blazing with jewels, and on its crown a diamond and a chrysolite, each as big as an almond; two golden crowns and twelve golden stomachers studded with jewels, from Constantinople; item, a monstrous sapphire; item, a great diamond given by a French king; item, a prodigious carbuncle; item, three unicorns' horns. But what are these compared with the sacred relics?

"Dear Margaret, I stood and saw the brazen chest that holds he body of St. Mark the Evangelist. I saw with these eyes, and handled, his ring and his gospel written with his own hand, and all my travels seemed light; for who am I that I should see such things? Dear Margaret, his sacred body was first brought from Alexandria by merchants in 810, and then not prized as now; for between 829, when this church was builded, and 1094,

the very place where it lay was forgotten. The holy priests fasted and prayed many days seeking for light, and lo, the Evangelist's body brake at midnight through the marble and stood before them. They fell to the earth, but in the morning found the crevice the sacred body had burst through, and, peering through it, saw him lie. Then they took and laid him in his chest beneath the altar, and carefully put back the stone with its miraculous crevice, which crevice I saw, and shall gape for a monument while the world lasts. After that they showed me the Virgin's chair; it is of stone; also her picture, painted by St. Paul, very dark, and the features now scarce visible. This picture, in time of drought, they carry in procession, and brings the rain. I wish I had not seen it. Item, two pieces of marble spotted with John the Baptist's blood; item, a piece of the true cross and of the pillar to which Christ was tied; item, the rock struck by Moses, and wet to this hour; also a stone Christ sat on, preaching at Tyre; but some say it is the one the patriarch Jacob laid his head on, and I hold with them, by reason our Lord never preached at Tyre. Going hence they showed me the state nursery for the children of those aphrodisian dames, their favorites. Here in the outer wall was a broad niche, and if they bring them so little as they can squeeze through it alive, the bairn falls into a net inside, and the state takes charge of it, but, if too big, their mothers must even take them home again, with whom abiding 'tis like to be *mali corvi mali ovum*. Coming out of the church we met them carrying in a corpse, with the feet and face bare. This I then first learned is Venetian custom; and sure no other town will ever rob them of it, nor of this that follows. On a great porphyry slab in the piazza were three ghastly heads rotting and tainting the air, and in their hot summers like to take vengeance with breeding of a plague. These were traitors to the state, and, a heavy price — two thousand ducats — being put on each head, their friends had slain them and brought all three to the slab, and so sold blood of others and their own faith. No state buys heads so many, nor pays half so high a price for that sorry merchandise. But what I most admired was to see over against the duke's palace a fair gallows in alabaster, reared express to hang him, and no other, for the least treason to the state; and there it stands in his eye, whispering him *memento mori*. I pondered, and owned these signors my masters, who will let no man, not even their sovereign, be above the common weal.

Hard by, on a wall, the workmen were just finishing, by order of the seigniory, the stone effigy of a tragical and enormous act enacted last year, yet on the wall looks innocent. Here two gentlefolks whisper together, and there other twain, their swords by their side. Four brethren were they, which did on either side conspire to poison the other two, and so halve their land in lieu of quartering it; and at a mutual banquet these twain drugged the wine, and those twain envenomed a marchpane, to such good purpose that the same afternoon lay four 'brave men' around one table groveling in mortal agony, and cursing of one another and themselves, and so concluded miserably, and the land, for which they had lost their immortal souls, went into another family. And why not? it could not go into a worse.

"But O sovereign wisdom of bywords! how true they put the finger on each nation's, or particular's, fault.

> "Quand Italie sera sans poison
> Et France sans trahison
> Et l'Angleterre sans guerre,
> Lors sera le monde sans terre."

Richart explained this to Catherine, then proceeded: "And after this they took me to the quay, and presently I espied among the masts one garlanded with amaranth flowers. 'Take me thither,' said I, and I let my guide know the custom of the Dutch skippers to hoist flowers to the masthead when they are courting a maid. Oft had I scoffed at this, saying, 'So then his wooing is the earth's concern.' But now, so far from the 'Rotter,' that bunch at her masthead made my heart leap with assurance of a countryman. They carried me, and, O Margaret! on the stern of that Dutch hoy was writ in muckle letters,

RICHART ELIASSOEN, AMSTERDAM.

'Put me down,' I said: 'for Our Lady's sake put me down.' I sat on the bank and looked, scarce believing my eyes, and looked, and presently fell to crying till I could see the words no more. Ah me, how they went to my heart, those bare letters in a foreign land. Dear Richart! good kind brother Richart! often I have sat on his knee and rid on his back. Kisses many he has given me, unkind word from him had I never. And there was his name

on his own ship, and his face and all his grave but good and gentle ways came back to me, and I sobbed vehemently, and cried aloud, 'Why, why is not brother Richart here, and not his name only?' I spoke in Dutch, for my heart was too full to hold their foreign tongues, and——"

Eli—"Well, Richart, go on, lad, prithee go on. Is this a place to halt at?"

Richart—"Father, with my duty to you, it is easy to say go on, but think ye I am not flesh and blood? The poor boy's—simple grief and brotherly love coming—so sudden—on me, they go through my heart, and—I cannot go on: sink me if I can even see the words, 'tis writ so fine."

Denys—"Courage, good Master Richart! Take your time. Here are more eyne wet than yours. Ah, little comrade! would God thou wert here, and I at Venice for thee."

Richart—"Poor little curly-headed lad, what had he done that we have driven him so far?"

"That is what I would fain know," said Catherine, dryly, then fell to weeping and rocking herself with her apron over her head.

"Kind dame, good friends," said Margaret, trembling, "let me tell you how the letter ends. The skipper, hearing our Gerard speak his grief in Dutch, accosted him, and spake comfortably to him; and after a while our Gerard found breath to say he was worthy Master Richart's brother. Thereat was the good skipper all agog to serve him."

Richart—"So! so! skipper! Master Richart aforesaid will be at thy wedding, and bring's purse to boot."

Margaret—"Sir, he told Gerard of his consort that was to sail that very night for Rotterdam; and dear Gerard had to go home and finish his letter and bring it to the ship. And the rest, it is but his poor dear words of love to me, the which, an't please you, I think shame to hear them read aloud, and ends with the lines I sent to Mistress Kate, and they would sound so harsh now and ungrateful."

The pleading tone, as much as the words, prevailed, and Richart said he would read no more aloud, but run his eye over it for his own brotherly satisfaction.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.[1]

By ROBERT BROWNING.

[Robert Browning, English poet, was born in London, May 7, 1812; married Elizabeth Barrett in 1846, and lived in Italy the greater part of his life afterward. His first considerable poem was "Pauline" (1833, anonymous). There followed, among others, "Paracelsus," "Strafford," "Sordello," "Bells and Pomegranates" (a collection including "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "Colombe's Birthday," "The Return of the Druses," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," "Luria," and "A Soul's Tragedy"), "Men and Women," "Dramatis Personæ," "The Ring and the Book," "Balaustion's Adventure," "Fifine at the Fair," "Red Cotton Nightcap Country." He died in Venice, December 12, 1889.]

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Townhall came flocking·
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?

[1] By permission of Smith, Elder & Co.

Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence.
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too long opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pitapat! —

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in —
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire·
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone."

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw

All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
— Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery,
Is breathed) called out, Oh! rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
To munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, come, bore me!
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me"

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple:
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;

And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accepted the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor —
With him I proved no bargain driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,

Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by —
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say: —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous lan
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;

The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings;
And horses were born with eagle's wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him
But when they saw t'was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers:
And, whether they pipe us free, from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.



IGNATIUS LOYOLA AND HIS WORK.[1]

BY REV THOMAS HUGHES, S J.

(From "Loyola and the Educational System of the Jesuits.")

[IGNATIUS LOYOLA, founder of the order of Jesuits (Society of Jesus), was a Spanish noble, born in Guipuscoa in 1491 While disabled by severe injuries at the siege of Pampeluna, he read the "Lives of the Saints," and resolved to devote himself to a religious life. He journeyed to Jerusalem in hopes of converting the Mohammedans there or being martyred by them, returning to Spain in 1526, he was imprisoned by the Inquisition on suspicion of sorcery. Released in 1528, he went to Paris, and having gained some adherents to a plan for a new religious order, they vowed themselves to it in 1534, and it was confirmed in 1536 by Pope Paul III. In 1541 Loyola was chosen general of the fraternity, and continued such till his death, July 31, 1556. He was beatified by Paul V. in 1609, and canonized by Gregory XV. in 1622]

THE story of the cavalier wounded on the ramparts of Pampeluna has often been told. Loyola was not at the moment governor of the city, nor in any responsible charge. But official responsibility was not necessary for him to see the path of duty and follow it. As one bound to the service of his sovereign by the title of honor and nobility, he retired to the citadel, when the town surrendered; and then, when the ramparts began to give way under the cannonading, he stood in the breach. A ball shattering the rock laid him low, maimed

[1] By permission of Mr Wm Heinemann (Crown 8vo, price 5s)

in both his limbs. At once the defense collapsed. Cared for chivalrously by those whose arms had struck him down in battle, he was transported with every delicate attention to his castle of Loyola. It was found that one of his limbs had been ill set. He had it broken again, to be set aright. Meanwhile, instinct with all the ambition of a knight, belonging to a chivalrous nation in an age of chivalry, he was not insensible to the charms of society and affection. And, out of a sensitive care for his personal appearance, he must needs have a protruding bone, which still threatened to mar his figure, sawed off while he looked on. In the loneliness and tedium of a sick room, he whiled away the hours by dreaming of his ambitions and his aspirations, and he sought to feed them with suitable nourishment. He wanted a romance to read. There was none to be had. So, instead of the novel which was not forthcoming, he took what they gave him, the Life of Christ, and the Lives of some who had served Christ faithfully. The soldier of the field and of blood felt the objects of his ambition change; he became a soldier of the spirit and eternal life. And, after the experiences of his bed of pain, and the protracted communings with another world, he arose another man; he went forth a knight as ever, but not on an expedition terminating as before. An evening and night spent in the sanctuary of Montserrat, as once before he had passed a vigil of arms, when dubbed a chevalier by the King of Navarre; a morning begun with the Holy Sacrifice attended and Holy Communion received, opened to him a new era; and he went forth, bound now by a new oath of fealty to the service of the King of Heaven.

At the side of the altar in this sanctuary of Montserrat, the Abbot of the monastery, eighty-one years later, committed to a marble tablet the record of this event, for the perpetual memory of the future: "Blessed Ignatius of Loyola here, with many prayers and tears, devoted himself to God and the Virgin. Here, as with spiritual arms, he fortified himself in sackcloth, and spent the vigil of the night. Hence he went forth to found the Society of Jesus, in the year MDXXII."

He first looked about him to find a retreat, and immerse himself in the contemplation of time and eternity. It was a Saturday. John Sacrista Pascual tells us that his mother, a devout lady of Manresa, was in the church that morning; and, accompanied by two young men and three women, she was at

her devotions in the chapel of the Apostles. A young stranger came up and accosted them. His clothing was of very common serge; for Ignatius had given away his knightly robes to a poor man. The youth looked like a pilgrim. He was not tall; he was fair in complexion and ruddy in cheek. His bare head was somewhat bald. Altogether he was of a fine and grave presence, and most reserved in look. He scarcely raised his eyes from the ground. Coming up, he asked if there were a hospital anywhere which might serve him for shelter. Regarding his noble and fair features, the lady, as became a Christian woman, offered her services; if he would follow her company, she would provide for him, in the best way possible. Courteously and thankfully he accepted her offer, and followed the party as they left the sanctuary. They proceeded slowly, for they noticed that he was lame. However much they urged him, they could not induce him to ride upon the ass. Three leagues away from Montserrat, they arrived at the little town of Manresa; and he took up his residence in the common hospital for the poor and pilgrims. Whatever alms or food was henceforth sent him first went to others, whom, in these matters, up to the end of his life, he always considered to be more in need than himself.

He now entered on his probation of Christian virtue. In the mind of the Catholic Church, the degree of virtue which he practiced is that accounted heroic. As it is not for me to dwell on it here, I will pass it over with one remark. That which is accounted ordinary Christian virtue, resting as it does on faith and hope, on principles not barely natural but supernatural, is not very intelligible to the world at large. Still less the heroic degree of the same. Both however claim to be estimated by their own proper motives and principles. When they enter into the very subject which the biographer means to treat, it appertains to his art not to ignore the objective motives and reasons of things, as they operated in his subject. In the shortest monograph, like the present, we cannot separate from the work, which he did, the man who did it. And the man is made by his motives. It were bad literary art to describe feats which are confessedly great, and not to find motives which are proportionate.

Ignatius, after a year more or less spent at Manresa, took his pilgrim's staff and journeyed on foot to Italy, and thence to the Holy Land. It was in the spirit of the old Crusaders,

whose chivalry had a charm for him up to the day, many years later, when, with his first associates of the Company, he endeavored once more to cross over from Italy to Palestine. Had he succeeded on this later occasion, he would most probably never have known the others who attached themselves to him; nor might history have busied itself with him or with them.

At the date of his return from the Holy Land, we find that he has advanced already to the second lesson in the development of his future. It is that, mature in years as he is, and full of desires for doing good to his neighbors, yet neither does mere piety place in his hands the instruments for such work; nor, if study alone can give the means of apostolic zeal, can he consider himself exempt from the law, that he must labor to acquire what are only the results of labor. He was thirty-one years of age when he betook himself, after his night's vigil, to the cave of Manresa. He is two years older now. So, at the age of thirty-three, he sits down on the school bench at Barcelona, and begins his Latin declensions.

Begrudging his studies the time which they demand exclusively, he mistakes the situation, and allows himself the exercises of an apostolic life. At his age, even supposing his earlier pursuits to have been more in harmony with his present life of letters, he is not an apt pupil. However, he labors conscientiously. After two years spent at Grammar, he is judged by his teacher, who takes a lenient view of the case, to be competent for approaching his higher studies.

He himself was dubious. His friends recommended him to ascend. He still hestitated. But, receiving the same favorable opinion from a theologian whom he consulted, Ignatius acquiesced, in accordance with his unvarying rule, to follow competent direction. How unfortunate this step was for the happy progress of his studies, but how advantageous for his experience as a future legislator, I shall proceed to show.

Leaving Barcelona for Alcalà, he meant to enjoy the best advantages which a great university could afford. He lived on alms as ever; and others lived on the alms which he received. It was the year 1626. He entered upon the study of Logic, using the Summa of Di Soto; also the Physics of Aristotle; and he pursued besides the Master of Sentences.

He had stayed only a year and a half in this rich variety of pursuits, scholastic as well as apostolic, when the novelties apparent in his manner of life ended by making him a suspected

character to the ecclesiastical authorities. To a few, among the population of the city, his fruitful zeal made him distinctly odious. The result was a juridical process against him, which issued in a complimentary verdict, the Vicar of the diocese pronouncing him and his companions quite blameless. But restrictions were imposed regarding his future ministrations, since Ignatius was not yet in holy orders. During a term of four years he was not to preach. After that time, his progress in studies would enable him to honor that important ministry, without giving offense. This was a deathblow to the aspirations of the student. He made up his mind to go elsewhere, to the famous university of Salamanca; and he turned his back on Alcalà.

The time was soon to come for a pleasant revenge; and apparently he knew of it long before it came. Just six years after the foundation of his Order, when he sent Francis Villanova to open a house at Alcalà, not only did he find men of the university embracing his Institute, but, two years after that, the whilom persecuted pilgrim received, in a single twelvemonth, thirty-four Doctors into the Society, all from that one seat of learning. The mere passing by of Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia, who had become an humble follower of Ignatius, made the choicest spirits flock to his standard; and, all over Spain, colleges sprang up as if from the soil.

In Salamanca, where likewise he and his were to figure in the future, the personal history of Ignatius is briefly told. In ten or twelve days after his arrival, he was thrown into chains. He spent twenty-two days in prison. When released, with the same commendation for himself and his doctrine as he had received at Alcalà, but with a similar restriction on his action, he thought it was not worth his while to repeat the same experiences at the same cost. So, in spite of all the eloquence of dissuasion brought to bear on him by friends, he took a new departure, which seemed plausible to him, and therefore feasible. He would try his fortunes in another land, and continue his studies in the greatest philosophical and theological center of the world, the University of Paris.

To any one who judged of things by an ordinary standard, the project was not feasible. War was raging between Spain and France; the roads were infested with hostile soldiery; many murders and robberies, committed on the persons of travelers, were recently reported. But these and other consid-

erations of the kind had no weight with Loyola, to stay him in a course once deliberately adopted. Accepting some alms from friends at Barcelona, to obtain on the way the necessaries of life, he accomplished on foot the whole journey from Barcelona to the French capital, where he arrived at the beginning of February, A.D. 1528.

He has now had experience of prisons and chains, on the charge of teaching error, or of being a dangerous enthusiast. One of the calmest and coolest of men, who never acted but he first calculated, and who never allowed himself to approach a conclusion without first freeing himself from all bias and impulse, he had suffered repeated arrest for setting people beside themselves, for moving them to give up all they had in behalf of piety or charity, and inducing them to go and live on alms themselves; nay, perhaps throw in their lives, talents, and acquirements, to serve others gratis. The founder of the Jesuits, himself the first of an Order which has the reputation of being the stanchest upholder, as well of authority in every rank of society, as of the truths taught by the Catholic Church, was put in chains, or arraigned by the ecclesiastical authorities almost wherever he appeared, though always acquitted as blameless.

In a letter written at a subsequent period of his life to King John III. of Portugal, Ignatius sums up his experiences, as including two imprisonments, at Alcalà and Salamanca; three judicial investigations, at Alcalà, Salamanca, and Paris; later on, another process at Paris; then one at Venice; finally another at Rome; — eight investigations about this one man in Spain, France, and Italy. Wherever he came, in after life, it passed as a proverb among the Fathers, that his appearance was the sure harbinger of a storm, soon to break out against them somewhere in the social or religious world. He braved all this fury in his own manner, weighing as deliberately every word he spoke, and measuring every step he took, as when he had stood in the breach of the ramparts at Pampeluna. But his personal experience made him commit to the sacred keeping of the "Spiritual Exercises" an important principle of liberal and humane prudence. It is couched in the first words of his little book, to guide teacher and learner alike. He says: —

"In the first place, it is to be supposed that every pious Christian man should be more ready to interpret any obscure

proposition of another in a good rather than a bad sense. If, however, he cannot defend the proposition in any way, let him inquire of the speaker himself; and, if then the speaker is found to be mistaken in sentiment or understanding, let him correct the same kindly. If this is not enough, let him employ all available means to render him sound in principle and secure from error."

How far the personal experiences of its founder attached by a law of heritage to his Order, I can hardly undertake to describe. But, just for the sake of completing the family picture, I will mention the heads of a doleful list, which an historian of the Society catalogues. He enumerates, as objects of attack and misrepresentation, the founder himself, the name of the Society of Jesus, the dress, rules, manners, books, doctrine, schools, sermons; the poverty, obedience, gratuitous service of the Jesuits; that they affected a kind of literary empire, under the spur of an intolerable ambition; that they were lightly tinctured, and had just sipped of many things, of which they had nothing solid to offer; yes, that they wanted to have it believed there was no sanctuary of the Muses, no shrine of sacred or human wisdom in existence, outside of their own colleges; that, from these offices of theirs, all arts and sciences came forth, done up in the best style. "In fine, whatever they do or don't do, granted that there are many false charges which their enemies concoct against them,—things too extreme to be believed,—granted that they are acquitted of many vices laid to their account, never certainly will they escape the suspicion, at least, which these charges excite." We believe it. There is a good homely English proverb which expresses the very same idea—about the happy adhesiveness of a clayey compound when cleverly thrown.

This retrospect of history was taken exactly one hundred years after the foundation of the Order. The story had begun some thirteen years before it was founded. When Ignatius became a responsible leader with associates, he had recourse more than once to the process of justice, to clear his reputation in full form. But, beyond the cases which rendered such defense prudent and necessary, his practical policy was expressed in a practical maxim, which after him his successor, James Laynez, had often in his mouth: *Deus faxit ne unquam male loquantur et vera dicant!* "God grant they never talk ill of me and be saying the truth!" Indeed, as there is no use in

trying to change men, for they will never be born anew, Ignatius looked rather in another direction for the solution of difficulties, expecting that troubles which defied other treatment might still not survive their authors. Speaking of a powerful adversary, who was raising a great storm at Toledo and Alcalà, and whom it took the royal council and then a brief from the Pope to quell, Ignatius said of him to Ribadeneira: "He is old, the Society is young; naturally the Society will live longer than he will." The same dignitary, suppressed though he was, rose again in violent opposition. Whereupon Jouvancy makes the apt remark: "So difficult is it for even the most eminent men, and so rare a thing, when once they have conceived a notion, to get it out of their heads again!" No, men are not born anew.

It is time now to contemplate Ignatius of Loyola at Paris, where some of the most precious elements in his educational experience are to be acquired.

The University of Paris. Rome.

Voluntary poverty, the austerest manner of life, the ungrateful labor of studies, and the perpetual self-discipline of a mind like his, ever bent on lofty thoughts and endeavoring to dominate the very first movements of his soul, all these conditions, added to the climate and the nature of the situation in which Ignatius found himself at Paris, brought such a strain to bear on his broken-down constitution, that, to keep up his course at all, he had to interrupt it awhile, and give some relief to his overtaxed body, or, as he held it to be, his "beast of burden."

And what about the studies themselves? If they had been a brilliant success thus far, they could scarcely have outlived such conditions of existence. As it was, they were as good as if they had never begun; or somewhat worse. He had gone about them the wrong way. Whatever solidity of learning he had kept objectively in view, something else, equally important with solidity, had been unwittingly omitted. That was a good method. Logic, Philosophy, and Theology, all taken up together, and with such compendious haste, now went together in his mind like a machine out of joint; and his speed was *nil!* The Latin language itself, the indispensable vehicle of all learn-

ing, was just so far possessed by him as to show him that, to be of any real use, it had better be commenced all over again.

Here his character asserted itself. And in no particular of his life is he more like himself, more thorough, more of a brave cavalier, "governing himself, in great things and small, by reasons most high," than when, having little facility for such pursuits, and less inclination, he makes up his mind, after a short breathing spell, to sit down again at the age of thirty-seven years, and resume his Latin declensions! In the college of Montague, he spends about two years acquiring this tongue. Meanwhile, he tries various plans to find wherewithal to live.

I need not dwell on the nature of this great center into which Ignatius had penetrated, an unknown stranger, just one of its tens of thousands of scholars. It had more than two scores of colleges. To this, the queen of universities, though she was going to be no kind alma mater to him and his Order, still the recollections of Loyola in his future legislation would always turn back with reverence. His first Professors for the Roman College, the typical institution of the Society, would be taken from those of his men who were Doctors of this university. And, whatever might be the moral condition and the religious lassitude of the university men, as compared with this penniless stranger, in 1529, occasions were to come in after times, when they showed themselves not unworthy of the enemy whom they fought to the death. When the plague of 1580 made a desert about them, the university men and the Jesuits, otherwise never seen together, save in the lists and face to face, now were everywhere, and fell fast, side by side on the field of Christian charity.

For the understanding of the Jesuit system, in its origin and its form, attention must always be paid, in the first place, to the kinship subsisting between it and the Paris University. There are, besides, many other degrees of relationship, which do not go unacknowledged, in the formation of the *Ratio Studiorum*. The system of the English universities may be recognized in the line of ancestry. Whatever was best anywhere enters the pedigree; as Lord Bacon takes note, when delivering himself like a good philosopher, but also like a good Protestant, he eulogizes and stigmatizes in the same breath: "The ancient wisdom of the best times," he says, "did always make a just complaint that states were too busy with their laws, and too negligent in point of education; which excellent part of

the ancient discipline hath been in some sort revived, of late times, by the colleges of the Jesuits; of whom, although in regard of their superstition I may say, '*quo meliores, eo deteriores*,' yet in regard of this, and some other points concerning human learning and moral matters, I may say, as Agesilaus said to his enemy Pharnabaus, '*Talis quum sis, utinam noster esses.*'"

In the University of Paris, then, as his real alma mater, Ignatius commenced his course of Philosophy in the year 1529. He finished it by standing successfully the severe examination, called *examen lapideum*, "the rocky test," considered the most searching of all in the Paris Academy. He thus became a Master of Arts, after Easter, A.D. 1534, having become Licentiate in the previous year. Particulars about his four examiners in the "rocky test," his graduation, the degrees of his companions, with the dates, as found in the Paris records, are given by the Bollandists.

He now entered on his theological studies. It was evident that the obstructions which had thwarted so many of his efforts heretofore were disappearing one by one. And more than that: the means were being placed in his hands for the great work before him. These means were a company of men. He was in the midst of a devoted little band, each one of whom he had won individually. They were Peter Lefèvre and Francis Xavier; James Lainez and Alphonsus Salmeron, both of them mere youths; there were Claude Le Jay, John Coduri, Nicholas Bobadilla, Simon Rodriguez; and lastly, the only one who at this time was a Priest among their number, Pasquier Brouet. Among these, never at their head, though considered a father by all, never leading the way, though on that account showing himself the more effectively a leader, Ignatius was all in all to each one of them. He had previously acquired some valuable experience in selecting and forming companions. But such as had gathered round him in Spain were no longer with him. Each one of his present party was a picked man.

When six of them were sufficiently advanced, he and they held a solemnity, which was the real birthday of the Society of Jesus. On the fifteenth day of August, 1534, they took a vow, in the church of the Blessed Virgin, at Montmartre in Paris. They bound themselves to renounce all their goods by a given date, and betake themselves to the Holy Land; failing in that, they would throw themselves at the feet of the Sovereign Pon-

tiff, and offer him their absolute service. Meanwhile they pursued their studies; and, as each of the two following years brought round the fifteenth day of August, it found them in the same place, and with the same solemnity, and with an enlarged number, renewing this vow. The legal birthday of the Order came only with the Papal charter on September 27, 1540.

I shall pass over the movements of Loyola, when bidden to go and recuperate in his native climate. He returned to Spain, in 1535, leaving his companions to study till 1537; and he settled the affairs of his young Spanish associates at their homes. All, when the time came, disposed of their goods in a summary way. They gave to the poor, reserving nothing, except what would pay their way to Venice, and thence to the East. Their principle was, *Dispersit, dedit pauperibus*, "He hath distributed, he hath given to the poor." Besides this, Xavier, at the date appointed, gave up the last stage of his theological studies, and resigned the glory of receiving the Doctor's cap in Paris; the brilliant young Professor sacrificed the one thing which had appealed most powerfully to his ambition and imagination. Laynez was recuperating from a severe illness, and could do scarcely more than move. Nevertheless they are all in Venice when the early spring of 1537 arrives.

Ignatius himself, meeting them there, has accomplished the work which faced him thirteen years before, and which he had taken in hand with his Latin grammar. He is now forty-six years of age.

There are three lines of activity, in which the ability and energy of Ignatius Loyola stand out before the world. One is the capacity he showed as a governor or leader of men; another is a similar competency to direct souls in the spiritual life; the third is that which we are considering at present, his legislative genius in the intellectual order. Admitting the innate talent which must have been the basis and foundation of his gift for governing, we may affirm of all the rest that the best part of his sagacity and tact had been acquired by personal experience. He learned how to act by suffering. He perfected his natural gift of guiding and commanding by first submitting to all the contingencies of human life.

We may develop the meaning of this in the present matter, pedagogy; and the meaning of it will help to unfold the subject. In quest of the necessaries of life, he spent intervals of his studious career in traveling from Paris to a great distance.

He found himself returning each year to Belgium, always on foot: he visited Rouen, and even reached London, to address the Spanish merchants there. It does not seem to have been parsimony on their side that kept him in such straitened circumstances. It was his principles which were not all in keeping with his conditions of life. He was endeavoring to combine the life of a student with absolute poverty; and he aggravated the inconveniences of such a state of dependence by placing no limits to the exercise of his charity. It was his deliberate choice; for he fed his mind continuously upon the life and example of the King to whom he had sworn his service, Christ poor and in labor from his youth. He spoke afterwards from the wisdom of experience, when he said that in absolute penury the pursuit of science cannot easily subsist, and the culture of the mind is impeded by the duties of providing for the body. Hence he legislated that, though poverty was to be the basis of his Institute, still the members, as long as they were engaged in studies, should be set free from all care of seeking the means of subsistence.

He had endeavored to combine a life of apostolic ministrations, though not yet a Priest, with that requisite absorption of mind which alone can warrant scholastic success. And he saw what it had come to. The very esteem and love which he entertained for the exercises of the higher spiritual life interrupted with intrusive thoughts that application to study which was the duty in hand. In order that no such intrusion of even the most sacred pursuits should obstruct the onward progress of the members in learning, he defined by rule the measure of such occupations, as long as study was the main duty.

Diseases weakened him. Therefore he took the greatest pains to protect the health of the members. While he lived, he did this with a personal and paternal solicitude. In his Institute, he provided the same for the future.

On commencing his studies, he embraced many branches at the same time; and he had suffered all the consequences of disorder. Grasping at too many things, he lost all; and he had then to retrieve all with loss of time. To obviate any recurrence of such costly experiences, he provided that the courses followed in the Society should have nothing disordered in them, nothing mutilated or curtailed; everything was to be in method and system; until, system and method having been

carried out in every line, and the special good of each department having been secured sufficiently for the general plan, specialized perfection should be consulted, after all that; and this was to be the appointed life of individuals, while a rounded and complete education remained the culture of all.

Once in later years he let fall these words, relative to his early experience: "He would very much question whether another but himself, having to struggle with so many difficulties and obstacles in the course of his studies, would have given so long a time to the acquisition of the sciences." Thus then was he oppressed with poverty, without the satisfaction of acting under orders; suffering so many diseases, and yet looking neither to honor, dignity, nor other human reward, such as is wont to draw men on, and animate them under fatigue; finding no pleasure nor satisfaction in the life of studies, an inducement which is so great an alleviation to mortals in the work before them. And, in all these respects, he was quite unlike the very men whom he singled out, and enlisted in the new service of devotion; unlike Francis Xavier, who had seen with perfect indifference all his brothers take to their ancestral profession of arms, or to a courtier's life, while he himself, with the whole force of an ambitious soul, ran on successfully and brilliantly in his chosen career, as a Professor; unlike Laynez and Salmeron, whose extraordinary gifts had made them Doctors of Philosophy and Divinity while still, in age, little more than mere youths; very unlike by nature to the gentle make of Lefèvre, who began life as a shepherd boy, and ever retained a pastoral sweetness of character. Unlike all of them, Loyola, a soldier born and bred, and still true to his profession, discarded every consideration of taste, comfort, and convenience, in view of one objective point to be reached: through thirteen years he struggled towards it; and, when that time of probation was over, he was a marked man. According to the law that like attracts like, and like begets like, he was surrounded by a company of marked men, few if you count their number, many if you consider the type. His name was widely known, and favorably so. When he had been paying five times over the price of his daily bread, by traveling to Belgium, to Rouen, and London, and collecting there some Spanish florins, the event seemed to show that he had been but opening the door, here and there and everywhere, for his colleges and universities in the future; albeit, if they came, adversaries came too, in

proportion. But clouds and storms purify the air. When they come again, they will still leave the air the clearer for their coming. If the laws of human conduct are consistent in one way, they are consistent in another. The disturbance comes, but it does its work and goes.

M. Cretineau-Joly, the popular French historian in our own times, speaking of events at a later juncture in the life of Loyola, makes the following observation: "Loyola," he says, "could apply to himself admirably well that proverb which says, 'When a Spaniard is driving a nail into the wall, and his hammer breaks, the Spaniard will drive the nail in with his head!'" Loyola would have his idea go through at any cost.

We shall now follow him to Italy and Rome.

In the year 1537, Rome was not quite the luxurious capital which had fallen under the sword of the Constable of Bourbon. The eternal city, whose Papal Sovereigns have left it on record from time immemorial that in no part of the world were they less recognized as lords than in their own city, had undergone a purification which differed, not substantially, but only in its consequences, from what was called for over half the countries of Europe. The riches, the luxury, the idleness, which elsewhere resulted in a complete change of religious history for many of the northern nations, had here brought about a catastrophe which sobered minds. And no longer an exclusive absorption in elaborate sloth prevented a large portion of the influential element here from doing honor to the Queen of European civilization by doing good to the world.

All roads still led to Rome. Thence too all roads diverged. It was still true that whatever commanded this center could reach out, if only by the force of prestige, to the uttermost limits of the civilized domain. Whatever this venerable source of authority chartered to go on its way, in strength and benediction, had reason to behold, in the privilege so bestowed, the auspicious opening of a useful career, intellectual or moral. It is so to-day, though not in a temporal sense. The charter, or confirmation, or bull, which conveys the recognition of the Church's Head to a project, a cause, or an institute, bestows thereupon a moral power which naturally transcends every franchise in the gift of the most powerful governments. Compared with it, they are local. And, standing no comparison with it, under a moral aspect, they do not pretend to such a power as touches the inner conscience of nations.

When therefore Ignatius turned to the great Rome, he was like the skillful commander whom he describes in a certain place: he was possessing himself of the vantage ground, taking the citadel. It would be more correct to say, as all history avers, that he meant to defend that citadel, the See of Rome. He had waited nearly a year at Venice, to carry out his project of voyaging to Jerusalem. War made that impossible. Now, in accordance with the express proviso in their vow, he and his companions repaired to Rome, and offered their services to the spiritual head of Christendom.

To win approbation for a new religious institute was no easy matter; then less than ever. The recent occurrences in the North had been due to this, among other moral causes, that the later history of certain religious orders, which centuries before had begun one way, latterly had taken a novel and fatal turn. Still, in spite of criticism and hostility, chiefly in the high places, Ignatius received at length the approving word of the Pope; and his Institute was chartered with a bull of confirmation. Henceforth, the evolution of events belongs to general history. What concerns us, in this chartering of the plan and Institute of Ignatius Loyola, is the new character it gave to education, and the epoch it made in the intellectual history of the world. To explain this matter, we may follow briefly the deliberations which the Fathers held, and in the course of which, among other conclusions, they came to decide upon reestablishing education.

It was the fourth of May, 1539, a year and a half before their services were finally accepted by the Pope. Such of the ten members as were then in Rome occupied themselves, after the labors of the day, in nightly deliberations, which were protracted during three months. They decreed, among other things, that they should teach boys and uncultured persons the necessary points of Christian doctrine, at least once a year, and for a definite time. This decree obviously is not about that secondary and superior education of youth, which is our subject; neither does it concern primary education, of which there is nowhere question in the Institute of the Jesuits. But, as the Constitution subsequently drawn up says, "this work of charity, in the Divine service, is more likely to be consigned to oblivion, and to pass into disuse, than other duties more specious in their character, as preaching," etc.

Teaching Christian doctrine pertains to the duty of those

who have the ordinary care of souls. No duty of this kind, as belonging to the ordinary sphere of the Church's clergy, would Ignatius assume as characteristic of his own Institute, except this one. He was, indeed, more than ready to throw in his contribution of personal zeal and charity, for the furtherance of all kinds of benevolence and beneficence. Personally, at the cost of untiring activity, he sowed, as Genelli well observes, the first seeds of those ameliorations in social life, and of those humane institutions, which are so marked a feature of later ages. He was an original benefactor of humanity at the turning point of modern history, which has since become an era of social organized beneficence. Urban VIII. solemnly testifies that Ignatius organized homes for orphans, for catechumens, for unprovided women; that the poor and the sick, that children and the ignorant and prisoners, were all objects of his personal solicitude. These works of zeal and charity became, in subsequent years, the specific reasons of existence for various other communities, which rose in order and in number. But he did not adopt them as specific in his Institute; nor did he assume as characteristic anything within the province of the ordinary parochial clergy, except the teaching of Christian doctrine to boys and uncultured persons. The rest he attended to while not provided for, ready to drop them when provision should be made for them.

But he did assume five works which were outside of the ordinary lines; and, among them, is the subject of our study, the Education of Youth. As the selection of all these specialties for his Institute reveal the commander's eye resting on a field where many issues were being fought out, so, in particular, his selection of education as a specialty betrayed the same masterly thought, in the institutions he projected, in the scope he proposed, and, above all, in the formation of his teachers.

There had been, among the Fathers deliberating, a difference of opinion, with respect to Christian doctrine. Bobadilla had dissented from making that work the subject of a special vow; and the others deferred to him. But there was unanimity with regard to every other topic of deliberation, including this one, "the education of youth, having colleges in universities."

As defined by Jesuit authors, the education of youth means the gratuitous teaching of letters and science, from almost the first beginnings of Grammar up to the culminating science of Sacred Theology, and that for boys and students of every kind,

in schools open to all. Evidently these university men, who were engaged in drawing up the Institute, considered that, if the greatest Professor's talents are well spent in the exposition of the gravest doctrines in Theology, Philosophy, and Science, neither he, nor any one else, is too great to be a schoolmaster, a tutor, and a father to the boy passing from childhood on to the state of manhood,—that boyhood which, as Clement of Alexandria says, furnishes the very milk of age, and from which the constitution of the man receives its temper and complexion.

It is requisite here to observe that there was no such thing in existence as State Education. Two reasons may briefly be mentioned for this, one of them intrinsic to the question, the other an historical fact. The intrinsic and essential reason was the sacred character of education, as being an original function, belonging to the primary relations of parents and child. States, or organized commonwealths, come only in the third or fourth degree of human society. It was much later, in that short interval between the extinction of the Society of Jesus and the outburst of the French Revolution, that new theories came to be proclaimed, as La Chalotais did openly proclaim them, of a bald and blank deism in social life, and therefore of secularizing education. Between deism and secularization the connection was reasonable. For, if the rights of God went by the board, there was no reason why the rights of parents and children should remain. All alike, the persons and "souls of men," fell back into the condition in which Christianity had found them; they became chattels of the state, manikins of a bureau in peace, "food for powder" in war.

The other reason was an historical fact. For all the purposes of charity, mercy, and philanthropy, there were powers in existence, as part of the normal religious life of general Christian society. They were the same powers that had made Christendom, and had carried it on so far as the Christian world, the same to which we owe the civilization of to-day. More than that. As there is not a single work of charity or mercy, says St. Thomas Aquinas, which may not be made the object of an institution, religious men or women devoting their lives as a service to God, in a special service towards their neighbors; so, in point of fact, there were very few such objects which had not originated some service of religious self-consecration in their behalf.

Now, as operating on education in particular, the powers in the world were, as they had been, almost entirely clerical or religious. In the universities, there were clergymen and Religious. All the great institutions had the religious cast about them. The old ones have it still. Traces of it hang about Oxford and Cambridge. The Church founded them and supervised them. Kings protected them. And the highest outcome of their schools was Divinity in its widest sense: that is to say, the triple knowledge of God, and of man as signed with the light of God's countenance, and of nature as bearing the impress of God's footstep. As it was in the universities, so, outside too, all pedagogic influence had rested with religious men.

But no one of all these religious powers was bound by its constitution to this labor of education, which Loyola now, formally and expressly, assumed as part of his work. It is at this stage of history that education enters into the fundamental plan of a Religious Order. This is a fact, and an epoch, of prime importance in Pedagogics.

For, inasmuch as education entered thus into the plan of a Religious Order, it became the vocation of a moral body which, while incorporated like other bodies, did not confine itself, like single universities, to limited circumstances of place: it was a body diffusive. And so with regard to conditions of time; though all corporations give an assurance of perpetuity, a diffusive body like this does more: it multiplies the assurance, in proportion to its own diffusiveness.

And again, inasmuch as the body which undertook the work of education was a religious one, bound to poverty, it guaranteed that the members would endow the work, at their own cost, with that which is the first, the essential, and most expensive endowment, among all others, — the labors, the attainments, and the lives of competent men, all gratuitously given. This endowment, which is so substantial, is besides so far-reaching, that no other temporal foundation would be needed, were it not that the necessaries of life, and the apparatus for their work, are still necessary to living men, even though they live in personal poverty.

Thus then it was that Ignatius took in charge the secondary and superior education of the Christian world, as far as his services should be called for: he threw into the work the endowment of a Religious Order. This, as the sequel proved,

meant the whole revival of learning. Lord Bacon bears witness to it in a few words, when he says that the Jesuits "partly in themselves, and partly by the emulation and provocation of their example, have much quickened and strengthened the state of learning." Father Daniel gives some of the details in a summary way. He says: "The exclusively University régime of the late centuries replaced, for a notable portion of students, by a scholastic discipline much more complete; Scholastic Philosophy and Theology renovated, through the care applied to prevent young men from throwing themselves too early into the disputes of the schools; in fine, Literature and Grammar resuming the place they had lost in the twelfth century, and, over and above that, enjoying the new resources created for their use by the Renaissance; all this I call a capital fact in the history of the human mind, and even in the history of the Church."

After the time of Ignatius, other religious congregations, fortified with their own special means for respective departments of activity, entered upon the same general field of work. They were the Oratorians, the Barnabites, the Fathers of the Pious Schools, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and others whose names may occur in the course of this essay. And, for the education of women, inferior and superior alike, congregations of devoted religious women came into being, and opened their convents to supply the best and highest culture.

For fear that, in the execution of this plan, and in their other enterprises of devotion and zeal, any secondary intentions or results, with regard to power and office, might mar the purity of the work and defeat the main object, the same men, whose future under the generalship of such a leader was about to open as one of transcendent influence in the civilized world, bound themselves by vow never to accept any dignity or office in the Church. Naturally they should keep aloof from affairs of state. In fact, it would be incompatible with their own purposes of literary and scientific competence, to leave themselves at the mercy of other men's views, and be drafted into posts outside of the Institute, and be placed in an impossible situation for working out the specific end intended. It would be suicidal too. Just when a man was capable of continuing his kind, he would be lost to the body, and be rendered incapable thereby of propagating his own type of eminence. Besides, without touching upon the inner reasons of the spiritual life,

which made this resignation of all honors desirable, it is a fact standing out in clear relief, as history sketches the marvelous fecundity of an Order requiring such a high level of attainments, that many of the choicest souls have felt specially attracted to a kind of life which at one and the same time satisfied their ideas of Christian perfection, and cut them off from all the paths of worldly glory.

And now, to mention in the last place another point, which is equally important for understanding the educational history of the Order, and to the general mind is equally obscure with some of those mentioned already, there was introduced the principle of religious obedience. It was sanctioned by a unanimous vote. The Fathers had concluded the first deliberation, whether they should form a society at all; and they had decided in the affirmative sense. Then the question took this phase. If they were to found a closely knitted society, they could do so only by assuming a strict bond. That was none other than a strict obedience.

On this head, as on all others that came in order, they began the deliberation by reasoning, one day, in an adverse sense, all having prepared their minds to emphasize every objection which they could find against it. The day following, they argued in a positive sense. The motives in favor of strict obedience won their unanimous assent. They were such as these: —

If this congregation undertook the charge of affairs, and the members were not under orders, no one could be held responsible for an exact administration of the charge. If the body were not bound together by obedience, it could not long persevere; yet this was their first intention, to remain associated in a permanent body. Whence they concluded that scattered as they would be, and already had been, in assiduous and diverse labors, they must be united by a strict principle of subordination, if they were to remain such a body. Another argued thus: Obedience begets heroism of virtue; since the truly obedient man is most prompt to execute whatever duty is assigned him by one whom, as by a religious act, he regards as being in the place of God, and signifying to him God's will: wherefore obedience and heroism go together.

This reasoning seems to be enforced by the history of all great nations, in the crises of their military and other public affairs. But, as is clear, the principles of religious obedience

are of a different order; they are on a higher plane; and they reach much farther in time and eternity than those of obedience elsewhere.

Here then we discern, sufficiently for present purposes, the meaning and historical location of this Institute. The members have cut themselves off from the possession of all private property, by the voluntary engagement to poverty, and thereby they have prepared the endowment, on which education will chiefly rest, — that is to say, the endowment consisting of the men to teach, and their services tendered gratis. Position and dignity are alike rendered inaccessible by an express vow of the members professed. Obedience keeps the organization mobile as a company of trained soldiers. And, if any observant mind, well acquainted with the course of human affairs, detects in these principles some reasons for success, normal, habitual, and regular, in the face of unnumbered obstacles, and of unremitting hostility, his view will be singularly corroborated when he rises to a plane higher, and regards the same principles as "religious," carrying with them the sanction of divine worship; which I should be loath to call "enthusiasm," much less "fanaticism." These sentiments are never very prudent, nor enlightened, nor cool; they are either very natural or are short-lived. A mild fever of fanaticism can scarcely produce high results; and a high fever of the same can scarcely last three hundred and fifty years, with perpetuity still threatening. But I would call this phenomenon, in its origin, religious devotion; in its consequences, a supernatural efficiency; and, taking it all in all, that which is called a grace of vocation.

On the twenty-seventh day of September, 1540, the Society of Jesus received from the See of Rome its bull of confirmation, by which it became a chartered body of the Church.

PREFATORY ADDRESS TO THE "INSTITUTES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION."

By CALVIN.

[John Calvin, French Protestant reformer and theologian, was born at Noyon, Picardy, France, July 10, 1509. He studied theology at Paris, and then law at Orleans and Bourges; became an avowed friend of the Reformation, and began preaching in Paris, from which he was banished for his bold attacks on Romanism. He took refuge at Geneva, and here passed the remainder of his life, with the exception of a few years spent in banishment (1538–1541). In 1559 he founded the Academy of Geneva. His chief work, which has been translated into nearly all the European languages, is the "Institutes of the Christian Religion." He died at Geneva, May 27, 1564.]

TO

HIS MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY,

THE MOST MIGHTY AND ILLUSTRIOUS MONARCH,

FRANCIS, KING OF THE FRENCH,

HIS SOVEREIGN;

JOHN CALVIN PRAYS PEACE AND SALVATION IN CHRIST.

Sire, — When I first engaged in this work, nothing was farther from my thoughts than to write what should afterwards be presented to your Majesty. My intention was only to furnish a kind of rudiments, by which those who feel some interest in religion might be trained to true godliness. And I toiled at the task chiefly for the sake of my countrymen, the French, multitudes of whom I perceived to be hungering and thirsting after Christ, while very few seemed to have been duly imbued with even a slender knowledge of him. That this was the object which I had in view is apparent from the work itself, which is written in a simple and elementary form adapted for instruction.

But when I perceived that the fury of certain bad men had risen to such a height in your realm that there was no place in it for sound doctrine, I thought it might be of service if I were in the same work both to give instruction to my countrymen, and also lay before your Majesty a Confession, from which you may learn what the doctrine is that so inflames the rage of those madmen who are this day, with fire and sword, troubling your kingdom. For I fear not to declare that what I have



JOHN CALVIN

here given may be regarded as a summary of the very doctrine which, they vociferate, ought to be punished with confiscation, exile, imprisonment, and flames, as well as exterminated by land and sea.

I am aware, indeed, how, in order to render our cause as hateful to your Majesty as possible, they have filled your ears and mind with atrocious insinuations; but you will be pleased, of your clemency, to reflect that neither in word nor deed could there be any innocence, were it sufficient merely to accuse. When any one, with a view of exciting prejudice, observes that this doctrine, of which I am endeavoring to give *your Majesty an account*, has been condemned by the suffrages of all the estates, and was long ago stabbed again and again by partial sentences of courts of law, he undoubtedly says nothing more than that it has sometimes been violently oppressed by the power and faction of adversaries, and sometimes fraudulently and insidiously overwhelmed by lies, cavils, and calumny. While a cause is unheard, it is violence to pass sanguinary sentences against it; it is fraud to charge it, contrary to its deserts, with sedition and mischief.

That no one may suppose we are unjust in thus complaining, you yourself, most illustrious Sovereign, can bear us witness with what lying calumnies it is daily traduced in your presence, as aiming at nothing else than to wrest the scepters of kings out of their hands, to overturn all tribunals and seats of justice, to subvert all order and government, to disturb the peace and quiet of society, to abolish all laws, destroy the distinctions of rank and property, and, in short, turn all things upside down. And yet, that which you hear is but the smallest portion of what is said: for among the common people are disseminated certain horrible insinuations — insinuations which, if well founded, would justify the whole world in condemning the doctrine with its authors to a thousand fires and gibbets. Who can wonder that the popular hatred is inflamed against it, when credit is given to those most iniquitous accusations? See why all ranks unite with one accord in condemning our persons and our doctrine.

Carried away by this feeling, those who sit in judgment merely give utterance to the prejudices which they have imbibed at home, and think they have duly performed their part if they do not order punishment to be inflicted on any one until convicted, either on his own confession, or on legal evidence. But

of what crime convicted? "Of that condemned doctrine," is the answer. But with what justice condemned? The very essence of the defense was, not to abjure the doctrine itself, but to maintain its truth. On this subject, however, not a whisper is allowed!

Justice, then, most invincible Sovereign, entitles me to demand that you will undertake a thorough investigation of this cause, which has hitherto been tossed about in any kind of way, and handled in the most irregular manner, without any order of law, and with passionate heat rather than judicial gravity.

Let it not be imagined that I am here framing my own private defense, with the view of obtaining a safe return to my native land. Though I cherish towards it the feelings which become me as a man, still, as matters now are, I can be absent from it without regret. The cause which I plead is the common cause of all the godly, and therefore the very cause of Christ, — a cause which, throughout your realm, now lies, as it were, in despair, torn and trampled upon in all kinds of ways, and that more through the tyranny of certain Pharisees than any sanction from yourself. But it matters not to inquire how the thing is done; the fact that it is done cannot be denied. For so far have the wicked prevailed, that the truth of Christ, if not utterly routed and dispersed, lurks as if it were ignobly buried; while the poor Church, either wasted by cruel slaughter, or driven into exile, or intimidated and terror-struck, scarcely ventures to breathe. Still her enemies press on with their wonted rage and fury over the ruins which they have made, strenuously assaulting the wall, which is already giving way. Meanwhile, no man comes forth to offer his protection against such furies. Any who would be thought most favorable to the truth merely talk of pardoning the error and imprudence of ignorant men. For so those modest personages speak, giving the name of *error and imprudence* to that which they know to be the infallible truth of God, and of *ignorant men* to those whose intellect they see that Christ has not despised, seeing he has deigned to intrust them with the mysteries of his heavenly wisdom. Thus all are ashamed of the Gospel.

Your duty, most serene Prince, is, not to shut either your ears or mind against a cause involving such mighty interests as these: how the glory of God is to be maintained on the earth inviolate, how the truth of God is to preserve its dignity, how

the kingdom of Christ is to continue amongst us compact and secure. The cause is worthy of your ear, worthy of your investigation, worthy of your throne.

The characteristic of a true sovereign is to acknowledge that, in the administration of his kingdom, he is a minister of God. He who does not make his reign subservient to the divine glory acts the part not of a king, but a robber. He, moreover, deceives himself, who anticipates long prosperity to any kingdom which is not ruled by the scepter of God, that is, by his divine word. For the heavenly oracle is infallible which has declared that "where there is no vision, the people perish" (Prov. xxix. 18).

Let not a contemptuous idea of our insignificance dissuade you from the investigation of this cause. We, indeed, are perfectly conscious how poor and abject we are: in the presence of God we are miserable sinners, and in the sight of men most despised; we are (if you will) the mere dregs and offscourings of the world, or worse, if worse can be named: so that before God there remains nothing of which we can glory save only his mercy, by which, without any merit of our own, we are admitted to the hope of eternal salvation: and before men not even this much remains, since we can glory only in our infirmity, a thing which, in the estimation of men, it is the greatest ignominy even tacitly to confess. But our doctrine must stand sublime above all the glory of the world, and invincible by all its power, because it is not ours, but that of the living God and his Anointed, whom the Father has appointed King, that he may rule from sea to sea, and from the rivers even to the ends of the earth; and so rule as to smite the whole earth and its strength of iron and brass, its splendor of gold and silver, with the mere rod of his mouth, and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel; according to the magnificent predictions of the prophets respecting his kingdom (Dan. ii. 34; Isaiah xi. 4; Psalm ii. 9).

Our adversaries, indeed, clamorously maintain that our appeal to the Word of God is a mere pretext,—that we are, in fact, its worst corrupters. How far this is not only malicious calumny, but also shameless effrontery, you will be able to decide, of your own knowledge, by reading our Confession. Here, however, it may be necessary to make some observations which may dispose, or at least assist, you to read and study it with attention.

When Paul declared that all prophecy ought to be accord-

ing to the analogy of faith (Rom. xii. 6), he laid down the surest rule for determining the meaning of Scripture. Let our doctrine be tested by this rule and our victory is secure. For what accords better and more aptly with faith than to acknowledge ourselves divested of all virtue that we may be clothed by God, devoid of all goodness that we may be filled by him, the slaves of sin that he may give us freedom, blind that he may enlighten, lame that he may cure, and feeble that he may sustain us; to strip ourselves of all ground of glorying that he alone may shine forth glorious, and we be glorified in him? When these things, and others to the same effect, are said by us, they interpose and querulously complain that in this way we overturn some blind light of nature, fancied preparatives, free will, and works meritorious of eternal salvation, with their own supererogations also; because they cannot bear that the entire praise and glory of all goodness, virtue, justice, and wisdom should remain with God. But we read not of any having been blamed for drinking too much of the fountain of living water; on the contrary, those are severely reprimanded who "have hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water" (Jer. ii. 13). Again, what is more agreeable to faith than to feel assured that God is a propitious Father when Christ is acknowledged as a brother and propitiator? than confidently to expect all prosperity and gladness from him whose ineffable love towards us was such that he "spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all" (Rom. viii. 32)? than to rest in the sure hope of salvation and eternal life whenever Christ, in whom such treasures are hid, is conceived to have been given by the Father? Here they attack us, and loudly maintain that this sure confidence is not free from arrogance and presumption. But as nothing is to be presumed of ourselves, so all things are to be presumed of God; nor are we stript of vainglory for any other reason than that we may learn to glory in the Lord. Why go farther? Take but a cursory view, most valiant King, of all the parts of our cause, and count us of all wicked men the most iniquitous, if you do not discover plainly that "therefore we both labor and suffer reproach because we trust in the living God" (1 Tim. iv. 10), because we believe it to be "life eternal" to know "the only true God and Jesus Christ," whom he has sent (John xvii. 3). For this hope some of us are in bonds, some beaten with rods, some made a gazingstock, some proscribed, some most cruelly tortured, some

liged to flee; we are all pressed with straits, loaded with dire
ecrations, lacerated by slanders, and treated with the great-
t indignity.

Look now to our adversaries (I mean the priesthood, at
hose beck and pleasure others ply their enmity against us),
d consider with me for a little by what zeal they are actu-
ed. The true religion which is delivered in the Scriptures,
d which all ought to hold, they readily permit both them-
lves and others to be ignorant of, to neglect and despise; and
ey deem it of little moment what each man believes concern-
g God and Christ, or disbelieves, provided he submits to the
dgment of the Church with what they call implicit faith; nor
e they greatly concerned though they should see the glory of
od dishonored by open blasphemies, provided not a finger is
ised against the primacy of the Apostolic See and the author-
y of holy mother Church. Why, then, do they war for the
ass, purgatory, pilgrimage, and similar follies, with such fierce-
ss and acerbity, that though they cannot prove one of them
om the Word of God, they deny godliness can be safe without
ith in these things — faith drawn out, if I may so express it,
its utmost stretch? Why? Just because their belly is their
od, and their kitchen their religion; and they believe that if
ese were away, they would not only not be Christians, but not
en men. For although some wallow in luxury, and others
ed on slender crusts, still they all live by the same pot, which
ithout that fuel might not only cool, but altogether freeze.
e, accordingly, who is most anxious about his stomach proves
e fiercest champion of his faith. In short, the object on which
l to a man are bent is to keep their kingdom safe, or their
lly filled; not one gives even the smallest sign of sincere zeal.

Nevertheless, they cease not to assail our doctrine, and to
cuse and defame it in what terms they may, in order to ren-
r it either hated or suspected. They call it new, and of
cent birth; they carp at it as doubtful and uncertain; they
d us tell by what miracles it has been confirmed; they ask
it be fair to receive it against the consent of so many holy
athers and the most ancient custom; they urge us to confess
ther that it is schismatical in giving battle to the Church, or
at the Church must have been without life during the many
nturies in which nothing of the kind was heard. Lastly, they
y there is little need of argument, for its quality may be known
y its fruits, namely, the large number of sects, the many sedi-

tious disturbances, and the great licentiousness which it has produced. No doubt, it is a very easy matter for them, in presence of an ignorant and credulous multitude, to insult over an undefended cause; but were an opportunity of mutual discussion afforded, that acrimony which they now pour out upon us in frothy torrents, with as much license as impunity, would assuredly boil dry.

* * * * * * *

But to return, Sire. Be not moved by the absurd insinuations with which our adversaries are striving to frighten you into the belief that nothing else is wished and aimed at by this new gospel (for so they term it) than opportunity for sedition and impunity for all kinds of vice. Our God is not the author of division, but of peace; and the Son of God, who came to destroy the works of the devil, is not the minister of sin. We, too, are undeservedly charged with desires of a kind for which we have never given even the smallest suspicion. We, forsooth, meditate the subversion of kingdoms; we, whose voice was never heard in faction, and whose life, while passed under you, is known to have been always quiet and simple; even now, when exiled from our home, we nevertheless cease not to pray for all prosperity to your person and your kingdom. We, forsooth, are aiming after an unchecked indulgence in vice, in whose manners, though there is much to be blamed, there is nothing which deserves such an imputation; nor (thank God) have we profited so little in the Gospel that our life may not be to these slanderers an example of chastity, kindness, pity, temperance, patience, moderation, or any other virtue. It is plain, indeed, that we fear God sincerely, and worship him in truth, since, whether by life or by death, we desire his name to be hallowed; and hatred herself has been forced to bear testimony to the innocence and civil integrity of some of our people on whom death was inflicted for the very thing which deserved the highest praise. But if any, under pretext of the Gospel, excite tumults (none such have as yet been detected in your realm), if any use the liberty of the grace of God as a cloak for licentiousness (I know of numbers who do), there are laws and legal punishments by which they may be punished up to the measure of their deserts, — only, in the mean time, let not the Gospel of God be evil spoken of because of the iniquities of evil men.

Sire, that you may not lend too credulous an ear to the

accusations of our enemies, their virulent injustice has been set before you at sufficient length; I fear even more than sufficient, since this preface has grown almost to the bulk of a full apology. My object, however, was not to frame a defense, but only with a view to the hearing of our cause, to mollify your mind, now indeed turned away and estranged from us — I add, even inflamed against us — but whose good will, we are confident, we should regain, would you but once, with calmness and composure, read this our Confession, which we desire your Majesty to accept instead of a defense. But if the whispers of the malevolent so possess your ear that the accused are to have no opportunity of pleading their cause; if those vindictive furies, with your connivance, are always to rage with bonds, scourgings, tortures, maimings, and burnings, we, indeed, like sheep doomed to slaughter, shall be reduced to every extremity; yet so that, in our patience, we will possess our souls, and wait for the strong hand of the Lord, which, doubtless, will appear in its own time, and show itself armed, both to rescue the poor from affliction, and also take vengeance on the despisers, who are now exulting so securely.

Most illustrious King, may the Lord, the King of kings, establish your throne in righteousness, and your scepter in equity.

BASLE, 1st August, 1536.



BALLAD OF THE EMPEROR'S DAUGHTER.

(Translated from the Hungarian by Sir John Bowring.)

[SIR JOHN BOWRING, English diplomatist and author, was born at Exeter, October 17, 1792, died there November 23, 1872. He traveled widely, and was master of two hundred languages, was editor of the *Westminster Review* in 1825, then Member of Parliament, on various government commissions, consul and governor at Hong Kong, etc He translated the folklore and popular poetry of several nations (Russia, 1821–1823, Spain, 1824, Poland, 1827, Servia, 1827; Hungary, 1830; Bohemia, 1832); wrote hymns still familiar ("Watchman, Tell us of the Night" is one); books on political and social topics, etc He also published "The Kingdom and People of Siam" (1857); "A Visit to the Philippine Islands" (1859)]

I HAVE an interesting tale to tell you,
Such as you never heard. List! for 'twill charm you;
'Tis of the Turkish Emperor's lovely daughter.

Two youthful heroes were of old made prisoners,
Sent to Constantinople to the Emperor,
And by the Turkish Emperor flung in prison.

The prison was adjacent to the palace;
The heroes' names were, Szilagyi Mihály
The one — Hajmási Laszlo was the other.

Szilagyi, looking through the prison trellis
('Twas Whitsunday), played an harmonious ditty
On his guitar — 'twas sweet, yet melancholy:

And spake, 'midst deepest sighs — "With father, mother,
And with mine own dear sister, this day twelvemonth,
This very day, I was so very happy!"

The Emperor's daughter, standing near the window,
Heard him — looked in — and soon was moved to pity;
Besides, Szilagyi's form had pleased the maiden.

And suddenly she sought the prison's portal,
And poured sweet comfort on Szilagyi's bosom,
And gently, sweetly, held this flattering language:

"Young hero! if upon thy knightly honor
Thou swear to bring me to the Magyar country,
And swear too (should I prosper) to espouse me —

"I shall be satisfied — and I will free thee;
Yes! I will free thee from thy prison's darkness:
So swear me by thy faith and by thine honor!"

And soon Szilagyi answered — "Free me, maiden!
And I will wed thee — by my faith and honor
I swear to wed thee, thou imperial daughter!"

And so the maiden won the prison keeper; —
Aroused at midnight both the sleeping heroes,
And led them forth to the imperial stables:

Gave each a sharpened sword in golden scabbard;
They killed the stable keepers and attendants,
And the three fleetest horses swiftly saddled.

The morning brought the tidings to the Emperor —
The prisoners were out-broken from the prison —
The boys, the keepers of the stables, murdered

They stopped the heroes at the gate of customs,
Asked them where speeding. "Out to Nagy-Szombat,
Among the wolves — with Isten's holy favor."

Five of his choicest chiefs the Emperor summoned,
And thus commanded them: "Pursue the flying—
Capture them—and produce them in my presence."

And the five chieftains hastened to the borders,
Bidding the guards arrest the flying heroes,
And bear them swiftly to the Emperor's presence.

They fell upon the heroes at the border—
Strove to arrest them—but they fought so bravely,
They forced their way, and passed in safety onward.

The chieftains heard it, and pursued the flying—
O'ertook them—and there was a bloody combat:
The chieftains fell—it was the will of Isten!

The heroes sent the maid for her protection,
What time the battle lasted, to an island,
An island not remote. The battle ended,

The heroes sought again the hidden maiden,
And then Szilagyi heard a voice of wailing—
Szilagyi saw the maiden sorely troubled.

Uttering despairing tones of lamentation,
"Merciful Isten! I have left my dwelling:
What will befall me in this dreary desert?

"O miserable fortune! But my fortune
Is far less grievous than those youthful heroes',
Who fell beneath the sword strokes of the foeman

"For them, I'll haste to death—for them, I'll make me
A burial bed upon the gloomy desert·
God! let the wolves and wild fowl be my mourners.

"Into God's hand I now my soul deliver."
Szilagyi hastened thither—and the maiden
Smiled joyous while he led her forth. They journeyed

Towards the Magyar land; they reached the borders;
And then Hajmási said to his companion,
"Let's strive who shall possess the lovely maiden."

But swift Szilagyi turned upon Hajmási:
"Nay, at thy peril; thou art wed already
To a fair bride: I'm pledged unto the maiden."

Then cried the imperial daughter to the heroes,
"Nay! not for me shall hero blood be wasted:
Fling me upon the sword — not your own bosoms."

Hajmási still persisted, and their weapons,
Unsheathed, were swiftly drawn upon each other;
And sorely, sorely was Hajmási wounded.

Then spoke the wounded man to his companion,
"Forgive me, friend! for I am well rewarded:
Well recompensed is he who breaks his duty.

"I had a gentle wife and two fair children —
The thought o'erwhelms me — I am justly punished:
Brother in arms! farewell — and O forgive me!"

So each bestowed on each a friendly greeting;
Szilagyi took the maiden to his dwelling,
And made a bride of that imperial maiden.



SCENES OF THE MILAN PLAGUE OF 1630.[1]

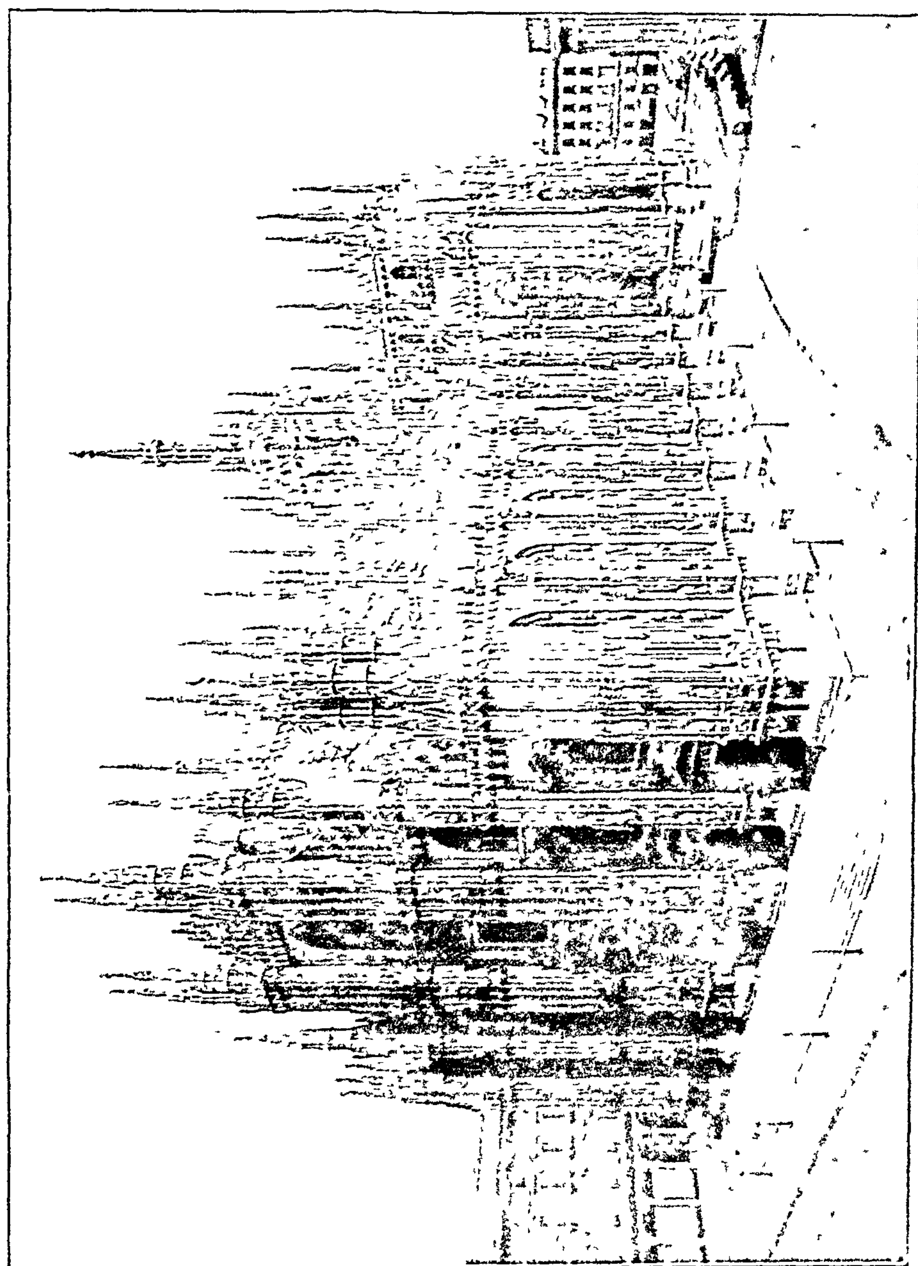
BY ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

(From "I Promessi Sposi")

[COUNT ALESSANDRO MANZONI, Italian novelist and poet, was born in Milan, March 8, 1784, graduated at the University of Pavia His mother and grandfather were noted writers. He wrote religious hymns of high rank; but his first famous composition was an ode on the death of Napoleon. He also wrote dramas of great repute; as "Conte di Carmagnola" and "Adelchi"; but his most celebrated work, the classic novel of modern Italy, is "I Promessi Sposi" (The Betrothed Pair), a historical romance (1827). He was an ardent patriot, deeply interested in the reconstruction of Italy. He died May 22, 1873.]

AMONG the public, obstinacy in denying the pestilence gave way naturally, and gradually disappeared, in proportion as the contagion extended itself, and extended itself, too, before their own eyes, by means of contact and intercourse: and still more when, after having been for some time confined to the lower orders, it began to take effect upon the higher. And among these, as he was then the most eminent, so by us now, the senior physician Settala deserves express mention. People must at least have said: The poor old man was right! But who

[1] By permission of Geo Bell & Sons. (Price 5s)



knows? He, his wife, two sons, and seven persons in his service, all took the plague. One of these sons and himself recovered; the rest died. "These Cases," says Tadino, "occurring in the Citie in the first families, disposed the Nobilitie and common People to think; and the incredulous Physicians, and the ignorant and rash lower Orders, began to bite their Lips, grind their Teeth, and arch their Eyebrows in Amazement."

But the revolutions, the reprisals, the vengeance, so to say, of convinced obstinacy, are sometimes such as to raise a wish that it had continued unshaken and unconquered, even to the last, against reason and evidence: and this was truly one of these occasions. They who had so resolutely and perseveringly impugned the existence of a germ of evil near them, or among them, which might propagate itself by natural means, and make much havoc, unable now to deny its propagation, and unwilling to attribute it to those means (for this would have been to confess at once a great delusion and a great error), were so much the more inclined to find some other cause for it, and make good any that might happen to present itself. Unhappily, there was one in readiness in the ideas and traditions common at that time, not only here, but in every part of Europe, of magical arts, diabolical practices, people sworn to disseminate the plague by means of contagious poisons and witchcraft. These and similar things had already been supposed and believed during many other plagues; and at Milan, especially, in that of half a century before. It may be added that, even during the preceding year, a dispatch, signed by King Philip IV., had been forwarded to the governor, in which he was informed that four Frenchmen had escaped from Madrid, who were sought upon suspicion of spreading poisonous and pestilential ointments; and requiring him to be on the watch, perchance they should arrive at Milan. The governor communicated the dispatch to the Senate and the Board of Health; and thenceforward, it seems, they thought no more about it. When, however, the plague broke forth, and was recognized by all, the return of this intelligence to memory may have served to confirm and support the vague suspicion of an iniquitous fraud; it may even have been the first occasion of creating it.

But two actions, one of blind and undisciplined fear, the other of I know not what malicious mischief, were what converted this vague suspicion of a possible attempt into more than suspicion (and, with many, a certain conviction) of a real plot.

Some persons, who fancied they had seen people, on the evening of the 17th of May, in the cathedral, anointing a partition which was used to separate the spaces assigned to the two sexes, had this partition, and a number of benches inclosed within it, brought out during the night; although the President of the Board of Health, having repaired thither with four members of the committee, and having inspected the screen, the benches, and the stoups of holy water, and found nothing that could confirm the ignorant suspicion of a poisonous attempt, had declared, to humor other people's fancies, and *rather to exceed in caution, than from any conviction of necessity*, that it would be sufficient to have the partition washed. This mass of piled-up furniture produced a strong impression of consternation among the multitude, to whom any object so readily became an argument. It was said, and generally believed, that all the benches, walls, and even the bell ropes in the cathedral had been rubbed over with unctuous matter. Nor was this affirmed only at the time: all the records of contemporaries (some of them written after a lapse of many years), which allude to this incident, speak of it with equal certainty of asseveration: and we should be obliged to conjecture its true history, did we not find it in a letter from the Board of Health to the governor, preserved in the archives of San Fedele, from which we have extracted it, and whence we have quoted the words we have written in italics.

Next morning a new, stranger, and more significant spectacle struck the eyes and minds of the citizens. In every part of the city they saw the doors and walls of the houses stained and daubed with long streaks of I know not what filthiness, something yellowish and whitish, spread over them as if with a sponge. Whether it were a base inclination to witness a more clamorous and more general consternation, or a still more wicked design to augment the public confusion, or whatever else it may have been, the fact is attested in such a manner that it seems to us less rational to attribute it to a dream of the imagination, than to a wickedly malicious trick, not entirely new, indeed, to the wit of man,—not, alas, deficient in corresponding effects, in every place, so to say, and every age. Ripamonti, who frequently on this subject of the anointing, ridicules, and still more frequently deplores, the popular credulity, here affirms that he had seen this plastering, and then describes it. In the above-quoted letter, the gentlemen of the Board of Health relate the circumstance in the same terms; they speak of

inspections, of experiments made with this matter upon dogs, without any injurious effect; and add that they believe *such temerity proceeded rather from insolence than from any guilty design:* an opinion which evinces that, up to this time, they retained sufficient tranquillity of mind not to see what really did not exist. Other contemporary records, not to reckon their testimony as to the truth of the fact, signify, at the same time, that it was at first the opinion of many that this beplastering had been done in joke, in a mere frolic; none of them speak of any one who denied it; and had there been any, they certainly would have mentioned them, were it only to call them irrational. I have deemed it not out of place to relate and put together these particulars, in part little known, in part entirely unknown, of a celebrated popular delirium; because in errors, and especially in the errors of a multitude, what seems to me most interesting and most useful to observe, is, the course they have taken, their appearances, and the ways by which they could enter men's minds, and hold sway there.

The city, already tumultuously inclined, was now turned upside down; the owners of the houses, with lighted straw, burned the besmeared parts; and passers-by stopped, gazed, shuddered, murmured. Strangers, suspected of this alone, and at that time easily recognized by their dress, were arrested by the people in the streets, and consigned to prison. Here interrogations and examinations were made of captured, captors, and witnesses; no one was found guilty: men's minds were still capable of doubting, weighing, understanding. The Board of Health issued a proclamation, in which they promised reward and impunity to any one who would bring to light the author or authors of the deed. "*In any wise, not thinking it expedient,*" say these gentlemen in the letter we have quoted, which bears date the 21st of May, but which was evidently written on the 19th, the day signified in the printed proclamation, "*that this crime should by any means remain unpunished, speciallie in times so perilous and suspicious, we have, for the consolation and peace of the people, this daie published an edicte,*" *etc.* In the edict, however, there is no mention, at least no distinct one, of that rational and tranquillizing conjecture they had suggested to the governor: a reservation which indicates at once a fierce prejudice in the people, and in themselves a degree of obsequiousness, so much the more blamable as the consequences might prove more pernicious.

While the Board was thus making inquiries, many of the public, as is usually the case, had already found the answer. Among those who believed this to be a poisonous ointment, some were sure it was an act of revenge of Don Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordova, for the insults received at his departure; some, that it was an idea of Cardinal Richelieu's to desolate Milan, and make himself master of it without trouble; others, again — it is not known with what motives — would have that the Count Collalto was the author of the plot, or Wallenstein, or this or that Milanese nobleman. There wanted not too, as we have said, those who saw nothing in this occurrence but a mischievous jest, and attributed it to students, to gentlemen, to officers who were weary of the siege of Casale. It did not appear, however, as had been dreaded, that infection and universal slaughter immediately ensued: and this was probably the cause that this first fear began by degrees to subside, and the matter was, or seemed to be, forgotten.

There was, after all, a certain number of persons not yet convinced that it was indeed the plague; and because, both in the Lazzeretto and in the city, some were restored to health, "it was affirmed" (the final arguments for an opinion contradicted by evidence are always curious enough), — "it was affirmed by the common people, and even yet by many partial physicians, that it was not really the plague, or all would have died." To remove every doubt, the Board of Health employed an expedient conformable to the necessity of the case, a means of speaking to the eye, such as the times may have required or suggested. On one of the festal days of Whitsuntide, the citizens were in the habit of flocking to the cemetery of San Gregorio, outside the Porta Orientale, to pray for the souls of those who had died in the former contagion, and whose bodies were there interred; and borrowing from devotion an opportunity of amusement and sight-seeing, every one went thither in his best and gayest clothing. One whole family, amongst others, had this day died of the plague. At the hour of the thickest concourse, in the midst of carriages, riders on horseback, and foot passengers, the corpses of this family were, by order of the Board, drawn naked on a car to the above-named burying ground; in order that the crowd might behold in them the manifest token, the revolting seal and symptom, of the pestilence. A cry of horror and consternation arose wherever the car was passing; a prolonged murmur was predomi-

nant where it had passed, another murmur preceded it. The real existence of the plague was more believed: besides, every day it continued to gain more belief by itself; and that very concourse would contribute not a little to propagate it.

First, then, it was not the plague, absolutely not — by no means: the very utterance of the term was prohibited. Then, it was pestilential fevers: the idea was indirectly admitted in an adjective. Then, it was not the true nor real plague; that is to say, it was the plague, but only in a certain sense; not positively and undoubtedly the plague, but something to which no other name could be affixed. Lastly, it was the plague without doubt, without dispute: but even then another idea was appended to it, the idea of poison and witchcraft, which altered and confounded that conveyed in the word they could no longer repress. . . .

Some time later, when the plague was at its greatest height, the governor thought fit to transfer his authority, by letters patent, to the High Chancellor Ferrer, he having, as he said, to attend to the war.

Together with this resolution, the *Decurioni* had also taken another, to request the Cardinal Archbishop to appoint a solemn procession, bearing through the city the body of San Carlo.

The good prelate refused, for many reasons. This confidence in an arbitrary measure displeased him; and he feared that if the effect should not correspond to it, which he had also reason to fear, confidence would be converted into offense. He feared further, that, *if indeed there were poisoners about*, the procession would afford too convenient opportunities for crime; *if there were not*, such a concourse of itself should not fail to disseminate the contagion more widely: *a danger far more real.* For the suppressed suspicions of poisonous ointments had, meanwhile, revived more generally and more violently than ever.

People had again seen, or this time they fancied they had seen, anointed walls, entrances to public buildings, doors of private houses, and knockers. The news of these discoveries flew from mouth to mouth; and, as it happens even more than usually in great prepossessions, the report produced the same effect that the sight of it would have done. The minds of the populace, ever more and more embittered by the actual presence of suffering, and irritated by the pertinacity of the dan-

ger, embraced this belief the more willingly; for anger burns to execute its revenge, and, as a very worthy man acutely observes on this same subject, would rather attribute evils to human wickedness, upon which it might vent its tormenting energies, than acknowledge them from a source which leaves no other remedy than resignation. A subtle, instantaneous, exceedingly penetrating poison were words more than enough to explain the virulence, and all the other most mysterious and unusual accompaniments of the contagion. It was said that this venom was composed of toads, of serpents, of saliva and matter from infected persons, of worse still, of everything, in short, that wild and perverse fancy could invent which was foul and atrocious. To these was added witchcraft, by which any effect became possible, every objection lost its force, every difficulty was resolved. If the anticipated effects had not immediately followed upon the first anointing, the reason was now clear — it had been the imperfect attempt of novices in the art of sorcery; now it was more matured, and the wills of the perpetrators were more bent upon their infernal project. Now, had any one still maintained that it had been a mere trick, had any one still denied the existence of a conspiracy, he would have passed for a deluded or obstinate person; if, indeed, he would not have fallen under the suspicion of being interested in diverting public scrutiny from the truth, of being an accomplice, a *poisoner*. The term very soon became common, solemn, tremendous. With such a persuasion, that poisoners there were, some must almost infallibly be discovered: all eyes were on the lookout; every act might excite jealousy; and jealousy easily became certainty, and certainty fury.

Ripamonti relates two instances, informing us that he had selected them, not as the most outrageous among the many which daily occurred, but because, unhappily, he could speak of both as an eyewitness.

In the church of Sant' Antonio, on the day of I know not what solemnity, an old man, more than eighty years of age, was observed, after kneeling in prayer, to sit down, first, however, dusting the bench with his cloak. "That old man is anointing the benches!" exclaimed with one voice some women, who witnessed the act. The people who happened to be in church (in church!) fell upon the old man; they tore his gray locks, heaped upon him blows and kicks, and dragged him out half dead, to convey him to prison, to the judges, to

torture. "I beheld him dragged along in this way," says Ripamonti, "nor could I learn anything further about his end; but, indeed, I think he could not have survived many moments."

The other instance, which occurred the following day, was equally strange, but not equally fatal. Three French youths, in company, one a scholar, one a painter, and the third a mechanic, who had come to see Italy, to study its antiquities, and to try and make money, had approached I know not exactly what part of the exterior of the cathedral, and stood attentively surveying it. One, two, or more passers-by stopped, and formed a little group, to contemplate and keep their eye on these visitors, whom their costume, their headdress, and their wallets proclaimed to be strangers, and, what was worse, Frenchmen. As if to assure themselves that it was marble, they stretched out their hands to touch it. This was enough. They were surrounded, seized, tormented, and urged by blows to prison. Fortunately, the hall of justice was not far from the cathedral, and by still greater good fortune, they were found innocent, and set at liberty.

Nor did such things happen only in the city; the frenzy had spread like the contagion. The traveler who was met by peasants out of the highway, or on the public road was seen loitering and amusing himself or stretched upon the ground to rest; the stranger in whom they fancied they saw something singular and suspicious in countenance or dress — these were poisoners; at the first report of whomsoever it might be — at the cry of a child — the alarm was given, and the people flocked together; the unhappy victims were pelted with stones, or, if taken, were violently dragged to prison. And the prison, up to a certain period, became a haven of safety.

But the *Decurioni*, not discouraged by the refusal of the judicious prelate, continued to repeat their entreaties, which were noisily seconded by the popular vote. The Bishop persevered for some time, and endeavored to dissuade them: so much and no more could the discretion of one man do against the judgment of the times, and the pertinacity of the many. In this state of opinion, with the idea of danger, confused as it was at that period, disputed, and very far from possessing the evidence which we have for it, it will not be difficult to comprehend how his good reasons might, even in his own mind, be overcome by the bad ones of others. Whether, besides, in his subsequent concession, a feebleness of will had or had not any

share, is a mystery of the human heart. Certainly if, in any case, it be possible to attribute error wholly to the intellect, and to relieve the conscience of responsibility, it is when one treats of those rare persons (and, assuredly, the Cardinal was of the number) throughout whose whole life is seen a resolute obedience to conscience, without regard to temporal interests of any kind. On the repetition of the entreaties, then, he yielded, gave his consent to the procession, and further, to the desire, the general eagerness, that the urn which contained the relics of San Carlo should afterwards remain exposed for eight days to the public concourse, on the high altar of the cathedral.

I do not find that the Board of Health, or the other authorities, made any opposition or remonstrance of any kind. The above-named Board merely ordered some precautions, which, without obviating the danger, indicated their apprehension of it. They gave more strict regulations about the admission of persons into the city, and to insure the execution of them, kept all the gates shut: as also, in order to exclude from the concourse, as far as possible, the infected and suspected, they caused the doors of the condemned houses to be nailed up; which, so far as the bare assertion of a writer — and a writer of those times — is to be valued in such matters, amounted to about five hundred.

Three days were spent in preparations; and on the 11th of June, which was the day fixed, the procession started by early dawn from the cathedral. A long file of people led the way, chiefly women, their faces covered with ample silken veils, and many of them barefoot, and clothed in sackcloth. Then followed bands of artificers, preceded by their several banners, the different fraternities, in habits of various shades and colors; then came the brotherhoods of monks, then the secular clergy, each with the insignia of his rank, and bearing a lighted wax taper. In the center, amidst the brilliancy of still more numerous torches, and the louder tones of the chanting, came the coffin, under a rich canopy, supported alternately by four canons, most pompously attired. Through the crystal sides appeared the venerated corpse, the limbs enveloped in splendid pontifical robes, and the skull covered with a miter; and under the mutilated and decomposed features, some traces might still be distinguished of his former countenance, such as it was represented in pictures, and as some remembered seeing and honoring it during his life. Behind the mortal remains of the

deceased pastor (says Ripamonti, from whom we chiefly have taken this description), and near him in person, as well as in merit, blood, and dignity, came the Archbishop Federigo. Then followed the rest of the clergy, and close behind them the magistrates, in their best robes of office; after them the nobility, some sumptuously appareled, as for a solemn celebration of worship, others in token of humiliation, clothed in mourning, or walking barefoot, covered with sackcloth, and the hoods drawn over their faces, all bearing large torches. A mingled crowd of people brought up the rear.

The whole street was decked out as at a festival; the rich had brought out their most showy decorations; the fronts of the poorer houses were ornamented by their wealthier neighbors, or at the public expense; here and there, instead of ornaments, or over the ornaments themselves, were leafy branches of trees; everywhere were suspended pictures, mottoes, and emblematical devices; on the window ledges were displayed vases, curiosities of antiquity, and valuable ornaments; and in every direction were torches. At many of these windows the sick, who were put under sequestration, beheld the pomp, and mingled their prayers with those of the passengers. The other streets were silent and deserted, save where some few listened at the windows to the floating murmur in the distance; while others, and among these even nuns might be seen, mounted upon the roofs, perchance they might be able to distinguish afar off the coffin, the retinue — in short, something.

The procession passed through all quarters of the city; at each of the crossways, or small squares, which terminate the principal streets in the suburbs, and which then preserved the ancient name of *carrobii*, now reduced to only one, they made a halt, depositing the coffin near the cross which had been erected in every one by San Carlo, during the preceding pestilence, some of which are still standing; so that they returned not to the cathedral till considerably past midday.

But lo! the day following, just while the presumptuous confidence, nay, in many, the fanatical assurance prevailed, that the procession must have cut short the progress of the plague, the mortality increased in every class, in every part of the city, to such a degree, and with so sudden a leap, that there was scarcely any one who did not behold in the very procession itself, the cause and occasion of this fearful increase. But, oh, wonderful and melancholy force of popular prejudices! the

greater number did not attribute this effect to so great and so prolonged a crowding together of persons, nor to the infinite multiplication of fortuitous contact, but rather to the facilities afforded to the poisoners of executing their iniquitous designs on a large scale. It was said that, mixing in the crowd, they had infected with their ointment everybody they had encountered. But as this appeared neither a sufficient nor appropriate means for producing so vast a mortality, which extended itself to every rank; as, apparently, it had not been possible, even for an eye the most watchful, and the most quick-sighted from suspicion, to detect any unctuous matter, or spots of any kind, during the march, recourse was had for the explanation of the fact to that other fabrication, already ancient, and received at that time into the common scientific learning of Europe, of magical and venomous powders; it was said that these powders, scattered along the streets, and chiefly at the places of halting, had clung to the trains of the dresses, and still more to the feet of those who had that day, in great numbers, gone about barefoot. "That very day, therefore, of the procession," says a contemporary writer, "saw piety contending with iniquity, perfidy with sincerity, and loss with acquisition." It was, on the contrary, poor human sense contending with the phantoms it had itself created.

From that day, the contagion continued to rage with increasing violence; in a little while, there was scarcely a house left untouched; and the population of the Lazzeretto, according to Somaglia above-quoted, amounted to from two to twelve thousand. In the course of time, according to almost all reports, it reached sixteen thousand. On the fourth of July, as I find in another letter from the conservators of health to the Governor, the daily mortality exceeded five hundred. Still later, when the plague was at its height, it reached, and for some time remained at, twelve or fifteen hundred, according to the most common computation; and if we may credit Tadino, it sometimes even exceeded three thousand five hundred.

It may be imagined what must now have been the difficulties of the *Decurioni*, upon whom was laid the burden of providing for the public necessities, and repairing what was still reparable in such a calamity. They were obliged every day to replace, every day to augment, public officers of numerous kinds: *Monatti*, by which denomination (even then at Milan of ancient date, and uncertain origin) were designated those

who were devoted to the most painful and dangerous services of a pestilence, viz. taking corpses from the houses, out of the streets, and from the Lazzeretto, transporting them on carts to the graves, and burying them; carrying or conducting the sick to the Lazzeretto, overlooking them there, and burning and cleansing infected or suspected goods: *Apparitori*, whose special office it was to precede the carts, warning passengers, by the sound of a little bell, to retire: and *Commissarii*, who superintended both the other classes, under the immediate orders of the Board of Health. The Council had also to keep the Lazzeretto furnished with physicians, surgeons, medicines, food, and all the other necessaries of an infirmary; and to provide and prepare new quarters for the newly arising needs. For this purpose, they had cabins of wood and straw hastily constructed, in the unoccupied space within the Lazzeretto; and another Lazzeretto was erected, also of thatched cabins, with an inclosure of boards, capable of containing four thousand persons. These not being sufficient, two others were decreed; they even began to build them, but, from the deficiency of means of every kind, they remained uncompleted. Means, men, and courage failed, in proportion as the necessity for them increased. And not only did the execution fall so far short of the projects and decrees—not only were many too clearly acknowledged necessities deficiently provided for, even in words, but they arrived at such a pitch of impotency and desperation, that many of the most deplorable and urgent cases were left without succor of any kind. A great number of infants, for example, died of absolute neglect, their mothers having been carried off by the pestilence. The Board of Health proposed that a place of refuge should be founded for these, and for destitute lying-in women, that something might be done for them, but they could obtain nothing. "The *Decurioni* of the Citie," says Tadino, "were no less to be pityed, who found themselves harassed and oppressed by the Soldierie without any Bounds or Regarde whatsoever, as well as those in the unfortunate Duchy, seeing that they could get no Help or Prouision from the Gouernor, because it happened to be a Tyme of War, and they must needs treat the Soldierie well." So important was the taking of Casale! so glorious appeared the fame of victory, independent of the cause, of the object, for which they contended! . . .

In public calamities and in long-continued disturbance of

settled habits, of whatever kind, there may always be beheld an augmentation, a sublimation of virtue; but, alas! there is never wanting, at the same time, an augmentation, far more general in most cases, of crime. This occasion was remarkable for it. The villains, whom the pestilence spared and did not terrify, found in the common confusion, and in the relaxation of all public authority, a new opportunity of activity, together with new assurances of impunity; nay, the administration of public authority itself came, in a great measure, to be lodged in the hands of the worst among them. Generally speaking, none devoted themselves to the offices of *monatti* and *apparitori* but men over whom the attractions of rapine and license had more influence than the terror of contagion, or any natural object of horror.

The strictest orders were laid upon these people; the severest penalties threatened to them; stations were assigned them; and commissaries, as we have said, placed over them: over both, again, magistrates and nobles were appointed in every district, with authority to enforce good government summarily on every opportunity. Such a state of things went on and took effect up to a certain period; but, with the increase of deaths and desolation, and the terror of the survivors, these officers came to be, as it were, exempted from all supervision; they constituted themselves, the *monatti* especially, arbiters of everything. They entered the houses like masters, like enemies; and, not to mention their plunder, and how they treated the unhappy creatures reduced by the plague to pass through such hands, they laid them — these infected and guilty hands — on the healthy — children, parents, husbands, wives, threatening to drag them to the Lazzeretto, unless they redeemed themselves, or were redeemed, with money. At other times they set a price upon their services, refusing to carry away bodies already corrupted, for less than so many *scudi*. It was believed (and between the credulity of one party and the wickedness of the other, belief and disbelief are equally uncertain) — it was believed, and Tadino asserts it, that both *monatti* and *apparitori* purposely let fall from their carts infected clothes, in order to propagate and keep up the pestilence, which had become to them a means of living, a kingdom, a festival. Other wretches, feigning to be *monatti*, and carrying little bells tied to their feet, as these officers were required to do, to distinguish themselves and to give warning of their approach,

introduced themselves into houses, and there exercised all kinds of tyranny. Some of these, open and void of inhabitants, or inhabited only by a feeble or dying creature, were entered by thieves in search of booty, with impunity; others were surprised and invaded by bailiffs, who there committed robberies and excesses of every description.

Together with the wickedness, the folly of the people increased: every prevailing error received more or less additional force from the stupefaction and agitation of their minds, and was more widely and more precipitately applied; while every one served to strengthen and aggravate that special mania about poisonings, which, in its effects and ebullitions, was often, as we have seen, itself another crime. The image of this supposed danger beset and tortured the minds of the people far more than the real and existing danger.

"And while," says Ripamonti, "corpses, scattered here and there, or lying in heaps, ever before the eyes and surrounding the steps of the living, made the whole city like one immense sepulcher, a still more appalling symptom, a more intense deformity, was their mutual animosity, their licentiousness, and their extravagant suspicions. . . . Not only did they mistrust a friend, a guest; but those names which are the bonds of human affection, husband and wife, father and son, brother and brother, were words of terror; and, dreadful and infamous to tell! the domestic board, the nuptial bed, were dreaded as lurking places, as receptacles of poison."

The imaginary vastness and strangeness of the plot distracted people's understandings, and subverted every reason for reciprocal confidence. Besides ambition and cupidity, which were at first supposed to be the motives of the poisoners, they fancied, they even believed at length, that there was something of diabolical, voluptuous delight in this anointing—an attraction predominating over the will. The ravings of the sick, who accused themselves of what they had apprehended from others, were considered as revelations, and rendered anything, so to say, credible of any one. And it would have far greater weight even than words, if it happened that delirious patients kept practicing those maneuvers which it was imagined must be employed by the poisoners: a thing at once very probable, and tending to give better grounds for the popular persuasion and the assertions of numerous writers. In the same way, during the long and mournful period of judicial investigation on the

subject of witchcraft, the confessions, and those not always extorted, of the accused, served not a little to promote and uphold the prevailing opinion on this matter; for when an opinion obtains a prolonged and extensive sway, it is expressed in every manner, tries every outlet, and runs through every degree of persuasion; and it is difficult for all, or very many, to believe for a length of time that something extraordinary is being done, without some one coming forward who believes that he has done it.

* * * * * * *

One night, towards the end of August, exactly during the very height of the pestilence, Don Rodrigo returned to his residence at Milan, accompanied by the faithful Griso, one of the three or four who remained to him out of his whole household. He was returning from a company of friends, who were accustomed to assemble at a banquet, to divert the melancholy of the times; and on each occasion, some new friends were there, some old ones missing. That day he had been one of the merriest of the party; and, among other things, had excited a great deal of laughter among the company, by a kind of funeral eulogium on the Count Attilio, who had been carried off by the plague two days before.

In walking home, however, he felt a languor, a depression, a weakness in his limbs, a difficulty of breathing, and an inward burning heat, which he would willingly have attributed entirely to the wine, to late hours, to the season. He uttered not a syllable the whole way; and the first word was, when they reached the house, to order Griso to light him to his room. When they were there, Griso observed the wild and heated look of his master's face, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, and peculiarly brilliant: he kept, therefore, at a distance; for, in these circumstances, every ragamuffin was obliged to look for himself, as the saying is, with a medical eye.

"I'm well, you see," said Don Rodrigo, who read in Griso's action the thoughts which were passing in his mind. "I'm very well; but I've taken . . . I've taken, perhaps, a little too much to drink. There was some capital wine! . . . But with a good night's sleep, it will go off. I'm very sleepy. . . . Take that light away from before my eyes, it dazzles me . . . it teases me! . . ."

"It's all the effects of the wine," said Griso, still keeping

at a distance; "but lie down quickly, for sleep will do you good."

"You're right; if I can sleep. . . . After all, I'm well enough. Put that little bell close by my bed, if I should want anything in the night: and be on the watch, you know, perchance you should hear me ring. But I shan't want anything. . . . Take away that cursed light directly," resumed he, while Griso executed the order, approaching him as little as possible. "The ——! it plagues me excessively!" Griso then took the light, and wishing his master good night, took a hasty departure, while Rodrigo buried himself under the bed-clothes.

But the counterpane seemed to him like a mountain. He threw it off, and tried to compose himself to rest; for, in fact, *he was dying of sleep. But scarcely had he closed his eyes*, when he awoke again with a start, as if some wickedly disposed person were giving him a shake; and he felt an increase of burning heat, an increase of delirium. His thoughts recurred to the season, the wine, and his debauchery; he would gladly have given them the blame of all; but there was constantly substituted, of its own accord, for these ideas, that which was then associated with all, which entered, so to say, by every sense, which had been introduced into all the conversations at the banquet, since it was much easier to turn it into ridicule than to get out of its reach — the pestilence.

After a long battle, he at length fell asleep, and began to dream the most gloomy and disquieting dreams in the world. He went on from one thing to another, till he seemed to find himself in a large church, in the first ranks, in the midst of a great crowd of people; there he was wondering how he had got there, how the thought had ever entered his head, particularly at such a time; and he felt in his heart excessively vexed. He looked at the bystanders; they had all pale emaciated countenances, with staring and glistening eyes, and hanging lips; their garments were tattered, and falling to pieces; and through the rents appeared livid spots, and swellings. "Make room, you rabble!" he fancied he cried, looking towards the door, which was far, far away; and accompanying the cry with a threatening expression of countenance, but without moving a limb; nay, even drawing up his body to avoid coming in contact with those polluted creatures, who crowded only too closely upon him on every side. But not one of the senseless

beings seemed to move, nor even to have heard him; nay, they pressed still more upon him; and, above all, it felt as if some one of them with his elbow, or whatever it might be, was pushing against his left side, between the heart and the armpit, where he felt a painful, and, as it were, heavy pressure. And if he writhed himself to get rid of this uneasy feeling, immediately a fresh unknown something began to prick him in the very same place. Enraged, he attempted to lay his hand on his sword; and then it seemed as if the thronging of the multitude had raised it up level with his chest, and that it was the hilt of it which pressed so in that spot; and the moment he touched it he felt a still sharper stitch. He cried out, panted, and would have uttered a still louder cry, when, behold! all these faces turned in one direction. He looked the same way, perceived a pulpit, and saw slowly rising above its edge something round, smooth, and shining; then rose, and distinctly appeared, a bald head; then two eyes, a face, a long and white beard, and the upright figure of a friar, visible above the sides down to the girdle; it was friar Cristoforo. Darting a look around upon his audience, he seemed to Don Rodrigo to fix his gaze on him, at the same time raising his hand in exactly the attitude he had assumed in that room on the ground floor in his palace. Don Rodrigo then himself lifted up his hand in fury, and made an effort, as if to throw himself forward and grasp that arm extended in the air; a voice, which had been vainly and secretly struggling in his throat, burst forth in a great howl; and he awoke. He dropped the arm he had in reality uplifted, strove, with some difficulty, to recover the right meaning of everything, and to open his eyes, for the light of the already advanced day gave him no less uneasiness than that of the candle had done; recognized his bed and his chamber; understood that all had been a dream; the church, the people, the friar, all had vanished — all, but one thing — that pain in his left side. Together with this, he felt a frightful acceleration of palpitation at the heart, a noise and humming in his ears, a raging fire within, and a weight in all his limbs, worse than when he lay down. He hesitated a little before looking at the spot that pained him; at length, he uncovered it, and glanced at it with a shudder: there was a hideous spot, of a livid purple hue.

The man saw himself lost; the terror of death seized him, and, with perhaps still stronger feeling, the terror of becoming

the prey of *monatti*, of being carried off, of being thrown into the Lazzeretto. And as he deliberated on the way of avoiding this horrible fate, he felt his thoughts become more perplexed and obscure; he felt the moment drawing near that would leave him only consciousness enough to reduce him to despair. He grasped the bell, and shook it violently. Griso, who was on the alert, immediately answered its summons. He stood at some distance from the bed, gazed attentively at his master, and was at once convinced of what he had conjectured the night before.

"Griso!" said Don Rodrigo, with difficulty raising himself, and sitting up in his bed, "you have always been my trusty servant."

"Yes, Signor."

"I have always dealt well by you."

"Of your bounty."

"I think I may trust you . . ."

"The ——!"

"I am ill, Griso."

"I had perceived it."

"If I recover, I will heap upon you more favors than I have ever yet done."

Griso made no answer, and stood waiting to see to what all these preambles would lead.

"I will not trust myself to anybody but you," resumed Don Rodrigo; "do me a kindness, Griso."

"Command me," said he, replying with this usual formula to that unusual one.

"Do you know where the surgeon, Chiodo, lives?"

"I know very well."

"He is a worthy man, who, if he is well paid, will conceal the sick. Go and find him; tell him I will give him four, six *scudi* a visit; more, if he demands more. Tell him to come here directly; and do the thing cleverly, so that nobody may observe it."

"Well thought of," said Griso; "I go, and return."

"Listen, Griso; give me a drop of water first. I am so parched with thirst, I can bear it no longer."

"Signor, no," replied Griso; "nothing without the doctor's leave. These are ticklish complaints; there is no time to be lost. Keep quiet—in the twinkling of an eye I'll be here with Chiodo."

So saying, he went out, impatiently shutting the door behind him.

Don Rodrigo lay down, and accompanied him, in imagination, to Chiodo's house, counting the steps, calculating the time. Now and then he would turn to look at his left side, but quickly averted his face with a shudder. After some time, he began to listen eagerly for the surgeon's arrival; and this effort of attention suspended his sense of illness, and kept his thoughts in some degree of order. All of a sudden, he heard a distant sound, which seemed, however, to come from the rooms, not the street. He listened still more intently; he heard it louder, more quickly repeated; and with it a trampling of footsteps. A horrid suspicion rushed into his mind. He sat up, and gave still greater attention; he heard a dead sound in the next room as if a weight were being cautiously set down. He threw his legs out of bed, as if to get up; peeped at the door, saw it open, and beheld before his eyes, and advancing towards him, two ragged and filthy red dresses, two ill-looking faces—in one word, two *monatti*. He distinguished, too, half of Griso's face, who, hidden behind the almost closed door, remained there on the lookout.

"Ah, infamous traitor! . . . Begone, you rascals! Biondino! Carlotto! help! I'm murdered!" shouted Don Rodrigo. He thrust one hand under the bolster in search of a pistol; grasped it; drew it out; but, at his first cry, the *monatti* had rushed up to the bed; the foremost is upon him before he can do anything further; he wrenches the pistol out of his hand, throws it to a distance, forces him to lie down again, and keeps him there, crying with a grin of fury mingled with contempt, "Ah, villain! against the *monatti!* against the officers of the Board! against those who perform works of mercy!"

"Hold him fast till we carry him off," said his companion, going towards a trunk. Griso then entered, and began with him to force open the lock.

"Scoundrel!" howled Don Rodrigo, looking at him from under the fellow who held him down, and writhing himself under the grasp of his sinewy arms. "First let me kill that infamous rascal!" said he to the *monatti*, "and afterwards do with me what you will." Then he began to shout with loud cries to his other servants: but in vain he called, for the abominable Griso had sent them all off with pretended orders from their master himself, before going to pro-

pose to the *monatti* to come on this expedition, and divide the spoil.

"Be quiet, will you," said the villain who held him down upon the bed, to the unfortunate Don Rodrigo. And turning his face to the two who were seizing the booty, he cried to them, "Do your work like honest fellows."

"You! you!" roared Don Rodrigo to Griso, whom he beheld busying himself in breaking open, taking out money and clothes, and dividing them. "You! after! . . . Ah, fiend of hell! I may still recover! I may still recover!" Griso spoke not, nor, more than he could help, even turned in the direction whence these words proceeded.

"Hold him fast," said the other *monatto;* "he's frantic."

The miserable being became so indeed. After one last and more violent effort of cries and contortions, he suddenly sank down senseless in a swoon; he still, however, stared fixedly, as if spellbound; and from time to time gave a feeble struggle, or uttered a kind of howl.

The *monatti* took him, one by the feet and the other by the shoulders, and went to deposit him on a handbarrow which they had left in the adjoining room; afterwards one returned to fetch the booty; and then, taking up their miserable burden, they carried all away.

Griso remained behind to select in haste whatever more might be of use to him; and making them up into a bundle, took his departure. He had carefully avoided touching the *monatti*, or being touched by them; but in the last hurry of plunder, he had taken from the bedside his master's clothes and shaken them, without thinking of anything but of seeing whether there were money in them. He was forced to think of it, however, the next day; for, while making merry in a public house, he was suddenly seized with a cold shiver, his eyes became clouded, his strength failed him, and he sank to the ground. Abandoned by his companions, he fell into the hands of the *monatti*, who despoiling him of whatever he had about him worth having, threw him upon a car, on which he expired before reaching the Lazzeretto, whither his master had been carried.

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A little further on, he [Renzo] came out into a part which might still be called the city of the living — but what a city, and what living! All the doorways into the streets kept shut from

either suspicion or alarm, except those which were left open because deserted or invaded; others nailed up and sealed outside, on account of the sick, or dead, who lay within; others marked with a cross drawn with coal, as an intimation to the *monatti* that there were dead to be carried away: all more a matter of chance than otherwise, according as there happened to be here, rather than there, a commissary of health, or other officer, who was inclined either to execute the regulations, or to exercise violence and oppression. Everywhere were rags and corrupted bandages, infected straw, or clothes, or sheets, thrown from the windows; sometimes bodies, which had suddenly fallen dead in the streets, and were left there till a cart happened to pass by and pick them up, or shaken from off the carts themselves, or even thrown from the windows. To such a degree had the obstinacy and virulence of the contagion brutalized men's minds and divested them of all compassionate care, of every feeling of social respect! The stir of business, the clatter of carriages, the cries of sellers, the talking of passengers, all were everywhere hushed; and seldom was the deathlike stillness broken but by the rumbling of funeral cars, the lamentations of beggars, the groans of the sick, the shouts of the frantic, or the vociferations of the *monatti*. At daybreak, midday, and evening, one of the bells of the cathedral gave the signal for reciting certain prayers proposed by the Archbishop; its tones were responded to by the bells of the other churches; and then persons might be seen repairing to the windows to pray in common; and a murmur of sighs and voices might be heard which inspired sadness, mingled at the same time with some feeling of comfort.

Two thirds, perhaps, of the inhabitants being by this time carried off, a great part of the remainder having departed or lying languishing at home, and the concourse from without being reduced almost to nothing, perhaps not one individual among the few who still went about, would be met with in a long circuit, in whom something strange, and sufficient in itself to infer a fatal change in circumstances, was not apparent. Men of the highest rank might be seen without cape or cloak, at that time a most essential part of any gentleman's dress; priests without cassocks, friars without cowls; in short, all kinds of dress were dispensed with which could contract anything in fluttering about, or give (which was more feared than all the rest) facilities to the poisoners. And besides this care-

fulness to go about as trussed up and confined as possible, their persons were neglected and disorderly; the beards of such as were accustomed to wear them grown much longer, and suffered to grow by those who had formerly kept them shaven; their hair, too, long and undressed, not only from the neglect which usually attends prolonged depression, but because suspicion had been attached to barbers ever since one of them, Giangiacomo Mora, had been taken and condemned as a famous poisoner; a name which, for a long while afterwards, preserved throughout the duchy a preëminent celebrity in infamy, and deserved a far more extensive and lasting one in commiseration. The greater number carried in one hand a stick, some even a pistol, as a threatening warning to any one who should attempt to approach them stealthily; and in the other, perfumed pastils, or little balls of metal or wood, perforated and filled with sponges steeped in aromatic vinegar, which they applied from time to time, as they went along, to their noses, or held there continually. Some carried a small vial hung round their neck, containing a little quicksilver, persuaded that this possessed the virtue of absorbing and arresting every pestilential effluvia; this they were very careful to renew from time to time. Gentlemen not only traversed the streets without their usual attendants, but even went about with a basket on their arms, providing the common necessaries of life. Even friends, when they met in the streets alive, saluted each other at a distance, with silent and hasty signs. Every one, as he walked along, had enough to do to avoid the filthy and deadly stumbling-blocks with which the ground was strewn, and in some places even encumbered. Every one tried to keep the middle of the road, for fear of some other obstacle, some other more fatal weight, which might fall from the windows; for fear of venomous powders, which it was affirmed were often thrown down thence upon the passengers; for fear, too, of the walls, which might, perchance, be anointed. Thus ignorance, unseasonably secure, or preposterously circumspect, now added trouble to trouble, and incited false terrors in compensation for the reasonable and salutary ones which it had withstood at the beginning.

Such are the less disfigured and pitiable spectacles which were everywhere present; the sight of the whole, the wealthy; for after so many pictures of misery, and remembering that still more painful one which it remains for us to describe, we will not now stop to tell what was the condition of the sick who

dragged themselves along, or lay in the streets — beggars, women, children. It was such that the spectator could find a desperate consolation, as it were, in what appears at first sight, to those who are far removed in place and time, the climax of misery; the thought, I mean, — the constant observation, that the survivors were reduced to so small a number.

Renzo had already gone some distance on his way through the midst of this desolation, when he heard, proceeding from a street a few yards off, into which he had been directed to turn, a confused noise, in which he readily distinguished the usual horrible tinkling.

At the entrance of the street, which was one of the most spacious, he perceived four carts standing in the middle; and as in a corn market there is a constant hurrying to and fro of people, and an emptying and filling of sacks, such was the bustle here; *monatti* intruding into houses, *monatti* coming out, bearing a burden upon their shoulders, which they placed upon one or other of the carts; some in red livery, others without that distinction: many with another still more odious, plumes and cloaks of various colors, which these miserable wretches wore in the midst of the general mourning, as if in honor of a festival. From time to time the mournful cry resounded from one of the windows: "Here, *monatti!*" And, with a still more wretched sound, a harsh voice rose from this horrible source in reply: "Coming directly!" Or else there were lamentations nearer at hand, or entreaties to make haste; to which the *monatti* responded with oaths.

Having entered the street, Renzo quickened his steps, trying not to look at these obstacles further than was necessary to avoid them; his attention, however, was arrested by a remarkable object of pity, such pity as inclines to the contemplation of its object; so that he came to a pause almost without determining to do so.

Coming down the steps of one of the doorways, and advancing towards the convoy, he beheld a woman, whose appearance announced still-remaining, though somewhat advanced, youthfulness; a veiled and dimmed, but not destroyed, beauty was still apparent, in spite of much suffering, and a fatal languor — that delicate, and, at the same time, majestic, beauty which is conspicuous in the Lombard blood. Her gait was weary, but not tottering; no tears fell from her eyes, though they bore tokens of having shed many; there was something peaceful

and profound in her sorrow, which indicated a mind fully conscious and sensitive enough to feel it. But it was not only her own appearance which, in the midst of so much misery, marked her out so especially as an object of commiseration, and revived in her behalf a feeling now exhausted — extinguished, in men's hearts. She carried in her arms a little child, about nine years old, now a lifeless body; but laid out and arranged, with her hair parted on her forehead, and in a white and remarkably clean dress, as if those hands had decked her out for a long-promised feast, granted as a reward. Nor was she lying there, but upheld and adjusted on one arm, with her breast reclining against her mother's, like a living creature; save that a delicate little hand, as white as wax, hung from one side with a kind of inanimate weight, and the head rested upon her mother's shoulder with an abandonment deeper than that of sleep: her mother; for, even if their likeness to each other had not given assurance of the fact, the countenance which still depicted any feeling would have clearly revealed it.

A horrible-looking *monatto* approached the woman, and attempted to take the burden from her arms, with a kind of unusual respect, however, and with involuntary hesitation. But she, slightly drawing back, yet with the air of one who shows neither scorn nor displeasure, said, "No! don't take her from me yet; I must place her myself on this cart: here." So saying, she opened her hand, displayed a purse which she held in it, and dropped it into that which the *monatto* extended towards her. She then continued: "Promise me not to take a thread from around her, nor to let any one else attempt to do so, and to lay her in the ground thus."

The *monatto* laid his right hand on his heart; and then zealously, and almost obsequiously, rather from the new feeling by which he was, as it were, subdued, than on account of the unlooked-for reward, hastened to make a little room on the car for the infant dead. The lady, giving it a kiss on the forehead, laid it on the spot prepared for it, as upon a bed, arranged it there, covering it with a pure white linen cloth, and pronounced the parting words: "Farewell, Cecilia! rest in peace! This evening we, too, will join you, to rest together forever. In the mean while, pray for us; for I will pray for you and the others." Then, turning again to the *monatto*, "You," said she, "when you pass this way in the evening, may come to fetch me too, and not me only."

So saying, she reëntered the house, and, after an instant, appeared at the window, holding in her arms another more dearly loved one, still living, but with the marks of death on its countenance. She remained to contemplate these so unworthy obsequies of the first child, from the time the car started until it was out of sight, and then disappeared. And what remained for her to do, but to lay upon the bed the only one that was left her, and to stretch herself beside it, that they might die together? as the flower already full blown upon the stem, falls together with the bud still enfolded in its calyx, under the scythe which levels alike all the herbage of the field.

"O Lord!" exclaimed Renzo, "hear her! take her to Thyself, her and that little infant one; they have suffered enough! Surely, they have suffered enough!"

Recovered from these singular emotions, and while trying to recall to memory the directions he had received, to ascertain whether he was to turn at the first street, and whether to the right or left, he heard another and a different sound proceeding from the latter, a confused sound of imperious cries, feeble lamentations, prolonged groans, sobs of women, and children's moans.

He went forward, oppressed at heart by that one sad and gloomy foreboding. Having reached the spot where the two streets crossed, he beheld a confused multitude advancing from one side, and stood still to wait till it had passed. It was a party of sick on their way to the Lazzeretto; some driven thither by force, vainly offering resistance, vainly crying that they would rather die upon their beds, and replying with impotent imprecations to the oaths and commands of the *monatti* who were conducting them; others who walked on in silence, without any apparent grief and without hope, like insensible beings; women with infants clinging to their bosoms; children terrified by the cries, the mandates, and the crowd, more than by the confused idea of death, with loud cries demanding their mother and her trusted embrace, and imploring that they might remain at their well-known homes. Alas! perhaps their mother, whom they supposed they had left asleep upon her bed, had there thrown herself down senseless, subdued in a moment by the disease, to be carried away on a cart to the Lazzeretto, — or the grave, if perchance the car should arrive a little later. Perhaps — oh misfortune deserving of still more bitter tears — the mother, entirely taken up by her own suffer-

ings, had forgotten everything, even her own children, and had no longer any wish but to die in quiet.

In such a scene of confusion, however, some examples of constancy and piety might still be seen: parents, brothers, sons, husbands, supporting their loved ones, and accompanying them with words of comfort; and not adults only, but even boys and little girls escorting their younger brothers and sisters, and, with manly sense and compassion, exhorting them to obedience, and assuring them that they were going to a place where others would take care of them and try to restore them to health.

In the midst of the sadness and emotions of tenderness excited by these spectacles, a far different solicitude pressed more closely upon our traveler, and held him in painful suspense. The house must be near at hand, and who knew whether among these people . . . But the crowd having all passed by, and this doubt being removed, he turned to a *monatto* who was walking behind, and asked him for the street and dwelling of Don Ferrante. "It's gone to smash, clown," was the reply he received. Renzo cared not to answer again; but perceiving, a few yards distant, a commissary who brought up the convoy, and had a little more Christianlike countenance, he repeated to him the same inquiry. The commissary, pointing with a stick in the direction whence he had come, said, "The first street to the right, the last gentleman's house on the left."

With new and still deeper anxiety of mind, the youth bent his steps thitherward, and quickly distinguished the house among others more humble and unpretending; he approached the closed door, placed his hand on the knocker, and held it there in suspense, as in an urn, before drawing out the ticket upon which depends life or death. At length he raised the hammer, and gave a resolute knock.

In a moment or two a window was slightly opened, and a woman appeared at it to peep out, looking towards the door with a suspicious countenance, which seemed to say—*Monatti?* robbers? commissaries? poisoners? devils?—

"Signora," said Renzo, looking upwards, in a somewhat tremulous tone, "is there a young country girl here at service, of the name of Lucia?"

"She's here no longer; go away," answered the woman, preparing to shut the window.

"One moment, for pity's sake! She's no longer here? Where is she?"

"At the Lazzeretto;" and she was again about to close the window.

"But one moment, for Heaven's sake! With the pestilence?"

"To be sure. Something new, eh? Get you gone."

"Oh stay! Was she very ill? How long is it? . . ."

But this time the window was closed in reality.

"Oh Signora! Signora! one word, for charity! for the sake of your poor dead! I don't ask you for anything of yours: alas! oh!" But he might as well have talked to the wall.

Afflicted by this intelligence, and vexed with the treatment he had received, Renzo again seized the knocker, and standing close to the door, kept squeezing and twisting it in his hand, then lifted it to knock again, in a kind of despair, and paused, in act to strike. In this agitation of feeling, he turned to see if his eye could catch any person near at hand, from whom he might, perhaps, receive some more sober information, some direction, some light. But the first, the only person he discovered was another woman, distant, perhaps, about twenty yards; who, with a look full of terror, hatred, impatience, and malice, with a certain wild expression of eye which betrayed an attempt to look at him and something else at a distance at the same time, with a mouth opened as if on the point of shouting as loud as she could; but holding even her breath, raising two thin, bony arms, and extending and drawing back two wrinkled and clenched hands, as if reaching to herself something, gave evident signs of wishing to call people without letting somebody perceive it. On their eyes encountering each other, she, looking still more hideous, started like one taken by surprise.

"What the ——?" began Renzo, raising his fist towards the woman; but she, having lost all hope of being able to have him unexpectedly seized, gave utterance to the cry she had hitherto restrained: "The poisoner! seize him! seize him! seize him! the poisoner!"

"Who? I! ah, you lying old witch! hold your tongue there!" cried Renzo; and he sprang towards her to frighten her and make her be silent. He perceived, however, at this moment, that he must rather look after himself. At the screams of the woman people flocked from both sides; not the crowds, indeed, which, in a similar case, would have collected three months before; but still more than enough to crush a single individual. At this very instant, the window was again thrown

open, and the same woman who had shown herself so uncourteous just before, displayed herself this time in full, and cried out, "Take him, take him; for he must be one of those wicked wretches who go about to anoint the doors of gentlefolks."

Renzo determined in an instant that it would be a better course to make his escape from them, than stay to clear himself; he cast an eye on each side to see where were the fewest people; and in that direction took to his legs. He repulsed, with a tremendous push, one who attempted to stop his passage; with another blow on the chest he forced a second to retreat eight or ten yards, who was running to meet him; and away he went at full speed, with his tightly clenched fist uplifted in the air, in preparation for whomsoever should come in his way. The street was clear before him; but behind his back he heard resounding more and more loudly the savage cry: "Seize him! seize him! a poisoner!" he heard, drawing nearer and nearer, the footsteps of the swiftest among his pursuers. His anger became fury, his anguish was changed into desperation; a cloud seemed gathering over his eyes; he seized hold of his poniard, unsheathed it, stopped, drew himself up, turned round a more fierce and savage face than he had ever before put on in his whole life; and, brandishing in the air, with outstretched arm, the glittering blade, exclaimed, "Let him who dares come forward, you rascals! and I'll anoint him with this, in earnest."

But, with astonishment and a confused feeling of relief, he perceived that his persecutors had already stopped at some distance, as if in hesitation, and that while they continued shouting after him, they were beckoning with uplifted hands, like people possessed and terrified out of their senses, to others at some distance beyond him. He again turned round, and beheld before him, and a very little way off (for his extreme perturbation had prevented his observing it a moment before), a cart advancing, indeed a file of the usual funeral carts, with their usual accompaniments; and beyond them another small band of people, who were ready, on their part, to fall upon the poisoner, and take him in the midst; these, however, were also restrained by the same impediment. Finding himself thus between two fires, it occurred to him that what was to them a cause of terror might be for himself a means of safety; he thought that this was not a time for squeamish scruples; so again sheathing his poniard, he drew a little on one side, re-